The boke of Job.

What this boke conteyneth.

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Chap. III. The flesh can not suffre: and here is described the vnpacient man, that grudgeth agaynst the iudgment of God.

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Chap. XXXIII. God punysheth for synne, yet heareth he a meke prayer.

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Chap. XLII. Jobs frendes are reproued, and he himself is restored to his prosperite agayne.

The first Chapter.

IN the lōde of Hus there was a man called Job: an innocent and vertuous man, soch one as feared God, and eschued euell. This man had vij. sonnes, and iij. doughters. His substaunce was vij. M. shepe, iij. M. camels, v. C. yock of oxen, v. C. she asses, and a very greate housholde: so ý he was one of the most principall men amōge all them of the east countre. His sonnes now wente on euery man, and made banckettes: one daye in one house, another daye in another, and sent for their iij. sisters, to eate ⁊ drinke with them. So when they had passed ouer the tyme of their banckettinge rounde aboute, Job sent for them, and clensed them agayne, stode vp early, and offred for euery one a brētofferinge. For Job thought thus: peraduenture my sonnes haue done some offence, and haue bene vnthankfull to God in their hertes. And thus dyd Job euery daye.

A Gen. 22. d

Iob. 42. c

B Now vpon a tyme, when the seruauntes
Iob.1.a of God came and stode before the LORDE, Sathan came also amonge them. And the LORDE sayde vnto Sathan: From whence commest thou? Sathan answered the LOR-
1.Pe.5.b DE, and sayde: I haue gone about the lode, and walked thorow it.

Then sayde the LORDE vnto Sathā: hast thou not considered my seruaunt Job, how that he is an innocēt and vertuous mā: soch one as feareth God, and eschueth euell, and that there is none like him in the londe? Sathan answered, and sayde vnto the LORDE: Doth Job feare God for naught? hast thou not preserued him, his house, and all his substaunce on euery syde? hast thou not blessed the workes of his hondes? Is not his possession encreaced in the londe? But laye thyne honde vpō him a litle, touch once all that he hath, and (I holde) he shall curse the to thy face. And the LORDE sayde vnto Sathan: lo all that he hath, be in thy power: only vpon him self se that thou laye not thine honde. Then wente Sathan forth from the LORDE.

C Now vpon a certayne daye when his sonnes and doughters were eatinge, and drynkinge wyne in their eldest brothers house, there came a messaunger vnto Job, and sayde: Whyle the oxen were a plowinge, and the Asses goinge in the pasture besyde them: the Sabees came in violētly, and toke them all awaye: yee they haue slayne the seruauntes with the swearde, and I only ranne my waye, to tell the.

And whyle he was yet speakynge, there came another, and sayde: The fyre of God is fallen from heauen, it hath consumed & brēt vp all the shepe and seruauntes: and I only ranne my waye, to tell the. In the meane season whyle he was yet speakinge, there came another, and sayde: The Caldees made thre armies, and fell in vpon the camels, which they haue caried awaye, yee and slayne the
D seruauntes with the swearde: and I only am gottē awaye, to tell the. Whyle he was speakinge, there came yet another, ād sayde: Thy sonnes and doughters were eatinge ād drynkinge wyne in their eldest brothers house, ād sodenly there came a mightie greate wynde out off the South, and smote the iiij. corners of the house: which fell vpon thy children, so that they are deed: and I am gotten awaye alone, to tell the.

Then Job stode vp, and rente his clothes shaued his heade, fell downe vpon the grouñde, worshipped, and sayde: Naked came I
Eccls.5.C out of my mothers wombe, and naked shall
1.Tim.6.b I turne thither agayne. The LORDE gaue, and the LORDE hath taken awaye (the LORDE hath done his pleasure) now blessed be ȳ name off the LORDE. In all these thinges dyd Job not offende, ner murmured foolishly agaynst God.
Eccli.40. Gen.3.d Psal.113.a Iob.2.b

The II. Chapter.

A Yt happened also apon a tyme, that
Iob.1.b when the seruauntes of God came & stode before the LORDE, Sathan came also amonge them, and stode before him. And the LORDE sayde vnto Sathan: From whence commest thou? Sathan an-
1.Pe.5.b swered and sayde: I haue gone about the lōde, and walked thorow it.

Then sayde the LORDE vnto Sathan: Hast thou not considered my seruaunt Job, how that he is an innocent & vertuous man soch one as feareth God, and eschueth euell, and that there is none like him in the londe? But thou mouedest me agaynst him, to punysh him: yet is it in vayne, for he contynueth still in his godlynesse.

Sathan answered the LORDE, and sayde: Skynne for skynne: yee a man will geue all ȳ euer he hath, for his life. But laye thine honde vpon him, touch him once vpon the bone and flesh, and (I holde) he shall curse the to thy face. Then sayde the LORDE vnto Sathā: lo, there hast thou him in thy power, but spare his life.

So wente Sathan forth from the LOR-
B DE, and smote Job with maruelous sore byles, from the sole off the fote vnto his crowne: so that he sat vpon the grounde in the asshes, and scraped of the etter off his sores with a potsherde.

Then sayde his wife vnto him: Dost thou
Tob.2.d yet cōtynue in thy perfectnesse? curse God, & dye. But Job sayde vnto her: Thou speakest like a foolish womā. Seinge we haue receaued prosperite at the honde of God, wherfore shulde we not be content with aduersite also? In all these thinges, dyd not Job synne
Iob.1.d with his lippes.

Now when Jobs frendes herde of all ȳ
C trouble, that happened vnto him, there came thre off them, euery one from his owne place: namely, Eliphas the Themanite, Baldad the Suhite, and Sophar the Naamathite.

For they were agreed together to come, to shewe their compassion vpon him, and to comforte him. So when they lifte vp their eyes a farre off, they knewe him not.

Then they cried, and wepte: then euery one off them rente his clothes, and sprynckled dust vpon their heades in the ayre. They sat them downe by him also vpon the ground, vij. dayes and vij. nightes. Nether was there eny of them that spake one worde vnto him, for they sawe that his payne was very greate.

The III. Chapter.

A Simile Iere.20.d After this opened Job his mouth, and cursed his daye, and sayde: lost be that daye, wherin I was borne: and the night, in the which it was sayde: there is a manchilde conceaued. The same daye be turned to darckneſſe, and not regarded of God from aboue, nether be shyned vpō w^t light: but be couered with darckneſſe, and the shadowe of death. Let the dymme cloude fall vpon it, and let it be lapped in with sorowe. Let the darck stormе ouercome ỹ night, let it not be reckened amonge the dayes off the yeare, ner counted in the monethes. Despysed be that night, and discommended: let them that curse the daye, geue it their curse also, euen those that be ready to rayse vp Leuiathan. Let the starres be dymme thorow darckneſſe of it. Let it loke for light, but let it se none, nether the rysynge vp of the fayre morynge: because it shut not vp the wombe that bare me, ner hyd these sorowes fro myne eyes.

B Jere.20.d Alas, why dyed I not in ỹ byrth? Why dyd not I perysh, as soone as I came out of my mothers wōbe? Why set they me vpō ỹ ir knees? Why gaue they me suck with their brestes? Then shulde I now haue lyen still, I shulde haue slepte, and bene at rest: like as the kynges ād lordes of ỹ earth, which buylde them selues speciall places: As the princes that haue greate substaunce of golde, & their houses full of syluer. O that I vtterly had no beynge, or were as a thīge borne out of tyme (that is put aside) ether as yonge children, which neuer sawe the light. There must the wicked ceasse from their tyranny,

C there soch as are ouerlaboured, be at rest: there are those letten out fre, which haue bene in preson, so that they heare no more the voyce of the oppressoure: There are small and greate: the bonde man, and he that is fre frō his master.

Wherfore is the light geuen, to him that is in mysery? and life vnto them, that haue heuy hertes? (Which longe for death, and it commeth not: for yf they might fynde their graue, they wolde be maruelous glad, as those that dygge vp treasure) To the man whose waye is hyd, which God kepeth backe from him.

This is the cause, that I syghe before I eate, and my roaringes fall out like a water floude. For the thynge that I feared, is come vpon me: and the thynge that I was afrayed of, is happened vnto me. Was I not happy? Had I not quyetnesse? Was I not in rest? And now commeth soch mysery vpon me.

The IIII. Chapter.

A Then answered Eliphas of Theman and sayde vnto him: Yf we begynne to comon with the, peraduēture thou wilt be myscontent, but who can witholde himself from speakynge? Beholde, thou hast bene a teacher of many, and hast comforted the weery hondes.

Thy wordes haue set vp those that were fallen, thou hast refresshed the weake knees. But now that the plage is come vpon the, thou shrēckest away: now that it hath touched thyself, thou art faint harted. Where is Tob.2.d now thy feare of God, thy stedfastnesse, thy pacience, and the perfectnesse of thy life? Considre (I praye the) who euer perysshed, beynge an innocent? Or, when were the godly destroyed? As for those that plowe wickednesse (as I haue sene myself, and sowe myschefe, they reape ỹ same. For whē God bloweth Gala.6.a vpon them, they perysh, and are destroyed thorow the blast of his wrath. The roaringe of the lyon, the cryenge off the lyoness, & ỹ teth off ỹ lyōs whelpes are brokē. The greate lyon perysheth, because he cā get no pray and the lyons whelpes are scatred abrode.

B There is spoken vnto me a thynge in counDan.10.c cell, which hath geuen a terrible sounde in myne eare, with a vision in the night, when men are fallen a slepe. Soch feare and drede came vpō me, that all my bones shoke. And when the wynde passed ouer by me, the hayres of my flesh stode vp.

Then stode there one before me, whose face I knewe not: an ymage there was, and the wether was still, so that I herde this voyce: Maye a man be iustified before God? Maye there eny man be iudged to be clene, by reaIob.25.a son of his owne workes? Beholde, he hath Psal.142.a founde vnsayth fulnesse amonge his owne Rom.3.b seruauntes, and proude disobedience amonge his angels. Iob.15.b 2.Pe.2.d

How moch more thē shal they (that dwell

in houses of claye, whose foundacion is but earth) be moth eaten: They shalbe destroyed from the morynge vnto the euenynge: yee they shall perish, or euer they be aware: and be taken awaye so clene, that none of thē shall remayne, but be deed, or euer they be aware off it.

The V. Chapter.

A CAme me one els, yf thou canst fynde eny: yee loke aboute the, vpon eny of the holy men. As for the foolish man displeasure kylleth him, and anger slayeth yͤ ignorannt. I haue sene my self, when the foo-
Psal.35.d lish was deperoted, that his bewty was sodēly destroyed: that his children were without presperite or health: that they were slayne in the dore, and no mā to delyuer them: that
Deu.28.d his harueste was eaten vp off the hungrie: that the weapened man had spoyled it, and that the thurstie had droncke vp his riches. It is not the earth that bryngeth forth trauayle, nether commeth sorow out of yͤ grou-nde: but it is man, that is borne vnto mysery, like as the byrde for to fle.

B But now will I speake off the LORDE, and talke of God: which doth thinges, that
Deu.28.b are vnsearcheable, and marueles without nō-
Eccli.10.c bre: Which geueth rayne vpō the earth, and
Luc.1.d poureth water vpon all thinges: which set-
Psa.144.b teth vp them of lewe degre, and sendeth pros-
146.a perite, to those that are in heuynesse: Which
1.Re.2.b destroyeth the deuyces of the sotyll, so that
Esa 8.c they are not able to perfourme the thynges
1.Cor 3.c that they take in hōde: which compaseth yͤ
Psal.32.b wyse in their owne craftynesse, and ouertroweth the councell of the wicked: In so moch
Deu.28.c that they runne in to darcknesse by fayre daye, and grope aboute them at the noone daye, like as in the night.

Psal.10.a And so he delyuereth the poore from the swearde, from their mouth, and from the hōde of the cruell: that the poore maye haue hope, and that the mouth of the oppressoure maye be stopped.

C Behelde, happie is the man, whom God
Pro.3.b punysheth: therfore, despyse not thou yͤ chas-
1.Pet.4.c tenynge of the Allmighty. For though he
Heb.12.a make a wounde, he geueth a medicyne agay-
Osee.6.a ne: though he smyte, his honde maketh whole agayne.

He delyuereth the out of sixe troubles, so that in the seuenth there can no harme touch the. In the myddest of honger he saueth yͤ from death: and when it is warre, from the power of the swearde.

He shall kepe the from the perlous tonge so that when trouble commeth, thou shalt not nede to feare. In destruccion and derth Psal.90
thou shalt be mery, and shalt not be afrayed for the beastes of the earth: But the castels in the londe shal be confederate with the, & the beastes of the felde shall geue the peace:

Yee thou shalt se, that thy dwellynge place shalbe in rest: thou shalt beholde thy substaunce, and be nemore punyshed for synne. Thou shalt se also, that thy sede shall encrease, and that thy posterite shalbe as the grasse vpon the earth. Thou shalt come to thy graue in a fayre age, like as yͤ corne sheeues are brought in to the barne in due season. Lo, this is the matter, as we oure selues haue proued by experience. Therfore now that thou heareste it, take better hede to thy selff.

The VI. Chapter.

IOb answered, and sayde: O that my A
mysery were weyed, and my punysh-
ment layed in the balaunces: for then shulde it be heuyer, then the sonde of the see. This is the cause, that my wordes are so sorouefull.

For the allmighty hath shott at me with his arowes, whose indignacion hath droncke vp my spirete, and yͤ terrible fearcs of God fight agaynst me. Doth the wilde asse reare
Amos.3.a when he hath grasse? Or crieth the oxe, whē he hath fodder ynough? Maye a thynge be eaten vnseasoned, or without salt? What taist hath yͤ white within the yeke an egge? The thinges that sometyme I might not awaye withall, are now my meate for very sorow. O that I might haue my desyre: O yͤ God wolde graunte me the thynge, that I longe for: That he wolde begynne and smyteme: that he wolde let his honde go, & hew me downe. Thē shulde I haue some cōforte: yee I wolde desyre him in my payne, that he shulde not spare, for I will not be agaynst yͤ wordes of the holy one.

What power haue I to endure? Or: what B
is myne ende, that my soule might be pacēt? Is my strength the strength of stones? Or, is my flesh made of brasse? Am I able to helpe my self? Is not my strength gone fro me, like as yf one withdrewe a good dede from his frende, and forsoke the feare of God? Myne owne brethren passe ouer by me as the waterbroke, that hastely runneth thorow yͤ valleys. But they that feare the horrest, the
Esa.66.a snowe shal fall vpon them.

When their tyme cõmeth, they ſhalbe deſtroyed and periſhe: and when they be ſet on fyre, they ſhalbe remoued out of their place. For the pathes yͤ they go in, are croked: they haiſt after vayne thinges, and ſhal periſh. Conſidre the pathes off Theman, & the wayes off Saba, wherin they haue put their truſt. Confounded are they, that put eny cõfidence in them: For whē they came to optey ne the thynges that they loked for, they were brought to confucion.

C Euē ſo are ye alſo come vnto me: but now that ye ſe my myſery, ye are afrayed. Dyd I deſyre you, to come hyther? Or, to geue me eny off youre ſubſtaunce? To delyuer me me from the enemies honde, or to ſaue me from the power off the mightie? Teach me and I will holde my tonge: and yf I do erre, ſhewe me wherin.

Wherfore blame ye then the wordes, that are well and truly ſpoken? which of you can reproue them? Sauynge only that ye are ſotyll to check mens ſayenges, and can ſpeake many wordes in the wynde. Ye fall vpon the fatherleſſe, ād go aboute to ouerthrowe youre owne frende. Wherfore loke not only vpon me, but vpon youre ſelues: whether I lye, or no. Turne in to youre owne ſelues (I praye you) be indifferent iudges, and conſidre myne vnryghteouſneſſe: whether there be eny vnrighteouſneſſe in my tonge, or vayne wordes in my mouth.

The VII. Chapter.

A Is not the life off mā vpon earth a very batayle? Are not his dayes, like the dayes of an hyred ſeruaunte? For like as a londe ſeruaunt deſyreth the ſhadowe, and as an hyrelinge wolde fayne haue an ende of his worke: Euen ſo haue I labored whole monethes longe (but in vayne) and many a carefull nyght haue I tolde. When Deu.28.g I layed me downe to ſlepe, I ſayde: O when ſhal I ryſe? Anayne, I longed ſore for the nyght. Thus am I full off ſorowe, till it be darcke. My fleſh is clothed with wormes, fylthineſſe and duſt: my ſkynne is wythered, Iob.9.c and crompled together: my dayes paſſe ouer 14.a more ſpedely, thē a weeuer can weeue out his webbe, and are gone, or I am awarre. O remembre, that my life is but a wynde, ād that myne eye ſhal nemore ſe the pleaſures therof yee and that none other mans eye ſhall ſe me eny more. For yf thou faſten thine eyes vpon me, I come to naught. like as a cloude is cõſumed and vanyſhed awaye, euen ſo he that goeth downe to hell, commeth nomore vp, ner turneth agayne in to his houſe, nether ſhall his place knowe him eny more.

Therfore I will not ſpare my mouth, but B will ſpeake in the trouble of my ſprete, in yͤ bytterneſſe of my mynde will I talke. Am I a ſee or a whalfyſh, that thou kepeſt me ſo in preſon? When I thynke: my bedd ſhall comforte me, I ſhall haue ſome refreſſhinge by talkynge with myſelf vpon my couche: Thē troubleſt thou me with dremes, ād makeſt Dan.2.a me ſo afrayed therow viſions, that my ſoule wyſſheth rather to be hanged, and my bones to be deed.

I can ſe no remedy, I ſhall lyue nomore: O ſpare me then, for my dayes are but vayne What is man, that thou haſt hym in ſed; reMatt.6.c putacion, and ſetteſt ſomoch by him? Thor Deu.8.a takeſt diligent care for him, and ſodēly doeſt Gen.22.a thou try e him.

Why goeſt thou not fro me, ner letteſt me alone, ſo longe till I ſwalow downe my ſpetle? I haue offended, what ſhal I do vnto yͤ, O thou preſeruer off men? Why haſt thou made me to ſtonde in thy waye, and am ſo heuy a burden vnto my ſelf? Why doeſt thou not forgeue me my ſynne? Wherfore takeſt thou not awaye my wickednesſe? Behelde, now muſt I ſlepe in the duſt: and yff thou ſeeſt me tomorow in the mouynge, I ſhalbe gone.

The VIII. Chapter.

Then anſwered Baldad the Suhite, A and ſayde: how longe wilt thou talke of ſoch thinges? how longe ſhal yͤ mouth ſpeake ſo proude wordes? Doth God peruerte the thinge that is lawfull? Or, doth the Allmightie deſtroye the thynge that is Iob.1.c right? Whē thy ſonnes ſynned agaynſt him, dyd not he punyſh thē for their wickednesſe? Yff thou woldeſt now reſorte vnto God by Deu.30.a tymes, and make thine humble prayer to yͤ Allmightie: yf thou woldeſt lyue a pure and a godly life: ſhulde he not wake vp vnto the immediatly, & geue the the bewtie of righteouſneſſe agayne? In ſo moch, that where ſo euer thou haddeſt litle afore, thou ſhuldeſt now haue greate abundaunce. Enquere of them that haue bene before the, ſearch diligently amonge thy forefathers: Namely, yͤ we are but of yeſterdaye, and conſidre not, that oure dayes vpon earth are buth a very Pſal.143.a ſhadow. They ſhall ſhewe the, they ſhall tell the, yee they will gladly confeſſe the ſame.

B Maye a resshe be grene without moystnesse: maye the grasse growe without water? No: but (or euer it be shot forth, and or euer it be gathered) it wythereth, before eny other herbe. Euen so goeth it with all them, that forget God: and euen thus also shal the ypocrytes hope come to naught. His confidence shalbe destroyed, for he trusteth in a spyders webbe.

He leeneth him vpō his house, but he shal not stonde: he holdeth him fast by it, yet shal he not endure. Oft tymes a thinge doth flourish, and men thynke that it maye abyde the Sonneshyne: it shuteth forth the braunches in his garden, it taketh many rotes, in so moch that it is like an house eff stones. But yf it be taken out eff his place, euery man denyeth it, sayenge: I knowe the not. Lo, thus is it w' him, that reioyseth in his owne doinges: and as for other, they growe out of the earth.

Beholde, God will not cast awaye a vertuous man, nether wil he helpe the vngodly. Thy mouth shall he fyll with laughynge, and thy lyppes with gladnesse. They that hate the, shalbe confounded, and ỹ dwellinges of ỹ vngodly shal come to naught.

The IX. Chapter.

A Job answered, and sayde: As for ỹ I knowe it is so of a treuth, ỹ a man compared vnto God, can not be iustified. Yf he wil argue with him, he shall not be able to answere him vnto one amonge a thousande. He is wyse of hert, and mightie in strength. Who euer prospered, that toke parte agaynst him? He translateth the mōtaynes, or euer they be aware, and ouerthroweth them in his wrath. He remoueth the earth out of hir place, that hir pilers shake withall. He commaundeth the Sōne, and it ryseth not: he closeth vp the starres, as it were vnder a signet. He himself alone spreadeth out ỹ heauens, and goeth vpon the wawes of the see. He maketh the waynes of heauen, the Orions, the * vij. starres and the secrete places of the south. He doth greate thinges, soch as are vnsearcheable, yee and wonders without nombre.

Yf he came by me, I might not loke vpō him: yf he wente his waye, I shulde not perceaue it. Yf he be haisty to take eny thinge awaye, who wil make him restore it agayne? Who wil saye vnto him: what doest thou? He is God, whose wrath no man maye withstōde: but the proudest of all must stoupe vnder him. How shulde I then answere him? or, what wordes shulde I fynde out agaynst him? Yee though I be righteous, yet will I not gene him one worde agayne, but mekely submytte my self to my iudge. All be it that I call vpon him, and he heare me, yet am I not sure, ỹ he hath herde my voyce: he troubleth me so with the tempest, and woundeth me out of measure without a cause. He will not let my spirite be in rest, but fylleth me w' bytternesse.

C Yf men will speake of strength, he is the stōgest of all: yf mē will speake of righteousnes, who darre be my recorde? yf I will iustifie my self, myne owne mouth shall cōdemne me: yf I will put forth my self for a perfecte man, he shal proue me a wicked doer: For that I shulde be an innocent, my cōscience knoweth it not, yee I my self am weery off my life.

This one thinge wil I saye: he destroyeth both the righteous and vngodly. And though he slaye sodenly w' the scourge, yet laugheth he at the punyshment of the innocent. As for the worlde, he geueth it ouer in to the power of the wicked, soch as the rulers be, wher of all londes are full. Is it not so? where is there eny, but he is soch one? Eccl. 9.a

D My dayes haue bene more swifte, then a runner: they are gone sodenly, and haue sene no good thinge. They are passed awaye, as the shippes that be good vnder sale, and as the Aegle that haisteth to the pray. When I am purposed to forget my complayninges to chaunge my countenaunce, and to cōforte my self: then am I afrayed of all my workes, for I knowe, thou fauoureste not an euell doer. Yf I be then a wicked one, why haue I laboured in vayne? Though I washed my self with snewe water, and made myne hondes neuer so clene, yet shuldest thou dyppe me in ỹ myre, and myne owne clothes shulde defyle me. For he ỹ I must gene answere vnto, and with whom I go to lawe, is not a man as I am. Nether is there eny dayes man to reprowe both the partes, or to laye his hōde betwixte vs. Let him take his rod awaye fro me, yee let him make me no more afrayed of him, and then shal I answere him without eny feare. For as longe as I am in soch fearfulnesse, I can make no answere: And why? it greueth my soule to lyue. Iob. 7.a

The X. Chapter.

A Neuertheles, now will I put forth my wordes: I wil speake out of the very heuynesse off my soule, and will

Amos. 5.a *Some cal the ỹ seuen starres, the clock henne with hir chekens.

Eccls 9.c

Eccles. 9.a

saye vnto God: O do not condemne me, but shewe me the cause, wherfore thou iudgest me on this maner. Thinkest thou it well done, to oppresse me, to cast me of (beinge a worke of thy hondes) and to maynteyne the councell of the vngodly? Hast thou flesshy eyes then, or doest thou loke as man loketh? Are thy dayes as the dayes of man, and thy yeares as mans yeares? that thou makest soch inquisicion for my wickednesse, and searchest out my synne? where as (notwithstondinge) thou knowest that I am no wicked person, & that there is no man able to delyuer me out of thine honde. Thy hondes haue made me, & fashioned me altogether rounde about, wilt thou then destroye me sodēly? O remembre (I beseke the) how that thou madest me of the moulde of the earth, and shalt bryng me to earth agayne.

Gen.1.d
Psal.118 k

B Hast thou not milked me, as it were mylck: and turned me to cruddes like chese? Thou hast couered me with sinewes and flesh, and ioyned me together with bones & synowes. Thou hast graunted me life, and done me good: and the diligent hede that thou takest vpon me, hath preserued my spirite.

Though thou hydest these thinges in thine hert, yet am I sure, that thou remembrest thē all. Wherfore dideste thou kepe me, when I synned, and hast not cleansed me fro myne offence? If I do wickedly, wo is me therfore: If I be rightuous, yet darre I not lift vp my heade: so full am I of confucion, and se myne owne misery.

C Thou huntest me out (beynge in heynesse) as it were a Lyon, and troublest me out of measure. Thou bringest fresh witnesses agaynst me, thy wrath increasest thou vpon me, very many are the plages that I am in.

Iob.3.b
Iere.20.d

Wherfore hast thou brought me out of my mothers wombe? O that I had perished, & that no eye had sene me. If they had caried me to my graue, as soone as I was borne, then shulde I be now, as though I had neuer bene.

Shall not my short life come soone to an ende? O holde the fro me, let me alone, that I maye ease my self a litle: afore I go thyther, from whence I shal not turne agayne: Namely, to that londe of darckenesse & shadowe of death: yee in to that darck clowdy londe & deadly shadowe, where as is no ordre, but terrible feare as in the darckenesse.

The XI. Chapter.

A Then answered Sophar the Naamathite, and sayde: Shulde not he that maketh many wordes, be answered? Shulde he that bableth moch, be commended therin? Shulde men geue eare vnto the only? Thou wilt laugh other men to scorne, & shal no body mocke the agayne? Wilt thou saye vnto God: The thinge that I take in honde, is perfecte, & I am clene in thy sight? O that God wolde speake, and open his lippes agaynst the, that he might shewe the (out of his secrete wysdome) how manyfolde his lawe is: then shuldest thou knowe, that God had forgotten the, because of thy synnes.

Wilt thou fynde out God with thy sekynge? wilt thou attayne to the perfectnesse of the Allmightie? He is hyer thē heauē, what wilt thou do? Deper thē hell, how wilt thou then knowe him? His length exceadeth the length of the earth, and his bredth y bredth of the see. Though he turne all thinges vp syde downe, close them in, or thrust thē together, who darre check him therfore?

For it is he, that knoweth the vanite of men: he seyth their wickednesse also, shulde he not then considre it? A vayne body exalteth him self, and the sonne of man is like a wylde asses foale. If thou haddest now a right herte, & liftest vp thine hondes towarde him: yf thou woldest put awaye the wickednesse, which thou hast in honde, so that no vngodlynesse dwelt in thy house: Then mightest thou lift vp thy face without shame, thē shuldest thou be sure, and haue no nede to feare.

B
1.Re.18.b
Iere.17.d

Then shuldest thou forget thy misery, and thynke nomore vpon it, then vpon the waters that runne by. Then shulde thy life be as cleare as the noone daye, and spryngе forth as the morynge. Then mightest thou haue comforth, in the hope that thou hast: & slepe quyetly, when thou art buried. Then shuldest thou take thy rest, and no mā to make the afrayed, yee many one shulde set moch by the. As for the eyes of the vngodly, they shal be consumed, and not escape: their hope shalbe misery and sorow of mynde.

The XII. Chapter.

A SO Job answered, and sayde: Then (no doute) ye are the men alone, and wysdome shal perish with you. But I haue vnderstōdinge as well as ye, and am no lesse then ye. Yee who knoweth not these thinges? Thus he that calleth vpō God, and whom God heareth, is mocked of his neghboure: the godly & innocent man is laughed to scorne. Godlynesse is a light despysed in y hertes of the rich, & is set for them to stomble vpon.

The houses of robbers are in wealth and prosperite, & they that maliciously medle agaynst God, dwel without care: yee God geueth all thinges richely with his honde.

B Axe the catell, & they shal enfourme the: the foules of the ayre, and they shall tell ỹ: Speake to the earth, and it shall shewe the: Or to the fyshes of the see, and they shal certifie the. What is he, but he knoweth, that ỹ hõde of the LORDE made all these? In whose honde is the soule of euery lyuynge thinge, and the brieth of all men. Haue not the eares pleasure in hearinge, and the mouth in tastinge the thinge that it eateth? Amonge olde personnes there is wyßdome, and amonge the aged is vnderstõdinge. Yee with God is wyßdome and strength, it is he that hath councell & forcknowlege. Yf he breake downe a thinge, who cãn set it vp agayne? Yf he shutt a thinge, who wil open it? Beholde, yf he withholde the waters, they drye vp: Yf he let thẽ go, they destroye the earth. With him is strength and wyßdome: he knoweth both the disceauer, and him that is disceaued.

C He carieth awaye the wyse men, as it were a spoyle, and bryngeth the iudges out of their wyttes. He lowseth the gyrdle of kynges, and gyrdeth their loynes with a bonde. he ledeth awaye the prestes into captiuyte, and turneth the mightie vp syde downe. He taketh the verite from out of the mouth, & disapointeth ỹ aged of their wyßdome. He poureth out confucion vpon prynces, and cõforteth them that haue bene oppressed. Loke what lyeth hyd in darcknesse, he declareth it opẽly: and the very shadowe of death bringeth it to light. He both increaseth the people, and destroyeth them: he maketh them to multiplie, and dryueth them awaye. He chaungeth the herte of the prynces and kynges of the earth, and disapointeth them: so that they go wãdringe out of the waye, and grope in the darcke without light, stackeringe to and fro like droncken men.

The XIII. Chapter.

A LO, all this haue I sene with myne eye, herde with myne eare, & vnderstonde it. Loke what ye knowe, that same do I knowe also, neither am I inferior vnto you. Neuertheless I am purposed to talke with the Allmightie, and my desyre is to comen with God. As for you, ye are worke masters of lyes: and vnpresitable phisicians all togither. Wolde God ye kepte youre tonge, that ye might be taken for wyse men. Pro. 17.d Therfore heare my wordes, and ponder the sentence of my lippes. Will ye make answere for God with lyes, and mãteyne him with disceate? Wil ye accepte ỹ personne of God, and intreate for him? Shal that helpe you, when he calleth you to rekenynge? Thynke ye to begyle him, as a man is begyled? punysh you shall he and reproue you, yf ye do secretly accepte eny personne. Shall he not make you afrayed, when he shewerth himsel? Shal not his terrible feare fall vpõ you? youre remembraunce shalbe like the dust, & youre pryde shalbe turned to claye.

Holde youre tonges now, and let me speake, for there is some thinge come in to my mynde. Wherfore do I beare my flesh in my teth, and my soule in myne hondes? Lo, there is nether cõforte ner hope for me, yf he wil slaye me. But yf I shewe and reproue myne owne wayes in his sight, he is euen the same, that maketh me whole: and why? there maye no Ypocrite come before him, Heare my wordes, and ponder my sayenges with youre eares. Beholde, though sentence were geuen vpon me, I am sure to be knowne for vngilty. What is he, that will go to lawe with me? For yf I holde my tonge, I shal dye. Neuertheless graunte me ij. thinges, and then will I not hyde my self from the.

Withdrawe thine honde from me, & let not the fearfull drede of the make me afrayed. And then sende for me to the lawe, ỹ I maye answere for my self: or els, let me speake, and geue thou the answere. How greate are my wyßdedes & synnes? Let me knowe my trãsgressions & offences. Wherfore hydest thou thy face, and holdest me for thine enemye? Wilt thou be so cruell & extreme vnto a flyenge leaf, and folowe vpon drye stubble? that thou layest so sharply to my charge, and wilt vtterly vndoo me, for ỹ synnes of my youth? Thou hast put my fote in the stockes: thou lokest narowly vnto all my pathes, & marckest the steppes of my fete: whereas I (notwithstondinge) must consume like as a foule carion, and as a cloth that is moth eaten.

The XIIII. Chapter.

MAn that is borne of a woman, hath but a shorte tyme to lyue, and is full of dyuerse miseries. He cõmeth vp, and falleth awaye like a floure. He flyeth as it were a shadowe, and neuer continueth in one state. Thinkest thou it now well done, to open thine eyes vpon sech one, and to brynge me before the in iudgment? Who can make it cleane, that commeth of an vncleane thinge? No body. The dayes of man are shorte, ỹ nombre of his monethes are knowne only vnto the. Thou hast apointed hym his boun

des, he can not go beyonde them. Go from him, that he maye rest a litle: vntill his daye come, which he loketh for, like as an hyrelinge doth.

B Yf a tre be cutt downe, there is some hope yet, that it will sprout and shute forth the braunches againe: For though a rote be waxen olde and deed in the grounde, yet whē the stocke getteth the sent of water, it will budde, and bringe forth bowes, like as when it was first planted. But as for man, when he is deed, perished and consumed awaye, what becommeth of him? The floudes when they be dryed vp, & the ryuers when they be emptie, are fylled agayne thorow the flowinge waters of the see: but when man slepeth, he ryseth not agayne, vntill the heauen perish: he shal not wake vp ner ryse out of his slepe. O that thou woldest kepe me, and hyde me in the hell, vntill thy wrath were stilled: & to appoynte me a tyme, wherin thou mightest remembre me. May a deed man lyue agayne? All the dayes of this my pilgremage am I lokynge, when my chaunginge shal come. Yf thou woldest but call me, I shulde obeie the: only despyse not the worke of thine owne hondes.

Eccs.1.a
Esa.51.b
1.Pet.3
Gen.47.b
Psal.118.c
Psal.137.b

C For thou hast nombred all my goynges, yet be not thou to extreme vpon my synnes. Thou hast sealed vp myne offences, as it were in a bagg: but be mercifull vnto my wickednesse. The mountaynes fall awaye at the last, the rockes are remoued out of their place, the waters pearse thorow the very stones by litle and litle, the floudes wash the awaye the grauell & earth: Euen so destroyest thou the hope of man in like maner. Thou preuaylest agaynst him, so that he passeth awaye: thou chaungest his estate, and puttest him from the. Whether his children come to worshipe or no, he can not tell: And yf they be men of lowe degre, he knoweth not. Whyle he lyueth, his flesh must haue trauayle: and whyle the soule is in him, he must be in sorowe.

The XV. Chapter.

A Then answered Eliphas the Themanite, and sayde: Shulde a wyse man geue soch an answere (as it were one that spake in the wynde) and fyll his stomacke with anger? Thou reprouest w̄ wordes, that are nothinge worth: and speakest the thinges, which can do no good. As for shame, thou hast set it aside, els woldest thou not make so many wordes before God: but thy wickednesse teacheth thy mouth, and so thou hast chosen the a craftie tonge. Thine owne mouth condemneth the, and not I: yee thine owne lippes shappe the an answere. Art thou the first man, that euer was borne? Or, wast thou made before the hylles? hast thou herde the secrete councell of God, that all wyssdome is to litle for y? What knowest thou, y we knowe not? What vnderstondest thou, but we can the same? With vs are olde and aged men, yee soch as haue lyued longer then thy forefathers.

Dost thou nemore regarde the comforte of God? but thy wicked wordes wil not suffre the. Why doth thine herte make the so proude? Why stondest thou so greatly in thine owne conceate? Where vnto loke thine eyes, y thy mynde is so puft vp agaynst God & letteste soch wordes go out of thy mouth? What is man, that he shulde be vncleane? what hath he (which is borne of a woman) wherby he might be knowne to be righteous? Beholde, he hath founde vnfaithfulnesse amōge his owne sanctes: yee the very heauens are vnclene in his sight. How mooch more then an abhominable and vyle mā, which dryncketh wickednesse like water? I will tell the, heare me: I wil shewe the a thinge, that I knowe: which wyse men haue tolde, & hath not bene hyd from their fathers: vnto whom only the londe was geuen, that no straunger shulde come amonge them.

B

Iob 4.b
2.Pet.2.d

The vngodly despayreth all the dayes of his life, & the nombre of a tyrauntes yeares is vnknowne. A fearfull sounde is euer in his eares, & when it is peace, yet feareth he destruccion: He beleueth neuer to be delyuered out of darckenesse, the swearde is all waye before his eyes. When he goeth forth to get his lyuinge, he thinketh planely, that the daye of darckenesse is at honde. Sorow and carefulnesse make him afrayed, & cōpasse him rounde aboute, like as it were a kinge with his hoost redy to the battayll. For he hath stretched out his honde agaynst God, & armed himself agaynst y Allmightie. He runneth proudly vpon him, & with a stiff necke fighteth he agaynst him: where as he coūereth his face with fatnesse, and maketh his body well lykynge. Therfore shall his dwellynge be in desolate cities, & in houses which no mā inhabiteth, but are become heapes of stones.

C

Gen.4.b

He shall not be rich, nether shall his substaunce continue, ner encrease vpon earth. He shal neuer come out of darckenesse, the flame shal drye vp his braunches, with y blast of the mouth of God shal he be take awaie. He wil nether applye himself to faithfulnes ner treuth, so sore is he disceaued w̄ vanite

D

He shall perish, afore his tyme be worne
out, and his honde shal not be grene. He shal
be pluckte of as an vntymely grape from ỹ
vyne, and shal let his floure fall, as the olyne
doth. For the congregacion of Ypocrites is
vnfrutefull, & the fyre shal consume the hou-
Psal.7.b ses of soch, as are gredy to receaue giftes. He
Esa.59.a conceaueth trauayle, he beareth myschefe, &
his body bryngeth forth disceate.

The XVI. Chapter.

A IOb answered, and sayde: I haue oft
tymes herde soch thinges. Miserable
geuers of comforte are ye, all the sor-
te of you. Shall not thy vayne wordes come
yet to an ende? Or, hast thou yet eny more to
saye? I conde speake, as ye do also. But wol-
de God, that youre soule were in my soules
steade: then shulde I heape vp wordes a-
gaynst you, and shake my heade at you. I
shulde comforte you with my mouth, and re-
lease youre payne with ỹ talkinge of my lyp
pes. But what shall I do? For all my wor-
des, my sorow wil not ceasse: and though I
holde my tõge, yet wil it not departe fro me.
And now that I am full of payne, and all
that I haue destroied (wherof my wryncles
beare wytnesse) there stõdeth vp a dyssembler
to make me answere with lyes to my face.
He is angrie at me, he hateth me, and gnas-
sheth vpon me with his teth. Myne enemy
stroueth vpon me with his eyes.

B They haue opened their mouthes wyde
3.Re.22.d vpon me, and smytten me vpon the cheke des
Mar.14.g pitefully, they haue eased thẽ selues thorow
myne aduersite. God hath geuen me ouer to
the vngodly, and delyuered me into the hon
des of ỹ wicked. I was somtyme in wealth,
but sodenly hath he brought me to naught.
He hath taken me by the neck, he hath rente
me, and set me, as it were a marck for him to
shute at. He hath compased me rounde abou
te with his dartes, he hath wounded my loy
nes, & not spared. My bowels hath he pou-
red vpon the grounde. He hath geuẽ me one
wounde vpon another, and is fallẽ vpon me
like a giaunte. I haue sowed a sack cloth v-
pon my shynne, and lye with my strength in
the dust.

C My face is swollẽ with wepinge, & myne
eyes are waxen dymme. Howbeit there is no
wickednesse in my hondes, and my prayer is
clene. O earth, couer not my bloude, and let
my crienge fynde no rome. For lo, my wit-
nesse is in heauen, and he that knoweth me,
is aboue in the heyth. My frendes laugh me
to scorne, but myne eye poureth out teares
vnto God. Though a body might pleate wt

God, as one man doth with another, yet the
nombre of my yeares are come, & I must go
the waye, from whence I shal not turne a-
gayne.

The XVII. Chapter.

MY breth fayleth, my dayes are shor- A
tened, I am harde at deathes dore.
I haue disceaued no man, yet must
myne eye cõtinue in heynesse. O delyuer me,
and set me by the, who shall then be able to
thrust my hondes together? Thou hast with
holdẽ their hertes from vnderstõdinge, ther-
fore shall they not be set vp an hye. He pro-
miseth his frẽdes parte of his good, but his
owne childrẽ spende it. He hath made me as
it were a byworde of the comon people, I
am his gestinge stocke amõge thẽ. My coun-
tenaunce is heuy for very anger, & the mem-
bres of my body are become like a shadowe.
Vertuous mẽ therfore shall wel cõsidre this,
and the innocent shal take parte agaynst the
Ypocrite.

The rightuous wil kepe his waye, and he B
ỹ hath cleane handes, wil euer be stronger &
stronger. As for you, turne you, & get you hen
ce, for I can not se one wyse mã amonge you.
My dayes are past, mythoughtes are vanis
hed awaye, which haue vexed myne herte,
chaunginge the night in to daye, & ỹ light in
to darcknes. Though I tary neuer so moch,
yet the graue is my house, and I must make
my bed in the darcke. I call corrupcion my
father, and the wormes call I my mother
and my sister. What helpeth then my longe
tarienge? Or, who wil fulfill the thinge, that
I loke for? All that I haue, shall go downe
in to the pytt, & lye with me in the dust.

The XVIII. Chapter.

THen answered Baldad the Suhite, A
and sayde: when wil ye make an ende
of youre wordes? Marcke well, and
considre, we wil speake also. Wherfore are we
counted as beestes, & reputed so vyle in you-
re sight? Why destroyest thou thy self with
anger? Shal ỹ earth be forsaken, or the sto-
nes remoued out of their place because of
ỹ? Shal not the light of the vngodly be put
out? yee the flame of his fyre shal not burne.
The light shalbe darcke in his dwellinge, &
his candle shalbe put out with him. His pre
sumptuous goinges shal be kepte in, and his
owne councell shal cast him downe. For his
fete shalbe taken in the nett, and he shal wal
ke in the snare. His fote shalbe holden in the
gilder, and the thurstie shal catch him. The
snare is layed for him in the grounde, and a
pytfall in the waye.

B Fearfulnesse shal make him afrayed on euery syde, that he shall not knowe, where to get out. Honger shalbe his substaunce, and myßfortune shall hange vpon him. He shall eate his owne strynne, yee his owne armes shall he deuoure, beynge a firstborne of death. All his comforte and hope shalbe roted out of his dwellynge, very fearfulnesse shall brynge him to the kynge. Other men shall dwel in his house (which now is none of his) and brymstone shalbe scatered vpon his habitacion. His rotes shalbe dryed vp beneth, & aboue shall his haruest be cut downe. His remembraunce shall perish from the earth, & his name shall not be praysed in the stretes: he shalbe dryuen from the light into darcknesse, and be cast clene out of the worlde. He shall nether haue children ner kynßfolkes amonge his people, no ner eny posterite in his countre: yonge & olde shalbe astonyshed at his death. Soch are now the dwellynges of the wicked, and this is ỹ place of him that knoweth not God.

The XIX. Chap.

A IOb answered, & sayde: How lõge wil ye vexe my mynde, & trouble me with wordes? Lo, ten tymes haue ye reproued me: are ye not ashamed, for to laugh me so to scorne? yf I go wronge, I go wronge to my self. But yf ye wil enhaunce yo' selues agaynst me, & accuse me to be a wicked persone because of the shame that is come vpon me: knowe this then, ỹ it is God, which hath handled me so violẽtly, & hath compased me aboute with his scourges. Beholde, though
Abacu.1.a I crie, yet violẽce is done vnto me, I can not be herde: Though I complane, there is none to gene sentẽce with me. He hath hedged vp my path, I cã not get awaye, he hath set darcknesse in my gate.

B He hath spoyled me of myne honoure, & taken the crowne awaye from my heade. He
Iob.1.a hath destroyed me on euery syde, and I am vndone: My hope hath he taken awaye fro me, as it were a tre plucte vp by the rote. His wrath is kyndled agaynst me, he taketh me, as though I were his enemy.

His men of warre came together, which made their waye ouer me, and beseged my
Psal.37.b dwellinge rounde aboute. He hath put my brethren farre awaye from me, and soch as were of myne acquauntaunce, are become strãgers vnto me. Myne owne kynßfolkes haue forsaken me, and my frendes haue put me out of remembraunce. The seruauntes and maydens of myne owne house take me for a strãger, and I am become as an aleaunt in their sight.

When I call vpon my seruãt, he geueth C me no answere: no though I praie him with my mouth. Myne owne wyfe maye not abyde my breth, I am fayne to speake fayre vnto the children of myne owne body. Yee the very deserte fooles despyse me, and when I am gone from them, they speake euell vpon me. All soch as were my most familiers, abhorre me: and they whom I loued best, are turned agaynst me. My bone hangeth to my strynne, and the flesh is awaye, only there is left me the strynne aboute my teth. Haue pite vpon me, haue pite vpon me (o ye my frendes) for the hande of the LORDE hath touched me. Seynge God persecuteth me, wil ye vexe me also? Haue ye not yet ynough of the trouble of my flesh?

O that my wordes were written, O that D. they were put in a boke: wolde God they were grauẽ w' an yron pẽne in leade or in stone. For I am sure, that my redemer lyueth, and that I shall ryse out of the earth in the latter daye: that I shal be clothed againe with this strynne, and se God in my flesh. Yee I my self shal beholde him, not with other but with these same eyes. My reynes are consumed within me, when yee saye: Why do not we persecute him? we haue founde an occasion agaynst him. But bewarre of the swearde, for the swearde wylbe avenged of wickednesse, and be sure, that there is a iudgment.

The XX. Chapter.

Then answered Sophar the Naama A thite, and sayde: For the same cause do my thoughtes compell me to answere. And why? my mynde is tossed here and there. I haue sufficiently herde the checkynge & reprose, therfore am I purposed to make answere after my vnderstõdinge. Knowest thou not this, namely: that from the begynninge (euer sence the creacion of man vpon earth) the prayse of the vngodly hath bene shorte, and that the ioye of Hypocrytes continued but ỹ twinckelinge of an eye? Though he be magnified vp to the heauẽ, so that his heade reacheth vnto the cloudes: yet he perisheth at the last like donge: In so moch ỹ they which haue sene him, saye: Where is he? He vanysheth as a dreame, so that he can no more be founde, & passeth awaye as a vision in ỹ night. So that the eye which sawe him before, getteth now no sight of him, & his place knoweth him nomore. His childrẽ go a beggynge, their handes bringe thẽ to sorow and heuynesse.

From his youth his bones are ful of vyce, B which shall lie downe w' him in ỹ earth. Whẽ

wickednesse is swete in his mouth, he hydeth it vnder his tonge. That he fauoureth, that wyll he not forsake, but kepeth it close in his throte. The meate that he eateth, shalbe turned to the poyson of serpētes within his body. The riches ỹ he deuoureth, shall he perbreake agayne, for God shal drawe them out of his bely. The serpentes heade shall sucke him, and the adders tonge shall slaye him: so that he shal nomore se the ryuers and brookes of hony and butter: But laboure shal he, & yet haue nothinge to eate. Greate trauayle shal he make for riches, but he shal not enioye them. And why? he hath oppressed the poore, and not helped them: houses hath he spoyled, and not buylded them. His bely coude neuer be fylled, therfore shall he perish in
C his couetousnesse. He deuoured so gredely, ỹ he left nothinge behynde, therfore his goo-
Eccls. 5.b des shal not prospere. Though he had plenteousnesse of euerythinge, yet was he poore, & therfore he is but a wretch on euery syde.

For though ỹ wicked haue neuer so moch to fyll his bely, yet God shal sende his wrath vpon him, and cause his battayll to rayne ouer him: so that yf he fle the yron weapens, he shall be shott with the stele bowe. The arowe shal be taken forth, & go out at his backe, and a glisteringe swearde thorow ỹ gall of him, feare shal come vpō him. There shal no darcknes be able to hyde him. An vnkynded fyre shal consume him, and loke what remayneth in his house, it shall be destroyed. The heauen shall declare his wickednesse, & the earth shal take parte agaynst him. The substaunce that he hath in his house, shalbe taken awaye and perish, in the daye of the LORDES wrath. This is the percion that ỹ
Iob 27.b wicked shal haue of God, and the heretage that he maye loke for of the LORDE.

The XXI. Chapter.

A IOb answered, and sayde: O heare my wordes, and amende yo selues. Suffreme a litle, that I maye speake also, and thē laugh my wordes to scorne, yf ye will. Is it with a man, that I make this disputacio? Which yf it were so, shulde not my spriete be thē in sore trouble? Marcke me well, be abaßshed, and laye youre hāde vpon youre mouth. For whē I ponder & consider this, I am afrayed, and my flesh is smytten with
Psal. 72.a feare. Wherfore do wicked mē lyue in healthe
Iere. 12.a and prosperite, come to their olde age, & increase in riches? Their childers children lyue in their sight, & their generacion before their
Pro. 3.b eyes. Their houses are safe from all feare, for
Heb. 12.a the rodd of God doth not smyte thē. Their bullocke gendreth, and that not out of tyme: their cow calueth, and is not vnfrutefull.

They sende forth their children by flockes, B
and their sonnes lede the daunce. They bea- Esa. 5.b
re with them tabrettes and harpes, and haue instrumentes of musick at their pleasure. Amos 6.a
They spende their dayes in welthynesse: but sodenly they go downe to hell. They saye vnto God: go from vs, we desyre not the knowlege of thy wayes. What maner of felowe Exo. 5.b
is the Allmightie, that we shulde serue him? Mala. 5.c
What profit shulde we haue, to submitte oure selues vnto him? Lo, there is vtterly no goodnesse in them, therfore will not I haue to do with the councell of the vngodly. How oft shal the candle of ỹ wicked be put out? Pro. 24.c
how oft commeth their destruccion vpon them? Or what sorowe shall God geue them for their parte in his wrath? Yee they shal be
Psal. 1.b euen as chaffe before the wynde, and as dust that the storme carieth awaye.

And though God saue their childrē from C
soch sorowe, yet wil he so rewarde thē selues, that they shal knowe it. Their owne destruccion and misery shal they se with their eyes, and drynke of the fearfull wrath of the Allmighty. For what careth he, what become of his housholde after his death? whose monethes passe awaye swifter then an arowe. In as moch thē as God hath ỹ hyest power of all, who can teach him eny knowlege? One dyeth now when he is mightie & at his best, rich and in prosperite: euen when his bowels are at the fattest, and his bones full of mary. Another dyeth in sorowe and heuynesse, and neuer had good daies. Now slepe they both a like in the earth, & the wormes couer them. But I knowe what ye thinke, yee and what ye ymagin agaynst me vnrightuously. For Iob 20.a
ye saye: where is the princes palace? where is the dwellynge of the vngodly: Axe eny man that goeth by the waye, and (yf ye will not regarde their tokens & dedes) he shal tell
2. Pet. 2.b you, that the wicked is kepte vnto the daye Matt. 15.d
of destruccion, and that the vngodly shalbe brought forth in the daye of wrath. Who darre reproue him for his wayes to his face? who rewardeth him for the vngraciousnesse that he doth? Yet shal he be brought to his graue, and watch amonge the heape of the deed. Thē shal he be fayne to be buried amōge the stones by the brokesyde. All men must folowe him, & there are innumerable gone before him. O how vayne is the comforte ỹ ye geue me? Are not youre answeres cleane contrary to right and treuth?

The XXII. Chapter.

A SO Eliphas the Themanite gaue answere, & sayde: May a man be cōpared vnto God in wyßdome, though he seme to him self, for to be like him? What pleasure hath God in ỹ thou art righteous? Or what doth it profite him, ỹ thy waies are perfecte? Is he afrayed to reproue the, & to
Iere.2.c steppe forth w̄ the in to iudgment? Cōmeth
Osee 13.b not this for ỹ greate wickednesse, & for thine vngracious dedes which are innumerable? Thou hast takē the pledge from thy brethrē for naught, & robbed the naked of their clothinge: To soch as were weery, hast thou ge-
Iob 27.29 30.31. uē no water to drynke, thou hast withdrawē bred frō the hungrie: Shulde soch one thē as vseth violēce, wrōge & oppression (doinge all thinges of parcialyte, & hauynge respecte of personnes) dwell in the lōde? Thou hast sent wyddowes awaye emptie and oppressed the poore fatherlesse.

B Therfore art thou compased aboute with snares on euery syde, & sodēly vexed w̄ feare. Shuldest thou thē se no darcknesse? Shulde not the water floude runne ouer the? Now because ỹ God is hyer thē the heauens, & because thou seist ỹ the starres are so hye, wilt
Eccli.23.d Ezc.8.b 9.c thou therfore saye: Tush, how shulde God knowe? Doth his dominion reach beyonde the cloudes? Tush, the cloudes couer him, ỹ he maye not se, for he dwelleth in heauen. Well, thou wilt kepe the olde waye, ỹ all wicked mē haue gone: both olde & yonge, whose foundacion is a runnynge water, which saye vnto God: go from vs, and after this maner:
Iob 21.b Tush, what wil the Allmightie do vnto vs? where as he (not with stōdinge) fylleth their houses w̄ all good. Which meanynge of the
Psal.106.c vngodly be farre frome. For w̄ ioy shal the godly, and with gladnesse shal the innocent se, that their increase shal be hewen downe, & their posterite consumed with the fyre.

C Therfore recōcile the vnto God, & be content, so shal all thinges prospere w̄ the right
Pro.4.a well. Receaue the lawe at his mouth, & laye vp his wordes in thine herte. For yf thou
Deu.30.a wilt turne to the Allmightie, thou shalt ston de fast, & all vnrighteousnesse shall be farre from thy dwellinge: He shal geue the an harueſt, which in plenty & abundaunce shall exceade the dust of the earth, and the golde of Ophir like ryuer stones. Yee the Allmightie his owne self shalbe thine harueſt, & the heape of thy money. Then shalt thou haue thy delyte in the Allmightie, & lift vp thy face vnto God. Thē shalt thou make thy prayer vnto him, & he shal heare the, & thou shalt kepe thy promyses. Thē, loke what thou takest in honde, he shal make it to prospere with the, and the light shall shyne in thy wayes. For who so humbleth him self, him shal he set vp: and who so loketh mekely, shalbe healed. Yf thou be innocēt, he shal saue the: and thorow the vngiltynesse of thyne handes shalt thou be delyuered.

The XXIII. Chapter.

IOb answered, and sayd: My sayenge A
is yet this daye in bytternes, and my hande heuy amonge my groninges. O that I might se him & fynde him: O that I might come before his seate, to pleate my cause before him, and to fyll my mouth with argumentes: That I might knowe, what answere he wolde geue me: & that I might vnderstonde, what he wolde saye vnto me. Wil he pleate agaynst me with his greate power & strength, or wyll he leane him self vtterly vpon me? Oh no, let him not do so with me. But let hym geue me like power to go to lawe, then am I sure to wynne my matter. For though I go before, I fynde him not: yf I come behynde, I cā get no knowlege of him: Yf I go on the left syde to ponder his workes, I can not atteyne vnto them: Agayne, yf I go on the right syde, he hydeth him self, ỹ I can not se him. But as for my waye, he Sap.3.a
knoweth it: & trieth me as ỹ golde in ỹ fyre. 1.Pet.1.b

Neuertheles my fete kepe his path, his hye strete haue I holden, and not gone out of it. I haue not forsaken the cōmaundemēt of his lippes, but loke what he charged me with his mouth, that haue I shutt vp in my herte. It is he him self alone, who will turne him back? He doth as him listeth, and bryngeth to passe what he wil. He rewardeth me into my bosome, & many other thinges mo doth he, as he maye by his power. This is ỹ cause, that I shrenke at his presence, so that when I consider him, I am afrayed of him. For in so moch as he is God, he maketh my herte soft: and seynge that he is Allmightie, he putteth me in feare. Thus can not I get out of darcknesse, the cloude hath so couered my face.

The XXIIII. Chapter.

COnsideringe then that there is noty- A
me hyd from the Allmightie, how happeneth it, that they which knowe him, wil not regarde his dayes? For some mē there be, that remoue other mēs londe markes: Deu.19.c
that robbe them of their catell, and kepe the 27.c
same for their owne: that dryue awaye the asse of the fatherlesse: that take ỹ wyddowes oxe for a pledge: that thrust the poore out of Exo.22.c
the waye, & oppresse the symple of the woꝛl- Exo.23.a

be togeather. Beholde, the wilde asses in ye de-
serte go by tymes (as their maner is) to spoy-
le: Yee the very wilderneſſe miniſtreth foode
for their children. They reape the corne fel-
de that is not their owne: and gather the gra-
pes out of his vynyarde, whom they haue
oppreſſed by violence. They are the cauſe ye
ſo many men are naked and bare, hauyn-
ge no clothes to couer them and kepe them
B from colde: So that when the ſhowers in
the mountaynes haue rayned vpon them, & they be all wett, they haue none other ſuccour, but to kepe them amonge the rockes.

They ſpoyle the ſuckinge fatherleſſe chil-
dren, and put the poore in preſon: In ſo moch that they let them go naked without clothin
ge, and yet the hungrie beare the ſheeues. The poore are fayne to labourre in their oyle mylles, yee and to treade in their wyne preſ-
ſes, and yet to ſuffre thyrſt. The whole cite
Apoc.6.b crieth vnto the LORDE with ſighinge, the
4.Eſ.15.b ſoules of the ſlayne make their complaynte: But God deſtroyeth them not for all this, where as they (not w' ſtodinge) are rebellious and diſobedient enemies: which ſeke not his light and waye, ner turne agayne in to his
Luc.22.d path. Tymely in the mornynge do they ary-
ſe, to murthur the ſymple and poore, & in the night they go a ſtealinge.

C The eye of the vngodly is like the aduou-
terer, that wayteth for the darckneſſe, and ſa-
yeth thus in him ſelf: Tuſh, there ſhal no mā
ſe me, & ſo he diſgyſeth his face. In the night ſeaſon they ſearch the houſes, and hyde them
ſelues in the daye tyme, but wil not knowe ye light. For as ſoone as the daye breaketh, the
ſhadowe of death commeth vpō them, and they go in horrible darckneſſe. The vngodly is very ſwyft: O ye his portiō alſo vpō earth were ſwyfter then ye runnynge water, which ſuffreth not ye ſhipmā to beholde the fayre & pleaſāt vyniardes. O ye they (for the wicked
neſſe which they haue done) were drawen to the hell, ſooner thē ſnowe melteth at the hea-
D te. O ye all cōpaſſion vpon thē were forgottē: ye their daynties were wormes: that they we
re clene put out of remembraunce, & vtterly hewē downe like an vnfrutefull tre. For they manteyne the baren, & make them ye they can not beare, & vnto wyddowes they do no go-
od. They plucke downe the mightie w' their power, & when they them ſelues are gotten vp, they are neuer without feare, as longe as they liue. And though they might be ſafe, yet they wil not receaue it, for their eyes loke v-
pon their owne wayes. They are exalted for a litle, but ſhortly are they gone, brought to extreme ponerte, & takē out of the waye: yee & vtterly plucte of as the eares of corne. Is it not ſo? Who wil thē reproue me as a lyar, & ſaye ye my wordes are nothinge worth?

The XXV. Chapter.

THen anſwered Baldad the Suhite, A
& ſayde: Power & feare is with him
aboue, that maketh peace (ſittinge) in
his hyneſſe, whoſe men of warre are innume
rable, and whoſe light aryſeth ouer all. But Pſal.142.a
how maye a man cōpared vnto God, be iuſti- Iob 4.b
fied? Or, how can he be clene, that is borne of Iob 15.b
a woman? Rom.3.b
Beholde, the Moone ſhyneth no thinge in compariſon to him, & the ſtarres a-
re vnclene in his ſight. How moch more thē, mā, that is but corrupcion: and the ſonne of man, which is but a worme?

The XXVI. Chapter.

IOb anſwered, and ſayde: O how hel A
peſt thou the weake? what cōfforte
geueſt thou vnto him that hath no
ſtrēgth? Where is ye cōſell ye thou ſhuldeſt
geue him, which hath no wyſdome? Wilt thou ſo ſhewe thine excellent rightuouſnes? Before whom haſt thou ſpoken theſe wor-
des? Who made the breth to come out of ye mouth? The giauntes & worthies ye are ſlayne, & lye vnder ye worlde w' their cōpanions: yee & all they which dwell beneth in the hell are not hyd frō him, & the very deſtruccion it ſelf cā not be kepte out of his ſight. He ſtret-
cheth out ye north ouer the emptie, & hāgeth ye earth vpō nothinge. He byndeth ye water in his cloudes, that they fall not downe toge
ther. He holdeth back his ſtole, that it cā not B
be ſene, and ſpredeth his cloudes before it.

He hath cōpaſed the waters w' certayne Pſal.103.b
boundes, vntill the daye & night come to an Iere.5.d
ende. The very pilers of heauē trēble & qua- Iob 38.a
ke at his reproſe. He ſtilleth the ſee with his Matt.8.c
power, & thorow his wyſdome hath he ſet
forth ye worlde. With his ſpirite hath he gar
niſhed the heauēs, & with his hande hath he wounded the rebellious ſerpēt. This is now a ſhorte ſumme of his doynges. But who is able ſufficiently to rehearce his workes? Who can perceaue and vnderſtonde ye thon
der of his power? The XXVII. Chap.

IOb alſo proceaded and wēte forth in A
his communicacion, ſayēge: As tru
ly as God lyueth (which hath taken
awaye my power from me) & the Allmightie, that hath vexed my mynde: My lippes ſhall talke of no vanite, and my tonge ſhal ſpeake no diſceate, whyle my breth is in me, and as longe as the wynde (that God hath geuen me) is in my noſtrels.

God forbydde, that I shulde graunte you re cause to be right. As for me, vntill myne ende come wil I neuer go fro myne innocency. My righteous dealynge wil I kepe fast, & not forsake it: For my conscience reproueth me not in all my conuersacion. Therfore myne enemy shalbe founde as the vngodly, & he y taketh parte agaynst me, as the vnrighteous. What hope hath y ypocrite, though he haue greate good, and though God gene him riches after his hertes desyre? Doth God heare him the sooner, whē he crieth vn
B to him in his necessite? Hath he soch pleasure & delyte in the Allmightie, that he darre allwaye call vpon God? I wil teach you in the name of God, & the thinge that I haue of y Allmightie, wil I not kepe from you. Beholde, ye stonde in yo owne conceate, as though ye knew all thinges. Wherfore then do ye go aboute w soch vayne wordes, sayēge: This is the porcion that the wicked shall haue of God, & the heretage that Tyrauntes shal receaue of y Allmightie. If he get many childrē, they shal perish w the swearde, & his posterite shall haue scarcenesse of bred. Loke whom he leaueth behinde him, they shal dye & be buried, & no man shall haue pite of his
C wyddowes. Though he haue as moch money as the dust of the earth, & raymēt as ready as the claye, he maye well prepare it: but the godly shal put it vpon him, and the innocēt shal deale out the money. His house shal endure as the moth, & as a bothe that the watchman maketh. When the rich man dyeth, he carieth nothinge with him: he is gone in y twincklynge of an eye. Destruccion taketh holde vpō him as a water floude, & y tēpest stealeth him awaye in the night season. A vehement wynde carieth him hence, & departeth: a stormne plucketh him out of his place. It rußsheth in vpon him, and spareth him not, he maye not escape from the power therof. Than clappe mē their hōdes at him, yee and ieast of him, whē they loke vpon his place.

The XXVIII. Chapter.

A Deu.8.b THere are places where syluer is moltē, & where golde is tryed: where yron is dygged out of the grounde, & stones resolued to metall. The darcknes shal once come to an ende, he can seke out the grounde of all thinges: the stones, the darcke, & the horrible shadowe. w the ryuer of water parteth he a sunder the straunge people, y knoweth no good neghbourheade: soch as are rude, vnmanerly & boysteous. He bryngeth foode out of the earth, & y which is vnder, consumeth he with fyre. There is founde a place, whose stones are clene Saphirs, and where y clottes of the earth are golde. There is a waye also that the byrdes knowe not, that no vultures eye hath sene: wherin y proude & hye mynded walke not, & where no lyon commeth. There putteth he his honde vpon the stony rockes, & ouerthroweth the mountaynes. Ryuers flowe out of the rockes, & loke what is pleasaunt, his eye seyth it. Out of droppes bryngeth he greate floudes together, & the thinge that is hyd bryngeth he to light. How commeth a man then by wyßdo B me? Where is the place that men fynde vnderstondinge? Verely no man can tell how worthy a thinge she is, nether is she foūde in the lōde of the lyuynge. The depe sayeth: she is not in me. The see sayeth: she is not with me. She can not be gotten for the most fyne golde, nether maye the pryce of her be bought with eny moneye. No wedges of golde of Ophir, no precious Onix stones, no Saphirs maye be compared vnto her. No, nether golde ner Christall, nether swete odours ner golden plate. There is nothinge so worthy, or so excellēt, as once to be named vnto her: for parfecte wyßdome goeth farre beyonde thē all. The Topas that cōmeth out of Inde, maye in no wyse be lickened vnto her: yee no maner of apparell how pleasaunt and fayre so euer it be.

Eccli.1.a 7.c Iacob.1.a 3.Reg.3.b 4.c Pro.2.a Sap.7.b

From whēce then commeth wyßdome? & C where is the place of vnderstondinge? She is hyd from the eyes of all men, yee & frō the foules of the ayre. Destruccion & death saie: we haue herde tell of her w oure eares. But God seyth hir waie, & knoweth hir place. For he beholdeth the endes of the worlde, and loketh vpon all that is vnder the heauē. When he weyed the wyndes, & measured y waters: when he set the rayne in ordre, and gaue the mightie floudes a lawe: Then dyd he se her, thē declared he her, prepared her and knewe her. And vnto man he sayde: Beholde, to fear the LORDE, is wyßdome: & to forsake euell, is vnderstondinge.

Pſal.110.b Pro.1.a 9.b Eccli.1.c

The XXIX. Chap.

SO Job proceaded and wēte forth in A his communicacion, sayenge: O y I were as I was in the monethes by past, & in the dayes whē God preserued me: when his light shyned vpon my heade: whē I wente after the same light & shyne euē thorow the darcknesse. As it stode w me, whē I was welthy & had ynough: whē God prospered my house: when the allmightie was with me: when my housholde folkes stode aboute me: whē my wayes ranne ouer w butter, & when the stony rockes gaue me ryuers

of oyle: when I wente thorow the cite vnto
the gate, & whē they set me a chayre in ỹ stre-
B te: whē the yonge mē (as soone as they sawe
me) hyd thē selues, & when the aged arose, &
stode vp vnto me: whē the princes left of their
talkinge, & laied their hāde to their mouth:
whē the mightie kepte still their voyce, and
whē their tonges cleued to the rofe of their
mouthes. When all they ỹ herde me, called
me happie: & when all they ỹ sawe me, wyss-
shed me good. For I delyuered ỹ poore whē
he cried, & the fatherlesse ỹ wanted helpe. The
ỹ shulde haue bene lost, gaue me a good wor-
de, & ỹ widdowes hert praised me. And why?
I put vpon me righteousnes, which couered
me as a garmēt, & equite was my crowne. I
was an eye vnto the blynde, & a fote to the la-
me. I was a father vnto the poore, & whē I
knewe not their cause, I sought it out diligēt-
ly. I brake the chaftes of ỹ vnrighteous, &
Gen.14.c pluckte the spoyle out of their teth.
C Therfore, I thought verely, ỹ I shulde
haue dyed in my nest: & ỹ my dayes shulde ha-
ue bene as many as the sondes of the see. For
my rote was spred out by the waters syde, &
the dewe laye vpō my corne. My honō encrea-
sed more & more, and my bowe was euer the
stronger in my hande. Vnto me men gaue ea-
re, & they regarded, & w̄ sylence they tar.ed
for my cōsell. Yf I had spoken, they wolde
haue it none other wayes, my wordes were
so well taken amonge thē. They wayted for
me, as the earth doth for the rayne: & gaped
vpon me, as the groūde doth to receaue the
latter shower. When I laughed, they knew
well it was not earneste: & this testimony of
my cōtenaunce pleased thē nothinge at all.
When I agreed vnto their waye, I was the
chefe, & sat as a kynge amonge his seruaun-
tes: Or as one that comforteth soch as be in
heynesse. The XXX. Chapter.

A BVt now they that are my inferiours
& yonger then I, haue me in derision:
yee euē they, whose fathers I wolde
haue thought scorne to haue set w̄ the dog-
ges of my catell. The power & strēgth of the
ir hādes might do me no good, & as for their
age, it is spēt & past awaye without eny pro-
fit. For very misery & honger, they wente a-
boute in the wilderneſſe like wretches & beg-
gers, pluckynge vp herbes from amonge the
bußshes, & the Jumpers rote was their mea
te. And when they were dryuen forth, men
cried after them, as it had bene after a thefe.
Their dwellinge was beside foule brokes, yee
in the caues & dennes of the earth. Vpō the
drye heeth wēte they aboute crienge, & in the
bromе hilles they gathered them together.
They were the childeren of fooles & vylanes,
which are deed awaye frō the worlde. Now Tren 3.f
am I their songe, & am become their iestin- Psal.68.b
ge stocke. they abhorre me, they flee farre fro
me & stayne my face w̄ spetle. For ỹ LORDE
hath opened his quyuer, he hath hytte me, &
put a bridle in my mouth. Vpon my right hā B
de they rose together agaynst me, they haue
hurte my fete, made awaye to destroye me,
& my path haue they clene marred. It was
so easy for them to do me haime, that they ne
ded no man to helpe thē. They fell vpon me,
as it had bene ỹ breakynge in of waters, & ca
me in by heapes to destroye me. Fearfulnesse
is turned agaynst me. Myne honoure va-
nisheth awaye more swiftly then wynde, &
my prosperite departeth hēce like as it were
a clonde. Therfore is my mynde poured full
of heynesse, & ỹ dayes of trouble haue takē
holde vpon me. My bones are pearsed thor-
rew in ỹ night season, & my synewes take no
rest. With all their power haue they chaun-
ged my garmēt, & gyrded me therwith, as it
were w̄ a coate. I am euē as it were claye, &
am become like a fshes & dust. Whē I crie vn
to the, thou doest not heare me: & though I
stonde before the, yet thou regardest me not.
Thou art become myne enemye, & w̄ ỹ vio-
lēt hāde thou takest parte agaynst me. In ty
mes past thou didest set me vp an hye, as it
were aboue ỹ winde, but now hast thou geuē
me a very sore fall. Sure I am, ỹ thou wilt C
delyuer me vnto death: where as a lodgyng
is prepared for all mē lyuinge. Now vse not
mē to do violēce vnto thē, ỹ are destroyed all
ready: but where hurte is done, there vse thei
to helpe. Dyd not I wepe in ỹ tyme of trou-
ble? Had not my soule cōpassion vpō ỹ poo-
re? Yet neuertheleſſe where as I loked for go
od, euell happened vnto me: and where as I
waited for light, there came darcknesse. My
bowels seeth w̄ in me & take no rest, for ỹ da
yes of my trouble are come vpō me. Mekely
& lowly came I in, yee & without eny displea
sure: I stode vp in ỹ cōgregacion, & com-
moned with thē But now I am a cōpanyon of
dragons, & a felowe of Estriches. My skyn
ne vpō me is turned to black, & my bones are
brēt w̄ heate: my harpe is turned to sorow, &
my pipe to wepinge. The XXXI. Chap.

I Made a couenaunt w̄ myne eyes, ỹ I A
wolde not loke vpō a dāsell. For how Matt.5.c
greate a porciō shal I haue of God Eccli.41.
frō aboue? & what enheritaūce frō ỹ Almigh
tie on hie? As for the vngodly & he ỹ ioyneth
himself to ỹ cōpani of wicked doers shal not

Pro.5.c Iob.14.c destruccion & misery came vpon him? Doth not he se my wayes, & tell all my goinges? If I haue cleued vnto vanite, or yf my fete haue runne to disceaue: let me be weyed in an euen balaunce, that God maye se my innocency. If so be that I haue withdrawen my fote out of the right waye, yf my hert hath folowed myne eyesight, yf I haue stayned or defyled my hōdes: O then is it reason that I sowe, and another eate: yee that my generacion and posterite be clene roted out.

2.Re.12.c If my hert hath lusted after my neghbours wife, or yf I haue layed wayte at his dore: O then let my wife be another mans harlot,

B and let other lye with her. For this is a wic-

Deu.22.c kednesse and synne, that is worthy to be punyshed, yee a fyre that vtterly shulde consume, & rote out all my substaunce. Dyd I euer thynke scorne to do right vnto my seruaūtes and maydens, when they had eny matter agaynst me? But seynge that God wil sytt in iudgment, what shal I do? And for so moch as he wil nedes vyset me, what answere shal I geue him? He that fashioned me in my mothers wombe, made he not him also? were we not both shappen alyke in oure mothers bodies? When the poore desyred eny thinge at me, haue I denyed it them? Haue I caused ỹ wyddowe stonde waytinge for me in vayne? Haue I eaten my porcion alone, that the fatherles hath had no parte with me? (for mercy grewe vp with me fro my youth, & compassion fro my mothers wombe.) Haue I sene eny man perish thorow nakednes & want of clothinge? Or, eny poore man for lack of rayment, whose sydes thanked me not, because he was warmed wt ỹ woll of my shepe?

C Dyd I euer lyft vp my honde to hurte the fatherlesse? Nee in the gate where I sawe my self to be in auctorite: Thē let myne arme fall fro my shulder, & myne arme holes be broken from the ioyntes. For I haue euer feared ỹ vengeaunce & punyshmēt of God, & knew very well, ỹ I was not able to beare his burthē. Haue I put my trust in golde? Or, haue I sayde to the fynest golde of all: thou art my cōfidence? Haue I reioysed because my substaunce was greate, and because my honde gat so

Deu.4.c moch? Dyd I euer greatly regarde the rysinge of the Sonne? Or, had I the goinge dowe

17.b Sap.13.a ne of ỹ Moone in greate reputacion? Hath my hert medled priuely wt eny disceate? Or, dyd I euer kysse myne owne honde (that were a wickednesse worthy to be punyshed, for then shulde I haue denyed the God that is aboue.) Haue I euer reioysed at the hurte of

Pro.17.a myne enemy? Or, was I euer glad, ỹ eny harme happened vnto him? Oh no, I neuer suffred my mouth to do soch a sinne, as to wysh him euell. Yet they of myne owne housholde saye: who shal let vs, to haue oure bely ful of his flesh? I haue not suffred a straunger D to lye wt out, but opened my dores vnto him. Haue I euer done eny wicked dede where thorow I shamed my self before men: Or eny abhominacion, ỹ I was fayne to hyde it? For yf I had feared eny greate multitude of people: Or yf I had bene dispysed of ỹ symple, Oh then shulde I haue bene afrayed. Thus haue I quyetly spent my lyfe, and not gone out at ỹ dore. O that I had one which wolde heare me. Lo, this is my cause. Let ỹ Allmightie geue me answere: & let him that is my cōtrary party, sue me with a lybell. Then shall I take it vpon my shulder, & as a garlāde aboute my heade. I haue tolde the nombre of my goinges, and delyuered them vnto him as to a prynce. But yf case be that my londe crie agaynst me, or ỹ the forowes therof make eny complaynte: yf I haue eaten the frutes therof vnpayed for, yee yf I haue greued eny of the plowmen: Than, let thistles growe in steade of my wheate, & thornes for my barlye.

Here ende the wordes of Job.

The XXXII. Chapter.

SO these thre men wolde stryue nomore wt Job, because he helde himself a A righteous man. But Eliu the sonne of Barachel the Bussite of the kynred of Gen.22.d Ram, was very sore displeased at Job, that he called himself iust before God. And with Jobs thre frēdes he was angrie also, because they had founde no reasonable answere to ouercome him. Now taried Eliu till they had ended their communicacion with Job, for why? they were elder then he. So when Eliu ỹ sonne of Barachel ỹ Bussite sawe, that these thre men were not able to make Job answere, he was myscontent: so that he gaue answere himself, and sayde: Consider in Eccl.32.b ye ỹ I am yonge, & ye be men of age, I was afrayed, & durst not shewe forth my mynde, B for I thought thus within my self: It becō- Iob.12.b meth olde men to speake, & the aged to teach wyßdome. Euery mā (no doute) hath a mynde, but it is the inspyracion of the Allmighty Dan.2.c Pro.2.a that geueth vnderstondinge. All men are not wyse, nether doth euery aged man vnderstonde the thinge that is lawfull. Therfore wil I speake also (in so farre as I maye be herde) & wil shewe yow myne opinyon. For whē I had wayted till ye made an ende of youre

talkynge, & herde youre wyßdome, what argumētes ye made in youre communicacion: yee when I had diligently pondred what ye sayde, I founde not one of you that made eny good argument agaynst Job, or that directly coude make answere vnto his wordes: lest ye shulde prayse youre selues, to haue founde out wyßdome: because it is God that hath
C cast him out, & no man. Neuertheless, seynge he hath not spoken vnto me, therfore will not I answere him as ye haue done (for they were so abaßshed, that they coude not make answere, ner speake one worde) but in so mocht as ye wil not speake, stondinge still like dommen & makinge no answere: I haue a good hope for my parte to shappe him an answere & to shewe him my meanynge. For I am full of wordes, & the spriete that is within me, cōpelleth me. Beholde, I am as the new wyne which hath no vente, & burſteth the new vessels in sunder. Therfore wil I speake, that I maye haue vēte: I wil open my lyppes, and make answere. I will regarde no maner of
Galat.1.b personne, no man wil I spare. For yf I wolde go aboute to please mē, I knowe not how soone my maker wolde take me awaye.

The XXXIII. Chapter.

A Wherfore, heare my wordes (O Job) & herken vnto all, that I wyll saye: Beholde, I wil open my mouth, & my tonge shal speake out of my chawes. My hert shall ordre my wordes aright, & my lyppes shal talke of pure wyßdome. The spriete
Gene.2.b of God hath made me, & the brieth of the Almightie hath geuē me my life. Yf thou cāst, then geue me answere: prepare thy self to stōde before me face to face. Beholde, before God am I euen as thou, for I am fashioned and made euē of the same moulde. Therfore, thou nedest not be afrayed of me, nether nedest thou to feare, that my auctorite shal be to heuy for the. Now hast thou spoken in myne eares, & I haue herde ye voyce of thy wordes: I am clene without eny sawte, I am in-
Iob 16.c nocent, & there is no wickednesse in me. But
Iob 13.b lo, he hath pyked a quarell agaynst me, & taketh me for his enemy: he hath put my fote
Iob 14.c in the stockes, & loketh narowly vnto all my pathes. Beholde, vnto these vnreasonable wordes of thyne wil I make answere.

B Shulde God be reproued of man? Why doest thou then stryue agaynst him, because he geueth the no accomptes of all his doinges? For whē God doth once commaunde a thinge, there shulde no man be curious, to se-
Gen.20.a arch whether it be right. In dreames and vi-
28.c.31.d sions of the night season (when slombrynge cōmeth vpō mē, that they fall a slepe in their beddes) he rowneth them in the eares, he in-
Dan.2. Matt.8 fourmeth them, & shewth thē planely, that it is he, which withdraweth man from euell, delyuereth him from pryde, kepeth his soule from destruccion, & his life from ye swearde. he chasteneth him with sickenesse, & bringeth him to his bed: he laieth sore punyshmēt vpō his bones, so that his life maye awaye w' no bred, & his soule abhorreth to eate eny dayntie meate: In so mocht, that his body is clene consumed awaye, & his bones appeare no more. His soule draweth on to destruccion, & his life to death. Now yf there be an angel C
(one amonge a thousande) sent for to speake vnto mā, and to shewe him the right waye: thē the LORDE is mercifull vnto him, & sayeth: He shalbe delyuered, yt he fall not downe to destruccion, for I am sufficiently recōciled. Than his flesh (which hath bene in misery & trouble) shalbe, as it was in his youth. For yf he submitte himself vnto God, he is gracious, & sheweth him his countenaunce ioyfully, & rewardeth man for his rightuousnes. Soch a respecte hath he vnto mē. Therfore let a man cōfesse, (& saye:) I offended, but he hath chastened & reformed me: I dyd vnrightuously, neuertheless he hath not recōpensed me therafter. Yee he hath delyuered my soule from destruccion, & my life, that it seyth ye light. Lo, thus worketh God all waie with mā, that he kepeth his soule from perishinge, & latteth him enioye the light of ye lyuinge. Marke well (O Job) & heare me: holde the still, vntill I haue spoken. But yf thou hast eny thinge to saye, then answere me and speake, for thy answere pleaseth me. Yf thou hast nothinge, then heare me, and holde thy tonge, so shal I teach the wyßdome.

The XXXIIII. Chapter.

Eliu proceaded forth in his cōmunica A
cion, & sayde: Heare my wordes (O ye wyse men) herken vnto me, ye yt haue vnderstondinge. For like as the mouth tasteth the meates, so the eare proueth & discerneth the wordes. As for the iudgmēt, let vs seke it out 1.Cor.14.d
amonge ye selues, yt we maye knowe what is Iob 13.b
right. And why? Job hath sayde: I am right- 16.c.33.a
uous, but God doth me wronge. I must nedes be a lyar, though my cause be right: & violētly am I plaged, where as I made no sawte. where is there soch one as Job, yt drinketh vp scornefulnes like water? which goeth in ye company of wicked doers, & walketh w' vngodly mē? For he saieth: Though a mā be good, yet is he naught before God. Therfore herkē vnto me, ye yt haue vnderstondinge.

B Farre be it from God, that he shulde medle with wickednesse: and farre be it from the Allmightie, ỹ he shulde medle with vnrighteous dealynge: but he rewardeth the workes of man, and causeth euery man to fynde accordinge to his wayes. For sure it is, that God cõdemneth no man wrongeously, and the iudgmẽt of the Allmightie is not vnrighteous. Who ruleth the earth in his steade? Or, whom hath he set to gouerne the whole worlde? To whom hath he geuen his herte, for to drawe his spirite and breth vnto him? All flesh shal come together vnto naught, & all mẽ shal turne agayne vnto earth. Yf thou now haue vnderstõdinge, heare what I saye and herken to the voyce of my wordes.

Psal.61.b Matt.16.d Iere.25.b Rom.1.a

Psal.144.a Gen.3.d

Maye he be made whole, that loueth no right? Yf thou were a very innocent man, shuldest thou then be punyshed? For he is euen the same, ỹ knoweth the rebellious kynges, & sayeth to princes: Vngodly men are ye he hath no respecte vnto the persõnes of ỹ lordly, & regardeth not the rich more thẽ poore. For they be all the worke of his hondes.

C In the twincklinge off an eye shall they be slayne: and at mydnight, when the people & the tyrauntes rage, then shal they perish, ād be taken awaye without hondes. And why? his eyes loke vpon the wayes of man, and he seyth all his goinges. There is no darcknes ner thicke shadowe, ỹ can hyde the wicked doers from him. For no mã shalbe suffred to go into iudgment with God.

Iob.31.a Pro.5.c

Dan.2.e

Many one, yee innumerable doth he punyshe and setteth other in their steades. For he knoweth their euell & darcke workes, therfore shal they be destroyed. They that were in ỹ steade of Seers, dealt like vngodly mẽ. Therfore turned they back trayterously and vnfaithfully frõ hi̇m, & wolde not receaue his wayes. In so moch that they haue caused ỹ voyce of the poore to come vnto him, & now he heareth the cõplaynte of soch as are in necessite. Yf he delyuer & graunte pardõ, who will iudge or condemne? But yf he hyde awaye his countenaunce, who wil turne it aboute agayne, whether it be to the people or to eny man? For the wickednesse & synne of ỹ people, he maketh an ypocrite to reigne ouer thẽ. For so moch then as I haue begonne to talke of God, I wil not hyndre the. Yf I haue gone amysse, enfourme me: yf I haue done wronge, I will leaue of. Wilt thou not geue a reasonable answere? Art thou afrayed of eny thinge, seynge thou begãnest first to speake, & not I? For els the men of vnderstõdinge & wisdome that haue herde me, might

D saye: What cãst thou speake? As for Job he hath neither spoken to the purpose ner wysely. O father, let Job be well tryed, because he he hath turned himself to ỹ wicked: yee aboue his synnes he hath blasphemed, which offence he hath done euen before vs, in ỹ he stryueth agaynst God with his wordes.

The XXXV Chapter.

A Eliu spake moreouer, and sayde: Thinkest thou it right that thou sayest: I am righteous before God? Seinge thou sayest so, how doest thou knowe it? What thinge hast thou more excellẽt, thẽ I ỹ am a synner? Therfore will I geue answere vnto the & thy frendes: loke vnto the heauẽ, & beholde it: cõsidre ỹ cloudes, how they are hyer then thou. Yf thou synnest, what dost thou vnto him? Yf thine offences be many, how getteste thou his fauoure? Yf thou be righteous, what geuest thou him? Or, what receaueth he of thy handes? Of soch an vngodly persõne as thou, & of ỹ some of man that is righteous as thou pretendest to be: there is a greate crie & cõplaynte made by thẽ that are oppressed with violence, yee euery man complayneth vpon the cruell arme of tyrauntes. For soch one neuer sayeth: Where is God that made me? ād ỹ shyneth vpon vs, that we might prayse him in the night? Which geueth vs more vnderstõdinge then he doth the beastes of the earth, and teacheth vs more then the foules off heauẽ.

Psal.33.b Heb.10.a Psal.49.a

B Yf eny soch complayne, no mã geueth answere, and ỹ because of the wickednesse off proude tyrauntes. But yf a man call vpon God, doth not he heare him? Doth not the Almightie accepte his crie? Whã thou speakest then, shulde not he pardon the, yff thou open thy self before him, and put thy trust in him? Then vseth he no violence in his wrath ner hath he pleasure in curious and depe inquisicions. Therfore hath Job opened his mouth but in vayne, ād folishly hath he made so many wordes.

The XXXVI. Chapter.

A Eliu proceaded forth in his talkinge, & sayde: holde the still a litle, and I shal shewe the, what I haue yet to speake on Gods behalfe. I wil open vnto ỹ yet more of myne vnderstondinge, and proue my maker righteous. True are my wordes, & no lye: and the knowlege wherwith all I argue agaynst the, is perfecte. Beholde, God casteth not awaye ỹ mightie, for he himself is mightie in power and wisdome.

As for the vngodly, he preserueth thē not
Psal.31.b but helpeth the poore to their right. He tur-
2.Re.7.c neth not his eyes awaye from the righteous
4.Re.10.c he setteth vp kynges in their Trone, and cō-
2.Par.33.c firmeth them, so that they allwaye syt ther
in. But yf they be layed in preson and cheynes, or bounde with the bondes of pouerte:
then sheweth he them their workes ād dedes
and the synnes wherw' they haue vsed cruell
violence.

B He with punyshinge and nurturinge off
them, rowneth them in the eares, warneth
them to leaue of from their wickednesse, and
to amende. Yf they now will take hede and
be obedient, they shall weere out their dayes
Esa.1.c in prosperite, and their yeares in pleasure ād
ioye. But yff they will not obeye, they shall
go thorow the swearde, & perish or euer they
be awarre. As for soch as be fayned, dyssemblers and ypocrytes, they heape vp wrath
for them selues: for they call not vpon him,
though they be his presoners. Thus their
soule perisheth in foolishnesse, and their lyfe
w' yͤ condēned. The poore delyuereth he out
of his straytnesse, and comforteth soch as be
in necessite and trouble. Euen so shall he kepe the (yf thou wilt be content) from the bottomlesse pytte that is beneth: & yf thou wilt
holde the quyete, he shal fyll thy table with
plenteousnesse.

C Neuerthelesse, thou hast condemned the
iudgment of the vngodly, yee euen soch a iudgment and sentence shalt thou suffre. For
then shal not thy cause be stilled with cruelte, ner pacified with many giftes. Hath God
ordened then, that the glorious lyfe off the
all soch mightie men shulde not be put downe? Prolonge not thou the tyme, till there come a night for the, to set other people in thy
steade. But bewarre that thou turne not aside to wickednesse and synne, which hyther
to thou hast chosen more then mekenesse. Beholde, God is of a mightie hye power: Where is there soch a gyde and lawegeuer as he?
Who wil reproue him of his waye? who wil
saye vnto him: thou hast done wronge?

D O considre how greate and excellent his
workes be, whom all men loaue and prayse:
yee wondre at him, and yet they se him but
a farre of. Beholde, so greate is God, that he
passeth oure knowlege, nether are weable to
come to yͤ experiēce of his yeares. He turneth yͤ water to smal droppes, he dryueth his
Deu.11.c cloudes together for to rayne, so that they
28.d poure downe and droppe vpon men. He can
spreade out the cloudes (a couerynge off his
tabernacle) and cause his light to shyne vpō
them, and to couer the botome of the see.
By these thinges gouerneth he his people,
and geueth thē abundaunce of meate. In yͤ
turnynge of a hande he hydeth the light, & at his commaundement it commeth agayne. The rysinge vp therof sheweth he to his
frendes and to the catell.

The XXXVII. Chapter.

AT this my hert is astonnied, and mo- A
ued out of his place. Heare then the
sounde of his voyce, and the noyse yͤ
goeth out of his mouth. He gouerneth euery thinge vnder the heauen, and his light
reacheth vnto the ende of the worlde. A roaringe voyce foloweth him: for his glorious
magesty geueth soch a thondre clappe, that
(though a man heare it) yet maye he not perceaue it afterwarde. It geueth an horrible
sownde, when God sendeth out his voyce:
greate thinges doth he, which we can not cōprehende. When he commaundeth the sno-
Psal.148.b we, it falleth vpon the earth: As soone as he
geueth the rayne a charge, Immediatly the
showers haue their strength and fall downe
He sendeth feare vpon euery man, that they
might knowe their owne workes. The beestes crepe in to their dennes, & take their rest.
Out of the south commeth the tempest, and
colde out of the north.

At the brieth of God, the frost commeth, & B
the waters are shed abrode. The cloudes do
their laboure in geuynge moystnesse, the cloudes poure downe their rayne. He distributeth also on euery syde, acordinge as it pleaseth him to deale out his workes, that they
maye do, what so euer he commaundeth thē
thorow the whole worlde: whether it be to
punysh eny londe, or to do good vnto them,
that sēke him.

Herken vnto this (o Job) stonde still, and
considre the wonderous workes of God. Art
thou of coūcel with God, when he doth these thinges? When he causeth the light to come forth of his cloudes? Art thou of his coūcell, when he spredeth out the cloudes? Hast
thou the perfecte knowlege of his wonders?
and how thy clothes are warme, whē the lōde is still thorow the south wynde? hast thou
helped him to spred out the heauen, which is
to loke vpō, as it were cast of cleare metall? C
Teach vs what we shal saye vnto hī, for we are vnmete because of darcknes. Shal it be tolde him, what I saye? Shulde a man speake,
or shulde he kepe it backe? For euery mā seith
not the light, yͤ he kepeth cleare in the cloudes, which he clenseth whan he maketh the
wynde to blowe. Golde is brought out of the

noth, but the prayse and honoure off Gods
feare commeth frō God himself. It is not we
that can fynde out the allmightie: for in po
wer, equite and rightuousnesse he is hyer then
can be expressed. Seinge then that euery bo-
dy feareth him, why shulde not all wyse men
also stōde in feare of hī? Chap. XXXVIII.

A Then spake the LORDE vnto Job out
Iob.40.a of the storme, and sayde: what is he,
that hydeth his mynde with foolysh
wordes? Gyrde vp thy loynes like a mā, for I
will question the, se thou geue me a dyrecte
answere. Where wast thou, when I layed ȳ
foundacions of the earth? Tell planely yff
thou hast vnderstondinge. Who hath mea-
sured it, knowest thou? Or, who hath spred ȳ
lyne vpon it? Where vpon stōde the pilers of
Psal.23.a it? Or, who layed ȳ corner stone? where wast
thou when the mornynge starres gaue me
prayse, ād when all the angels of God reioy
Iere.5.d sed? Who shutt the see with dores, when it
brake forth as a childe out off his mothers
wombe? When I made the cloudes to be a
coueringe for it, and swedled it with ȳ darc-
Psal.32.b ke? when I gaue it my cōmaundement, ma-
103.b kynge dores ȝ barres for it, sayenge: Hither
Luc.5.c to shalt thou come, but no further, and hers
B shalt thou laye downe thy proude and hye
wawes. Hast thou geuē the mornynge his
charge (as soone as thou wast borne) and she
wed the dayespringe his place, ȳ it might ta
ke holde of the corners of the earth, ȝ ȳ the
vngodly might be shakē out? Their tokēs ȝ
weapēs hast thou turned like claye, ȝ set thē
vp agayne as the chaungynge of a garment.
Nee thou hast spoyled the vngodly off their
light, ȝ brokē the arme of the proude. Camest
thou euer in to the groūde of the see, Or, hast
thou walked in ȳ lowe corners of ȳ depe? Ha
ue the gates of death bene opened vnto the
or hast thou sene the dore of euerlastige trea
sure? Hast thou also perceaued, how brode
ȳ earth is? Now yf thou hast knowlege of
all, thē shewe me where light dwelleth, and
where darcknes is: ȳ thou mayest bringe vs
vnto their quarters, yf thou cāst tell the wa-
ye to their houses. Knewest thou (when thou
wast borne) how olde thou shuldest be?

C Wentest thou euer in to the treasuries off
Exod.9.c the snowe, or hast thou sene ȳ secrete places
Iosu.10.c of the hale: which I haue prepared agaynst
the tyme of trouble, agaynst the tyme of ba
tell ȝ warre? By what waye is the light par
ted, ȝ the heate dealt out vpon earth? Who
deuydeth the abundaūce of waters in to ry-
uers, or who maketh a waye for the stormy
wether, ȳ it watereth ȝ moysstureth ȳ drye
ȝ baren groūnde: to make the grasse growe in
places where no body dwelleth, ȝ in the wil-
dernes where no mā remayneth? Who is the
father of rayne? Or, who hath begotten the
droppes of dew? Out of whose wōbe came
the yse? who hath gendred the coldnes of ȳ
ayre? ȳ the waters are as harde as stones, ȝ
lye congeeled aboue the depe. Hast thou
brought ȳ vij. starres together? Or, art thou
able to breake the Circle of heauē? Cāst thou
bringe forth the mornynge starre or the eue- D
nynge starre at cōuenient tyme, ȝ cōueye thē
home agayne? Knowest thou the course off
heauē, ȳ thou mayest set vp the ordinaunce
therof vpō earth? Moreuer, cāst thou lift
vp thy voyce to ȳ cloudes, ȳ they maye pou
re downe a greate rayne vpō the? Canst thou
thōdre also ȳ they maye go their waye, ȝ be o-
bediēt vnto the, sayēge: lo, here are we? Who
geueth sure wisdome, or stedfast vnderstōdin
ge? who nombreth the cloudes in wisdome?
who stilleth ȳ vehement waters of the hea-
uē? who turneth the clottes to dust, ȝ thē to
be clottes agayne? Hunteste thou the praye
for the Lyon, or fedest thou his whelpes lyē
ge in their dēnes ȝ lurkinge in their couches? Psa.147.b
who prouydeth meate for the rauen, whē his
yonge ones crie vnto God, ād fle aboute for
want of meate? Chap. XXXIX.

A Knowest thou the tyme when the wil
de gotes brīge forth their yōge amō
ge the stony rockes? Or layest thou
wayte when the hindes vse to sawne? Reke
nest thou the monethes after they ingendre,
ȳ thou knowest the tyme of their bearinge?
Or when they lye downe, when they cast the
ir yonge ones, ȝ when they are delyuered off
their trauayle ȝ payne? How their yōge ones
growe vp ȝ waxe greate thorow good fedin
ge? who letteth the wilde asse go fre, or who
lowseth the bōdes of the Mule? Vnto whō
I haue geuen the wyldernes to be their hou
se, ȝ the vntilled londe to be their dwellinge
place. That they maye geue no force for the
multitude off people in the cities, nether to
regarde the crienge of the dryuer: but to seke
their pasture aboute the moūtaynes, ȝ to fo- B
lowe vpon the grene grasse. Wyll the vni-
corne be so tame as to do ȳ seruyce, or to aby
de still by thy cribbe? Cāst thou bynde ȳ yock
aboute him in thy forowes, to make him plo-
we after the in ȳ valleis? Mayest thou trust
hī (because he is strōge) or cōmitte thy labo
vnto hī? Mayest thou beleue hī, ȳ he wil brī
ge home ȳ corne, or to caryen y thinge vnto
ȳ barne? The Estrich (whose fethers are fay
rer thē ȳ wynges of the sparow hauke) whē
he hath layed his egges vpon the greunde,
he bredeth them in the dust, and forgetteth
them: so that they might be troden with fo
te, or broken with some wilde beast.

So harde is he vnto his yong ones, as though they were not his, and laboureth in vayne without eny feare. And that because God hath taken wisdome from him, & hath not geuen him vnderstondinge. When his tyme is, he flyeth vp an hye, and careth nether for horse ner man.

C Hast thou geuen the horse is strength, or lerned him to bowe downe his neck with feare: that he letteth him self be dryuen forth like a gresshopper, where as the stoute neyenge that he maketh, is fearfull: he breaketh ȳ grounde with the hoffes of his fete chearfully in his strength, and runneth to mete the harnest men. He layeth asyde all feare, his stomack is not abated, nether starteth he a back for eny swerde. Though the quyuers rattle vpon him, though the speare and shilde glistre: yet russheth he in fearsly, and beateth vpon the grounde. He feareth not the noyse of the trompettes, but as soone as he heareth the shawmes blowe, tush (sayeth he) for he smelleth the batell a farre of, ȳ noyse, the captaynes and the shoutinge.

D Commeth it thorow thy wysdome, that the goshauke flyeth towarde the south? Doth the Aegle mounte vp & make his nest on hye at thy commaundement? He abydeth in the stony rockes, ād vpon the hye toppes of harde mountaynes, where no man can come. From thence maye he beholde his praye, and loke farre aboute with his eyes. His yonge ones are fed with blonde, and where eny Mat.24.c deed body lyeth, there is he immediatly.

Moreouer, God spake vnto Job and sayde: Can he that stryueth with the Allmightie, be at rest? Shulde not he which disputeth with God, geue him an answere? Job answered the LORDE, sayenge: Beholde, I am to vyle a personne, to answere the, therfore will I laye my hande vpon my mouth. Once or twyse haue I spoken, but I will saye no more.

The XL. Chapter.

A Then spake the LORDE vnto Job out of the storme, and sayde: gyrde vp ȳ Iob.38.a loynes like a man, and tell me the thinge that I will axe the. Wilt thou disanulle my iudgment? Or, wilt thou condemne me, ȳ thou thy self mayest be made righteous? Is thine arme then like the arme of God? Maketh thy voyce soch a sōūde as his doth? Toen arme thy self with thine owne power, vp, decke the in thy ioly araye, poure out the indignacion of thy wrath: se that thou cast downe all ȳ proude, loke well, that thou makest all soch as be stubburne, to obeye: treade all the vngodly vnder thy fete, cast thē downe in to the myre, and couer their faces with darckneſſe: Then will I confesse also, that thyne owne right honde hath saued the.

B Beholde, the cruell beaste (whom I made wt the) which eateth haye as an oxe: lo, how stronge he is in his loynes, and what power he hath in the nauell of his body. He spredeth out his tale like a Cedre tre, all his vaynes are stiff. His shynnes are like pipes off brasse, his rygge bones are like staues of yrō First when God made him, he ordened the wylderneſſe for him, ȳ the mountaynes shulde geue him grasse, where all the beastes off the felde take their pastyme. He lyeth amōge the redes in the Mosses, the fennes hyde him with their shadowe, and the wylowes of the broke couer him rounde aboute. Lo, without eny laboure might he dryncke out the whole floude, and suppe off Jordane without eny trauayle. Who darre laye hende vpon him openly, and vndertake to catch him? Or, who darre put an hoke thorow his nose, ād laye a snare for him?

C Darrest thou drawe out Leuiathan with an angle, or bynde his tonge with a snare? Esa.17.a Psal.73.b Canst thou put a ryng in the nose of him, or bore his chaftes therewith a naule? Wyll he make many fayre wordes with the (thynkest thou) or flatre the? Wyll he make a couenaunt with the? Or, art thou able for to compell him to do the contynuall seruyce? Wilt thou take thy pastyme w' him as with a byrde, or geue him vnto thy maydens, that thy companyons maye hew him in peces, to be parted amonge the marchaunt men? Canst thou fyll the nett w' his skynne, or ȳ fysh pānyer with his heade? Darrest thou laye honde vpon him? It is better for the to considre what harme might happē the there thorow and not to touch him. For when thou thynkest to haue holde vpon him, he shall begyle the: Euery man also that seyth him, shall go backe. And why? there darre none be so bolde, as to rayse him vp.

The XLI. Chapter.

Who is able to stonde before me? Or, A who hath geuen me eny thynge afore hande, that I am bounde to reIere.50.h warde him agayne? All thinges vnder heauen are myne. I feare him not, whether he threaten or speake fayre. Who listeth him vp and stripeth him out of his clothes, or who taketh him by the bytt of his brydle? Who openeth the doore of his face? for he hath horrible teth rounde aboute. His body is couered with scales as it were with shyldes, lockte in, kepte, and well cōpacte together. One

is so ioyned to another, that no ayre can come in: Yee one hangeth so vpon another, and sticke so together, that they can not be sunde red. His nesinge is like a glisteringe fyre, and his eyes like the mornynge shyne. Out of his mouth go torches and fyre brandes, out off
B his nostrels there goeth a smoke, like as out off an hote seetinge pott. His breth maketh the coales burne, the flame goeth out of his mouth. In his necke remayneth strength, and before his face sorowe is turned to gladnesse. The membres of his body are ioyned so strayte one to another, and cleue so fast together, that he can not be moued.

His hert is as harde as a stone, ād as fast as the stythye that the hammerman smyteth vpon. When he goeth: the mightiest off all are afrayed, and the wawes heuy. Yff he drawe out the swearde, there maye neither
C speare ner brest plate abyde him. He setteth as moch by a strawe as by yrō, and as moch by a rotten stocke as by metall. He starteth not awaye for him that bendeth the bowe, ī as for slynge stones, he careth as moch for stubble as for them. He counteth the hammer no better then a strawe, he laugheth him to scorne that shaketh the speare. He treadeth the golde in the myre like ỹ sharpe potsherdes. He maketh the depe to seeth and boyle like a pott, and stereth the see together like an oyntment. The waye is light after him, the depe is his walkynge place. Vpon earth is there no power like vnto his, for he is so made, that he feareth not. Yff a man will cōsidre all hye thinges, this same is a kynge ouer all the children off pryde.

The XLII. Chapter.

A Esa 25.c 1.Re.10.b

THē Job answered the LORDE, and sayde: I knowe that thou hast power of all thinges, and that there is no thought hyd vnto the. For who can kepe his owne councell so secrete, but it shall be knowne? Therfore haue I spoken vnwysely, seynge these thinges are so hye, and passe my ne vnderstondinge. O herken thou vnto me also, and let me speake: answere me vnto the thinge that I will axe the. I haue geuen diligent eare vnto the, and now I se ỹ with myne eyes. Wherfore I geue myne owne self ỹ blame, and take repentaunce in the dust and asshes.

Now whē the LORDE had spoken these wordes vnto Job, he sayde vnto Eliphas ỹ Themanite: I am displeased with the ī thy two frendes, for ye haue not spoken the thinge ỹ is right before me, like as my seruaunt Job hath done. Therfore take vij. oxen and seuen rammes, and go to my seruaunt Job, offre vp also for youre selues a brentofferynge, and lat my seruaunt Job praye for you. Him will I accepte, and not deale with yow after youre foolishnesse: in that ye haue not spokē ỹ thinge which is right, like as my seruaunt Job hath done.

B Matt 5.c

So Eliphas the Themanite, Baldad ỹ Suhite and Sophar the Naamathite wēte their waye, and did acordynge as the LORDE commaunded them. The LORDE also accepted the personne off Job, and the LORDE turned him vnto Job, whē he prayed for his frendes: Yee the LORDE gaue Job twyse as moch as he had afore.

Gen.42.a

And thē came there vnto him all his brethren, all his sisters with all them that had bene off his acquātaūce afore, and ate bred with him in his house, wondringe at him, ād comfortinge him ouer all the trouble, that the LORDE had brought vpon him. Euery mā gaue him a shepe and a Jewell of golde.

Matt.19.d Luc.18.c C

And the LORDE made Job richer then he was before: for he had xiiij.M. shepe, vi.M. camels, a M. yock oxē, and a M. asses. He had children also: vij. sonnes and iij. doughters. The first he called Daye, the seconde, pouerte: the thirde, All plenteousnes. In all the londe were none founde so fayre, as the doughters of Job, ī their father gaue them eu heritaunce amonge their brethren.

Pro.10.c Eccli.11.b Iob.1.a

After this lyued Job xl. yeares, so that he sawe his children, ī his childers children vnto the fourth generacion. And so he
dyed, beinge olde ī of a perfecte age.

Gen.50.d Tob.14.a Psal.127.a

The ende of the boke of Job.

The Psalter.

The first psalme.

A Esa. 8.c 19.c Psal.32.b

BLessed is ỹ man, ỹ goeth not in the councell of ỹ vngodly: ỹ abydeth not in the waye off synners, ī sytteth not in ỹ seate of the scornefull. But delyteth in the lawe of ỹ LORDE, ī exercyseth himself in his lawe both daye and night. Soch a mā is like a tre plāted by ỹ water syde, ỹ brīgeth forth his frute in due season.

Pro.2.a

Iere.17.bt

B His leeues ſhal not fall off, ād loke what ſoeuer he doth, it ſhal proſpere. As for the vngodly, it is not ſo with them: but they are like the duſt, which ỹ wynde ſcatereth awaye from of the grounde. Therfore the vngodly ſhall not be able to ſtonde in the iudgmēt, nether the ſynners in the congregacion off the righteous. For the LORDE alloweth ỹ waye of the righteous, but the waye of the vngodly ſhal periſhe.

Pro.10.c
Eſa.29.b
Eſa.26.b

The II. A pſalme of Dauid.

A Why do the heithē grudge? why do the people ymagyn vayne thinges? The kynges of the earth ſtōde vp, and the rulers are come together, agaynſt the LORDE ād agaynſt his anoynted. Let vs breake their bondes a ſunder, and caſt awaye their yocke from vs. Nevertheleſſe, he that dwelleth in heauen, ſhall laugh thē to ſcorne: yee euen the LORDE himſelff ſhall haue them in derſion. Then ſhal he ſpeake vnto them in his wrath, and vexe them in his ſore diſpeaſure. Yet haue I ſet my kynge vpon my holy hill of Sion. As for me I will preach the lawe, wherof the LORDE hath ſayde vnto me: Thou art my ſonne, this daye haue I begotten the. Deſyre eſſ me, and I ſhall geue the the heithen for thine enheritaunce, yee the vttemoſt partes of the worlde for thy poſſeſſion. Thou ſhalt rule them with a rodde of yron, and breake thē in peces like an erthen veſſell. Be wyſe now therfore (o ye kynges) be warned, ye that are iudges of the earth. Serue the LORDE with feare, and reioyſe before him with reuerence. Kyſſe the ſonne, leſt the LORDE be angrie, and ſo ye periſh from the right waye. For his wrath ſhalbe kindled ſhortly: bleſſed are all they that put their truſt in him.

A
Act.4.c
Pſal.70.a
and 82.a
Pro.1.c
Heb.1.d
5.b
Act.13.d
Pſal.81.a
B
Apo.2.d
19.c
Eſa.26.c
Iere.17.b

The III. A pſalme of Dauid.

A Why are they ſo many (o LORDE) ỹ trouble me? a greate multitude are they, that ryſe agaynſt me. Yee many one there be that ſaye off my ſoule: there is no helpe for him in God. Sela But thou (o LORDE) art my defender, my worſhipe, ād the lifter vp of my heade. I call vpon the LORDE with my voyce, and he heareth me out of his holy hill. Sela I layed me downe and ſlepte, but I roſe vp agayne, for the LORDE ſuſteyned me. I am not afrayed for thouſandes of the people, that cōpaſſe me rounde about. Vp LORDE, and helpe me, o my God: for thou ſmyteſt all myne enemies vpon the cheke bones, and breakeſt the teth of the vngodly. Helpe belongeth vnto the LORDE, therfore let thy bleſſynge be vpon thy people.

The IIII. A pſalme of Dauid.

A Heare me whē I cal, o God of my righteouſnes, thou that comforteſt me in my trouble: haue mercy vpon me, and herken vnto my prayer. O ye ſonnes off men: how longe will ye blaſpheme myne honoure? why haue ye ſoch pleaſure in vanyte, and ſeke after lyes? Sela Knowe this, that the LORDE dealeth maruelouſly with his ſaynte: and when I call vpon the LORDE, he heareth me. Be angrie, but ſynne not: comō w' youre owne hertes vpō yo' beddes, and remēbre yo' ſelues. Sela. Offre ỹ ſacrifice of righteouſnes, and put yo' truſt in ỹ LORDE. There be many ỹ ſaye: who wil do vs eny good? whereas thou (o LORDE) haſt ſhewed vs the light of ỹ countenaūce. Thou reioyſeſt myne herte, though their encreace be greate both in corne and wyne. Therfore wil I laye me downe in peace, and take my reſt: for thou LORDE only ſetteſt me in a ſure dwellynge.

Ephe 4.c
B

The V. A pſalme of Dauid.

A Heare my wordes (o LORDE) conſidre my callynge. O marke the voyce of my peticion, my kynge and my God: for vnto the wil I make my prayer. Heare my voyce by tymes (o LORDE) for early in the morninge wil I gett me vnto the, yee and ỹ w' diligēce. For thou art not the God ỹ hath pleaſure in wickednesſe, there maye no vngodly perſonne dwel with the. Soch as be cruell maye not ſtonde in thy ſight, thou art an enemie vnto all wicked doers.

Sap.14.b
Pro.3.d

Thou deſtroyeſt the lyers: the LORDE abhorreth the blonde thurſtie and diſceatfull. But as for me, I wil come into thy houſe, euen vpon the multitude of thy mercy: ād in thy feare wyll I worſhipe towarde thy holy tēple. Lede me (o LORDE) in thy righteouſneſſe, becauſe of myne enemyes, ād make thy waye playne before me. For there is no faithfulneſſe in their mouthes: they dyſſemble in their hertes: their throte is an open ſepulchre: with their tonges they diſceaue. Punyſh them (o God) that they maye periſh in their owne ymaginacions: caſt them out becauſe of the multitude of their vngodlineſſe, for they rebell agaynſt the. Agayne, let all them that put their truſt in the, reioyſe: yee let them euer be geuynge of thankes, becauſe thou defendeſt them: that they which loue thy name, maye be ioyfull in the. For thou LORDE geueſt thy bleſſinge vnto the righteous: and with thy fauorable kyndnes thou defendeſt him, as with a ſhylde.

Pſal.117.a
B

The VI. A psalme of Dauid.

A O LORDE, rebuke me not in thine anger: Oh chastē me not in thy heuy displeasure. Haue mercy vpon me (o LORDE) for I am weake: o LORDE heale me, for all my bones are vexed. My soule also is in greate trouble, but LORDE how longe? Turne the (o LORDE) & delyuer my soule: Oh saue me, for thy mercies sake. For in death no man remēbreth the: Oh who wil geue the thankes in the hell? I am weery of gronynge: B Euery night wasshe I my bedde, & water my couche with my teares. My cōtenaūce is chaunged for very inwarde grefe, I cōsume awaye, I haue so many enemies. Awaye from me all ye wicked doers, for the LORDE hath herde the voyce off my wepinge. The LORDE hath herde myne humble peticiō, the LORDE hath receaued my prayer. All myne enemies shalbe cōfounded & sore vexed: yee they shalbe turned backe and put to shame, and that right soone.

A lere.10.d 30.b Psal.17.a Matt.7.b 25.d Luc.15.c

The VII. A psalme of Dauid.

A O LORDE my God, in ỹ do I trust: saue me frō all thē ỹ persecute me, & delyuer me. Lest he hantch vp my soule like a lyon, & teare it in peces, whyle there is none to helpe. O LORDE my God, yff I haue done eny soch thinge: yf there be eny vnrightuousnes in my hādes: Yff I haue rewarded euell vnto thē yᵗ dealt frendly wᵗ me or hurte thē ỹ wᵗout eny cause are myne enemies: Then let myne enemie persecute my soule, & take me: yee let hī treade my life downe in the earth, & laye myne honoᵘ in the dust. Sela. Stōde vp (o LORDE) in yᵗ wrath, lift vp thyself ouer the furious indignaciō of myne enemies: aryse vp (for me) in the vengeaunce that thou hast promysed. That the congregacion of the people maye come aboute the, for their sakes therfore lift vp thyselff agayne, The LORDE is iudge ouer the people: Auenge me then (o LORDE) acordinge to my rightuousnes & innocency. Oh let the wickednes of the vngodly come to an ende: but manteyne the iust, thou rightuous God, yᵗ triest the very hertes & the reynes. My helpe cōmeth of God, which preserueth them yᵗ are true of herte. God is a rightuous iudge, & God is euer threateninge. Yf men wil not turne, he hath whet his swearde: he hath bent his bowe & made it ready. He hath prepayred him the weapens of death, & ordened his arowes to destroye. Behold, he trauayleth with myschefe, he hath cōceaued vnhappynesse, and brought forth a lye. He hath grauen and dygged vp a pytte, but he shal fall himself into ỹ pytte ỹ he hath made. For his vnhappynes shall come vpon his owne heade, & his wickednes shall fall vpon his owne pate. As for me, I will geue thankes vnto the LORDE for his rightuousnes sake, and wil prayse the name of the LORDE the most hyest.

B Deu.32.c Deu.10.d Ioh.15.d Esa.59.a Ecc.i 27.c Heli 7.b Psal 139.b

The VIII. A psalme of Dauid.

A O LORDE oure gouernoure: how wonderfull is thy name in all the worlde? how excellent is thy glory aboue the heauens? Out of the mouth of the very babes & sucklinges thou hast ordened prayse, because of thine enemies, ỹ thou mightest destroye the enemie and the auenger. For I considre thy heauens, euen the worke off thy fyngers: the Moone and the starres which thou hast made. Oh what is man, ỹ thou art so myndfull of him? ether the sonne of mā that thou visitest him? After thou haddest for a season made him lower thē the angels, thou crownedest him with honoᵘ & glory. Thou hast set him aboue the workes off thy hondes: thou hast put all thinges in subiecci on vnder his fete. All shepe and oxen, yee and the beastes of the felde. The foules of the ayre: the fysh of the see, and what so walketh thorow the wayes of the see. O LORDE oure gouernoure, how wonderfull is thy name in all the worlde?

Matt.21.b

B Psal.143.a Heb.2.b Gen 1.d Ephe.1.c

The IX. A psalme of Dauid.

A I Wil geue thākes vnto the (o LORDE) with my whole herte, I wil speake of all thy maruelous workes. I wil be glad & reioyse in the, yee my songes wil I make of thy name, o thou most hyest. Because thou hast dryuē myne enemies abacke, they were discōfited, & perished at thy presence. For thou hast manteyned my right and my cause: thou sytteste in the Trone that art the true iudge. Thou rebukest the Heithen, and destroyest the vngodly, thou puttest out their name for euer and euer. The enemies swerdes are come to an ende, thou hast ouerthrowen their cities, their memoriall is perished with thē. But ỹ LORDE endureth for euer, he hath prepared his seatē vnto iudgmēt. He gouerneth yᵗ worlde with rightuousnes & ministreth true iudgmēt vnto the people. The LORDE is a defence for the poore, a defence in the tyme of trouble. Therfore they ỹ knowe thy name, put their trust in ỹ: for thou (LORDE) neuer fayleste thē, that seke the. O prayse the LORDE, which dwelleth in Sion shewe ỹ people of his doinges. And why? he maketh inquysicion for their bloude, and

Psal 110.a and.137.a

B Deu.4.e Psal.75.a

Psal.21.c remembreth them: he forgetteth not the complaynte of the poore. Haue mercy vpō me (o LORDE) consydre the trouble that I am in amōge myne enemies, thou that lyftest me vp from ỹ gates of death. That I maye shewe all thy prayses within the portes off the
C doughter Sion, and reioyse in thy sauynge healthe. As for the Heithen, the are synckē downe in the pytte that they made: in the same nette, which they spred out preuely, is their owne fote takē. Thus ỹ LORDE is knowne to execute true iudgment, whē the vngodly is trapped in the workes of his owne handes. Sela. The wicked must be turned vnto hell, and all the Heithen ỹ forget God. But the poore shal not allwaye be out of remembraunce, the paciēt abydinge of soch as be in trouble shall not perish forever. Vp LORDE, let not man haue the vpper hāde, let the Heithē be cōdemned before the. O LORDE, set a scolemaster ouer thē, that the Heithē maye knowe them selues to be but mē. Sela.

Here the Hebrues begynne the x. psalme.

D WHy art thou gone so farre of, o LORDE: wilt thou hyde thy selff in tyme of trouble: Whyle ỹ vngodly hath the ouer hande, the poore must suffre persecucion: O that they were taken in the ymaginacions which they go aboute. For the vngodly maketh boost of his owne hertes desyre, the cuvetous blesseth him self, and blaspheme th the LORDE. The vngodly is so proude and full of indignacīō, that he careth not: nether is God before his eyes. His wayes are allwaye filthie, thy iudgmentes are farre out of his sight, he defyeth all his enemies.
For he sayeth in his herte: Tush, I shal neuer be cast downe, there shal no harme happē vn
E to me. His mouth is full of cursynge, fraude and disceate: vnder his tōge is trauayle ỹ sorow. He sytteth lurkynge in the gardens, that he maye pryuely murthur the innocent, his eyes are set vpō the poore. He lyeth waytinge secretly, as it were a lyon in his denne. He lurketh that he maye rauysh the poore, yee to rauysh the poore, when he hath gotten him in to his nett. Then smyteth he, then oppresseth he ỹ casteth downe the poore with his auctorite. For he sayeth in his herte: Tush, God hath forgotten, he hath turned a
F waye his face, so ỹ he will neuer se it. Aryse o LORDE God, lift vp thine honde, and forget not the poore. Wherfore shulde the wicked blaspheme God, and saye in his herte: Tush, he careth not for it: This thou seist, for thou considrest the mysery and sorowe: The poore geueth him selff ouer in to thy hande, and committeth him vnto the, for thou art the helper of the frendlesse. Breake thou ỹ arme off the vngodly and malycious, search out the wickednesse which he hath done, that he maye perish. The LORDE is kynge for ever, ye Heithen shal perish out off his londe. LORDE, thou hearest the desyrous longinge off the poore: their herte is sure, that thine eare herkeneth therto. Helpe the fatherlesse and poore vnto their right, that the vngodly be nomore exalted vpon earth.

The X. A psalme of Dauid.

IN the LORDE put I my trust: how A
will ye then saye to my soule: that she shulde fle as a byrde vpon youre hill? For lo, the vngodly haue bēt their bowe, and made redy their arowes in the quyver: that Pro.26.a
maye pryuely shute at them, which are true of herte. The very foundacion haue they cast downe, what cā the rightuous thē do withall? But the LORDE is in his holy temple, the LORDES seate is in heauen: he Aba.2.c
cōsidereth it with his eyes, his eye lyddes be- Esa.66.a
holde the chyldren of men. The LORDE seith both the rightuous and vngodly, but who so deliteth in wickednes, him his soule abhorreth. Vpon the vngodly he shal rayne snares, fyre, brymstone, storme and tempest: this reward shal they haue to drynke. For the LORDE is rightuous, ād he loueth rightuousnes, his countenaunce beholdeth the thīge ỹ is iust.

The XI. A psalme of Dauid.

HElpe LORDE, for there is not one sayn- A
te more: very fewe faithfull are there among the chyldren off men. Euery man telleth lyes to his neighbō, they do but flater with their lippes and dissemble in their herte. O that the LORDE wolde rote out all disceatfull lippes, ād the tonge that speaketh proude thinges. Which saye: Oure tōge shulde preuayle: we are they that ought to speake, who is lorde ouer vs? Now for the troubles sake off the oppressed, ỹ because of the complaynte of the poore, I wil vp (sayeth the LORDE) I wil helpe thē, and set thē at rest. The wordes of the LORDE are pure
wordes: euē as ỹ syluer, which from earth is Psal.118.c
tried and purified vij. tymes in the fyre. Kepe thē therfore (o LORDE) and preserue vs frō this generacion for euer. And why? when vanite and ydylnes getteth the ouer hande amonge the chyldren of men, all are full of ỹ vngodly.

The XII. A psalme of Dauid.

A HOw longe wilt thou forget me, o LORDE: for euer: how longe wilt thou hyde thy face from me: Oh how lōge shall I seke councell in my soule: how longe shall I be so vexed in my herte: how longe shal myne enemie triumphe ouer me: Consider, ād heare me, o LORDE my God: lighten myne eyes, that I slepe not in death. Lest myne enemie saye: I haue preuayled agaynst hī for yf I be cast downe, they that trouble me will reioyse at it.

But my trust is in thy mercy, and my hert is ioyfull in thy sauynge health. I wil synge of the LORDE, that dealeth so louyngly with me. (Yee I wil prayse the name of the LORDE the most hyest)

The XIII. A psalme of Dauid.

A Psal.52.a THe foolish bodyes saye in their hertes: Tush, there is no God. They are corrupte, ād become abhominable in their doynges, there is not one y doth good. Gen.11.b 18.c The LORDE loked downe frō heauē vpō the children of men, to se yf there were eny, that wolde vnderstonde and seke after God. But they are all gone out of the waye, they are altogether become vnprofitable: there is none Rom.3.b that doth good, no not one. * Their throte is an open sepulcre, with their tonges they haue disceaued, the poyson of Aspes is vnder their lippes. * Their mouth is full of cursinge and bytternes, their fete are swift to shed bloude. * Destruccion and wretchednes are in their wayes, ād the waye of peace haue they not knowne: there is no feare off God before their eyes. How can they haue vnderstondinge, y worke myschefe, eatinge vp my people, as it were bred, and call not vpō y LORDE?

* These three verses are not in the Hebrue.

Therfore shal they be brought in greate feare, for God stondeth by the generacion of the righteous. As for you, ye haue made a mocke at the coūcell of the poore, because he putteth his trust in the LORDE. Oh y the Esa.59.c Rom.11.d sauynge health were geuen vnto Israel out off Sion. Oh that the LORDE wolde delyuer his people out of captiuyte. Thē shulde Jacob reioyse, and Israel shulde be right glad.

The XIIII. A psalme of Dauid.

A LORDE, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle: who shal rest vpō y holy hill: Esa.33.b Psal.23.a Matt.19.c 1.Ioh.1.b Euen he y ledeth an vncorrupte life: that doth the thinge which is right, ād that speaketh the treuth from his herte. He y vseth no disceat in his tonge: he that doth no euell to his neghbourc, and slaundreth not his neghbours. He y setteth not by the vngodly but maketh moch of thē that feare the LORDE: he y sweareth vnto his neghboure and disappointeth him not. Eze.18.a He that geueth not his money vpon vsury, and taketh no rewarde agaynst the innocēt. Who so doth these thinges, shal neuer be remoued.

The XV. A psalme of Dauid.

A PReserue me (o God) for in the do I trust. I haue sayde vnto y LORDE: thou art my God, my goodes are nothinge vnto the. All my delyte is vpon the sanctes that are in the earth, and vpon soch like. But they y runne after another, shall haue greate trouble. Their drynkofferynges of bloude wil not I offre, nether make mencion of their name in my mouth. Tren.3.c The LORDE himself is my good and my porcion, thou manteynest my enheritaūce. The lott is fallen vnto me in a fayre grounde, yee I haue a goodly heretage. I wil thanke the LORDE for geuynge me warnynge: my reynes also haue chastened me in the night season. B Afore honde sawe I God allwayes before me, for he is on my right honde, that I shulde not be moued. Pro.3.c

Therfore dyd my hert reioyce, and my tunge was glad, my flesh also shall rest in hope. Act.2.c For why: thou shalt not leue my soule in hell, nether shalt thou suffre thy sayncte to se Act.13.d corrupcion. Thou hast shewed me the wayes off life: thou shalt make me full of ioye with thy countenaunce. At thy right hande there is pleasure and ioye for euermore.

The XVI. A psalme of Dauid.

A HEare y right (O LORDE) cōsidre my cōplaynte: herken vnto my prayer, that goeth not out of a fayned mouth. Let my sentence come forth frō thy presence, and loke vpon the thinge that is equall. Thou Pro.17.a hast proued and visited myne herte in the night season: thou hast tried me in the fyre, and hast founde no wickednes in me: for I vtterly purposed, that my mouth shulde not offende. Because of the wordes of thy lippes, I haue kepte me frō the workes of men, in y waye off the murthurer. Oh ordre thou my goynges in thy pathes, that my fote steppes slippe not. For vnto the I crie, heare me o God: enclyne thine eares to me, and herkē vnto my wordes. Shewe y maruelous louinge kindnesse, thou that sauest them which put their B trust in the, from soch as resist thy right honde. Kepe me as the apple of an eye, defende me vnder the shadowe of thy wynges. zac.2.b Matt.23.e From the vngodly that trouble me, fro myne enemies which compasse my soule rounde aboute.

Which manteyne their owne welthynesse
with oppression, & their mouth speaketh proude thinges. They lye waytinge in ye waye
on euery syde, turnynge their eyes downe to
the grounde. Like as a lyon that is gredy
of his pray, & as it were a lyons whelpe lurckynge in his denne. Vp LORDE, dispoynte
him & cast him downe: delyuer my soule with
Ephe.6.b thy swerde from the vngodly. Frō the men
of thy honde (o LORDE) from the men eff the
worlde, which haue their porcion in this life:
whose belies thou fyllest with thy treasure.
They haue children at their desyre, and leaue the reste of their substaūce for their babes
But as for me, I will beholde thy presence
in rightousnes: and when thy glory appeareth, I shal be satisfied.

The XVII. A psalme of Dauid when he was delyuered from the honde off Saul.

A I Will loue the (o LORDE) my stregth.
The LORDE is my succo^r, my refuge,
my Sauio^r: my god, my helper i whō
I trust: my buckler, ye horne of my healthe, & my protecciō. I wil prayse ye LORDE & call vpon him, so shal I be safe fro myne enemies.
2.Re.22.a The sorowes of death cōpassed me, & the brokes of vngodlynes made me afrayed. The
Psal.114.a paynes of hell came aboute me, the snares of
death toke holde vpō me. Yet in my trouble
I called vpō the LORDE, & cōplayned vnto
my God. So he herde my voyce out eff his
holy tēple, & my cōplaynte came before hī, yee
euē into his eares. Thē the earth trembled
Matt.27.f & quaked, the very foūdaciōs of the hilles shoke & were remoued, because he was wrothe.
There wēte a smoke out of his nostrels, ād a
cōsumynge fyre out of his mouth, so ye coales
were kyndled at it. He bowed the heauēs &
B came downe, & it was darcke vnder his fete.
He rode vpō the Cherubins & dyd fle: he came flyenge with the wynges of the wynde.
He made darcknesse his pauylion rounde aboute hī, with darcke water & thicke cloudes
to couer him. At the brightnes eff his presence the cloudes remoued, with hale stones
& coales of fyre. The LORDE also thondred
out of ye heauē, & the heyth gaue his thondre
w^t hale stones & coales of fyre. He sent out
his arowes & scatred thē, he cast fore lightenynges, & destroyed thē. The springes of wa-
tere were sene, & the foundaciōs of the rounde
worlde were discouered at ye chiding (o LORDE) at the blastinge & breth of thy displeasure. He sent downe frō the heyth to fetch me, &
toke me out of greate waters. He delyuered
me fro my stronge enemies, and fro my foes
which were to mighty for me. They preuented me in the tyme of my trouble, but ye LORDE was my defence. He brought me forth
also into lyberte: & delyuered me, because he
had a sauo^r vnto me. The LORDE shall reward me after my righteous dealynge, & according to the clēnesse of my hōdes shal he C
recōpense me. For I haue kepte the wayes
of the LORDE, & haue not behaued myself wickedly agaynst my God. I haue an eye vnto
all his lawes, & cast not out his commaundemētes frō me. Vncorrupte will I be before
hī, & wil eschue myne owne wickednes. Therfore shal ye LORDE reward me after my righ
tuous dealinge, & according vnto ye clēnesse
of my hōdes in his eye sight. With the holy
thou shalt be holy, & w^t ye innocēt thou shalt
be innocēt. With the clene thou shalt be clene
& with the froward thou shalt be froward. 2.Re.22.d
For thou shalt saue the poore oppressed, & brīge downe the hye lokes of the proude. Thou Pro.6.b
lightest my cādle, o LORDE my God: thou makest my darcknesse to be light. For in the I
can discōfit an hoost of mē: yee in my God I
cā leape ouer the wall. Psal.18.b 113.c

The waye of God is a perfecte waye: the
wordes of the LORDE are tried in the fyre: he
is a shylde of defence, for all them that trust Deu.4.f
in him. For who is God, but the LORDE?
Or, who hath eny strength, but our God? Aba 3.c
It is God that hath gyrded me with stregth D
and made my waye vncorrupte. He hath
made my fete like hartes fete, and set me vp Psal.141.a
an hye. He teacheth myne hondes to fight,
and maketh myne armes to breake euen a
borre off stele. Thou hast grauē me the defence of thy health, thy right hande vpholdeth
me, and thy louynge correccion maketh me
greate. Thou hast made rowme ynough vnder me for to go, that my fote steppes shulde
not slyde. I will folowe vpon myne enemies, and take them: I will not turne till they be
discomfited. I will smyte them, they shall
not be able to stonde, but fall vnder my fete.
Thou hast gyrded me with strength vnto ye
batell, thou hast throwē them all downe vnder me, that rose vp agaynst me. Thou hast
made myne enemies to turne their backes vpon me, thou hast destroyed thē ye hated me.
They cried, but there was none to helpe thē: Pro.1.c
yee euen vnto the LORDE, but he herde thē E
not. I will beate them as small as the dust
before the wynde, I will cast them out as ye
claye in the stretes. Thou shalt delyuer me
from the stryuinges of the people, thou shalt
make me the heade of the heithē. A people
whom I haue not knowne, shall serue me.

As soone as they heare of me, they shall obeye me, but the straunge childrē dyssemble with me. The straunge children are waxē olde, and go haltinge out of their pathes. The LORDE lyueth: ād blessed be my helper, praysed be the God of my healthy. Euē ỹ God which seyth that I be auenged, and subdueth the people vnto me. It is he that delyuereth me fro my cruell enemies: thou shalt lifte me vp from them that ryse agaynst me, thou shalt ryd me from the wicked man.

Ro.15.a For this cause I wil geue thankes vnto ỹ (o LORDE) amonge the Gentiles, and synge
2.Re.22.g prayses vnto thy name. Greate prosperite geueth he vnto his kynge, and sheweth louinge kyndnesse vnto Dauid his anoynted, yee & vnto his sede for euermore.

The XVIII. A psalme of Dauid.

A Ro.1.c The very heauēs declare the glory off God, ād the very firmamēt sheweth his hādye worke. One daye telleth another, and one night certifieth another. There is nether speach ner lāguage, but their voyces are herde amōge thē. Their soūde is gone out in to all londes, and their wordes in to the endes of the worlde. Ro.10.c

In thē hath he sett a tabernacle for ỹ Sōne, which cōmeth forth as a brydegrome out of his chambre, & reioyseth as a giaunte to rūne his course. It goeth forth frō the one ende of the heauen, and runneth aboute vnto
B the same ende agayne, & there maye no mā hyde himself frō the heate therof. The lawe of the LORDE is a perfecte lawe, it quicke-
Psal.17.c neth the soule. The testimony of ỹ LORDE
Deu.4.a is true, & geueth wisdome euen vnto babes.
Psal.118.f The statutes of the LORDE are right, & reMatt.11.c ioyse the herte: ỹ cōmaundemēt of ỹ LORDE is pure, and geueth light vnto the eyes.

The feare of the LORDE is cleane, & endureth for euer: the iudgmentes of the LORDE are true and rigtuous alltogether. More
10.8.a pleasunt are they then golde, yee then moch fyne golde: sweter then hony & the hony combe. These thy seruaunt kepeth, & for kepin-
Psal.118.a ge of them there is greate reward. Who can tell, how oft he offendeth? Oh clēse thou me fro my secrete fautes. Kepe thy seruaūte also from presumptuous synnes, lest they get the dominion ouer me: so shal I be vndefyled & innocēt frō the greate offence. Yee the wordes of my mouth & the meditaciō of my herte shalbe acceptable vnto the, o LORDE, my helper and my redemer.

The XIX. A psalme of Dauid.

A The LORDE heare the in the tyme off trouble, the name of the God of Jacob defende the. Sende the helpe frō the Sanctuary, & strengthy ỹ out of Sion Remembre all thy offerynges, and accepte thy brent sacrifice. Sela. Graunte the thy hertes desyre, & fulfill all thy mynde. We will reioyse in thy healthy, & triūphe in ỹ name of the LORDE oure God: the LORDE perfourme all thy peticiōs. Now knowe I, that the B LORDE helpeth his anoynted, and will heare him frō his holy heauen: mightie is the helpe of his right hōde. Some put their trust in charettes, & some in horses: but we wil remēbre ỹ name of the LORDE oure God. They are brought downe and fallen, but we are ryssen and stonde vp right. Saue (LORDE) & helpe vs (o kynge) when we call vpon the.

The XX. A psalme of Dauid.

LORDE, how ioyfull is the kynge in ỹ strength? O how exceadinge glad is A he of thy sauynge healthy? Thou hast geuen him his hertes desyre, & hast not put him frō the request of his lippes. Sela. For thou hast preuēted him w' liberall blessinges, & set a crowne of golde vpon his hea- 2.Re.13.f de. He asked life of the, & thou gauest him a longe life, euē for euer & euer. His honoure is greate in thy sauynge healthy, glory and greate worshipe shalt thou laye vpon him. For thou shalt geue him euerlastīge felicite, & make him glad w' the ioye of ỹ coūtenaūce. And why: because the kinge putteth his trust in the LORDE, & in the mercy of the most hieste he shal not myscary. Let all thine enemies fele thy honde, let thy right honde fynde out V all thē ỹ hate the. Thou shalt make thē like a fyre ouen in tyme of thy wrath: the LORDE shal destroye thē in his displeasure, & the fyre shall consume them. Their frute shalt thou rote out of the earth, & their sede frō amōge the childrē of men. For they intēded myschefe agaynst the, & ymagined soch deuyces, as they were not able to perfourme. Therfore shalt thou put thē to flight, & with thy stringes thou shalt make ready thine arowes agaynst the faces off them. Be thou exalted (LORDE) in thine owne strength, so wil we synge and prayse thy power.

The XXI. A psalme of Dauid.

MY God, my God: why hast thou for- A saken me? ỹ wordes of my cōplaynte are farre fro my health. O my Matt.27.e Mar.15.d God, I crie in the daye tyme, but thou heareste not: and in the night season also I take no rest. Yet dwellest thou in the Sanctuary, o thou worshipe of Israel. Oure fathers hoped in the, they trusted in the, ād thou dyddest delyuer them. They callled vpon the,

and were helped: they put their truſt in the, and were not cõfounded. But as for me, I am a worme and no man: a very ſcorne of mẽ and the outcaſt of the people. All they yͭ ſe me, laugh me to ſcorne: they ſhute out their lippes, and ſhake their heades. He truſted Pſal.108.d
in God, let him delyuer him: let him helpe hi, Matt.27.c
yf he wil haue him. But thou art he that B
toke me out of my mothers wõbe: thou waſt Pſal.70.a
my hope, when I hanged yet vpon my mothers breſtes. I haue bene left vnto the euer ſence I was borne, thou art my God, euẽ fro my mothers wombe. O go not fro me thẽ, for trouble is harde at honde, and here is none to helpe me. Greate buſles are come aboute me, fatt oxen cloſe me in on euery ſyde. They gape vpon me with their mouthes, as it were a rampinge and roaringe lyon.

Ioſue.7.a I am poured out like water, all my bones
2.Re.14.b are out of ioynt: my hert in the myddeſt off my body is euen like meltinge waxe. My ſtrength is dried vp like a potſherde, my tunge cleueth to my goomes, and thou haſt brought me in to the duſt of death. For dogges are come aboute me, the coũcell of yͭ wicked hath layed ſege agaynſt me. They pearſed my hondes and my fete, I might haue telde all my bones: as for them, they ſtode ſtaringe and lokinge vpon me. They haue parted my garmentes amonge them, ãd caſt lottes vpon my veſture.

Mat.27.d
Ioh.19.c But be not thou farre fro me, o LORDE: C
thou art my ſuccoure, haiſt the to helpe me. Delyuer my ſoule from the ſwearde, my dearlinge from the power of the dogge. Saue Pſal.34.b
me from the lyons mouth, and heare me frõ amonge the hornes off the vnicornes. So Heb.2.c
will I declare thy name vnto my brethren, in the myddeſt off the congregacion will I prayſe the. O prayſe the LORDE ye that feare him: Magnifie him all ye ſede of Jacob, and let all yͭ ſede of Iſrael feare hi. For he hath Pſal.9.b
not deſpyſed ner abhorred the myſerable eſtate of the poore: he hath not hyd his face fro me, but whẽ I called vnto him, he herde me. I wil prayſe the in the greate congregacion, and perfourme my vowes in the ſighte off all D
thẽ that feare the. The poore ſhal eate ãd Pſal.111.b
be ſatisfied: they yͭ ſeke after yͤ LORDE ſhal prayſe him: youre herte ſhal lyue for euer.

All the endes of the worlde ſhal remembre them ſelues, and be turned vnto the LORDE: and all the generacions of the heithen ſhal worſhipe before him. For the kyngdome is the LORDES, and he ſhal be the gouernoure of yͤ heithen. All ſoch as be fat vpõ earth, ſhal eate alſo and worſhipe: All they that lye in the duſt, and lyue ſo hardly, ſhall fall downe before him. The ſede ſhall ſerue him, and preach of the LORDE for euer. They ſhal come, and declare his rightuouſnes: vnto a peo- Pſal.101.c
ple that ſhal be borne, whõ the LORDE hath made.

The XXII. A pſalme of Dauid.

THe LORDE is my ſhepherde, I can A
wante nethinge. He ſedeth me in a Ioh.10.B
grene paſture, ãd ledeth me to a freſh 1 Pe.2.c
water. He quickeneth my ſoule, and bringeth me forth in the waye of rightuouſnes for his Pro.10.b
names ſake. Though I ſhulde walke now in the valley of the ſhadowe of death, yet I feare no euell, for thou art with me: thy ſtaffe and thy ſhepehoke cõforte me. Thou prepareſt a table before me agaynſt mine enemies: thou anoynteſt my heade with oyle, and fylleſt my cuppe full. Oh let thy louynge kyndnes and mercy folowe me all the dayes off my life, that I maye dwell in the houſe off the LORDE for euer.

The XXIII. A pſalme of Dauid. A

THe earth is the LORDES, and all that Deu.10.c
therin is: the cõpaſe of the worlde, ãd Iere.27.a
all yͭ dwell therin. For he hath foũ- 1.Cor.10.c
ded it vpõ the ſees, and buylded it vpon the flon- Iob.38.a
des. Who ſhal go vp in to the hill off the LORDE? Or, who ſhal remayne in his holy place? Euẽ he yͭ hath innocẽt hõdes and a clene herte: which liſteth not vp his mynde vnto vanite, and ſweareth not to diſceaue. He Exo.20.b
ſhal receaue the bleſſinge frõ the LORDE, ãd B
mercy frõ God his ſauioure. This is yͭ generaciõ of thẽ yͭ ſeke him, of thẽ yͭ ſeke yͭ face, o Jacob. Sela. Open yoͤ gates (o ye prĩces) let the euerlaſtinge dores be opened, yͭ yͤ kynge of glory maye come in. Who is this kynge of glory? It is the LORDE ſtrõge and mighte, euen the LORDE mighte in batell.

Open youre gates (o ye prynces) let the euerlaſtinge dores be opened, yͭ the kynge off glory maye come in. Who is this kynge off glory? It is the LORDE of hoeſtes, he is the kynge of glory. Sela.

The XXIIII. A pſalme of Dauid.

VNto the (o LORDE) I lift vp my ſoule. A
My God, I truſt in yͭ: Oh let me not Rom.9.d
be confounded, leſt myne enemies Eſa.28.c
triũphe ouer me. For all they yͭ hope in yͤ Pſal.30.a
ſhal not be aſhamed: but ſoch as be ſcorneſull deſpyſers wͭ out a cauſe, they ſhall be put to cõfuciõ. Shewe me thy wayes (o LORDE) and teach me thy pathes. Lede me in yͭ trueth and lerne me, for thou art the God off my health, and in the is my hope all the daye longe.

Call to remembraunce, O LORDE, thy tender mercyes & thy louinge kyndneſſes, which haue bene euer of olde. Oh remēbre not ye ſynnes & offences of my youth, but accordinge vnto thy mercy thynke vpon me (O LORDE) for thy goodneſſe. O how frēdly & righ
B tuous is the LORDE, therfore wil he teach ſynners in the waye. He ledeth the ſymple a right, and ſoch as be meke thē lerneth he his wayes. All the wayes of the LORDE are very mercy & faithfulneſſe, vnto ſoch as kepe his teſtament and couenaunt. For
Eſa.43.d thy names ſake, O LORDE, be merciſull vnto my ſynne, for it is greate. What ſo euer he be that feareth the LORDE, he ſhal ſhewe him the waye that he hath choſen.

His ſoule ſhall dwell at eaſe, and his ſede ſhall poſſeſſe the londe. The ſecrete of the
Iere.31.f LORDE is amonge them that feare him, and he ſheweth them his couenaunt. Myne eyes are euer lokynge vnto the LORDE, for he ſhal plucke my fete out of ye nett. Turne the vnto me and haue mercy vpon me, for I am deſolate and in miſery. The ſorowes of my herte are greate, O bringe me out of my troubles.

Loke vpon my aduerſite and miſery, and forgeue me all my ſynnes. Conſidre how myne enemies are many, and beare a malicious hate agaynſt me. O kepe my ſoule, and delyuer me: let me not be confounded, for I haue put my truſt in the. Let innocency and righteous dealinge wayte vpon me, for my hope is in the. Delyuer Iſrael (O God) out of all his trouble.

The XXV: A pſalme of Dauid.

A BE thou my iudge (O LORDE) for I walke innocently: my truſt is in the LORDE, therfore ſhall I not fall.
Pſal.16.a
1.8.c Examen me O LORDE, and proue me: trie out my reynes and my hert. For thy louynge kyndneſſe is before myne eyes, and I walke in thy trueth. I ſyt not amōge vayne perſonnes, and haue no felliſhipe with the diſceatfull. I hate the congregacion of the wicked, and I will not ſyt amonge the vngodly.

Eſa.1.b I waſſhe my hondes with innocency O
B LORDE, and ſo go I to thine aulter. That I maye ſhewe the voyce of thy prayſe, and tell of all thy wonderous workes. LORDE, I loue the habitacion of thy houſe, and ye place where thy honoure dwelleth. O deſtroye not my ſoule with the ſynners, ner my life with the bloudthurſtie. In whoſe hondes is wickedneſſe, and their right honde is full of giftes. But as for me I will
Exo.23.a walke innocently: O delyuer me, and be mer- Deu.17.a
ciſull vnto me. My fote ſtondeth right: I wil prayſe the (O LORDE) in the congregacions.

The XXVI. A pſalme of Dauid.

THe LORDE is my light and my he- A
alth: whom then ſhulde I feare? the Pſal.111.b
LORDE is the ſtrength of my life, for whom thē ſhulde I be afrayed? Therfore when the wicked (euen myne enemies & my foes) came vpon me, to eate vp my fleſh, they ſtombled and fell. Though an hooſt of men were layed agaynſt me, yet ſhal not my hert be afrayed: and though there roſe vp warre againſt me, yet wil I put my truſt in him. One thinge haue I deſyred of the Luce 10.d
LORDE, which I wil requyre: namely, that I maye dwell in the houſe of the LORDE all 2.Re.7.c
the dayes of my life, to beholde the fayre beutie of the LORDE, and to viſet his temple.

For in the tyme of trouble he hath hyd me B
in his tabernacle, yee in the ſecrete place of 1.Re.21.a
his dwellinge hath he kepte and ſet me vp 2.Re.22.c
vpon a rocke of ſtone. And now hath he lift vp my heade aboue myne enemies, that cōpaſſed me rounde aboute. Therfore wil I offre in his dwellinge, the oblacion of thāke ſgeuynge: I wil both ſynge & ſpeake prayſes vnto the LORDE. Herkē vnto my voyce (O LORDE) when I crie vnto the: haue mercy vpon me & heare me. My hert ſpeaketh vnto the, my face ſeketh the, yee LORDE, thy face wil I ſeke. O hyde not thou thy face from me, caſt not thy ſeruaunt of in diſpleaſure. Thou art my ſuccoure, leaue me not, nether forſake me, O God my Sauioure. For my father and my mother ha C
ue forſaken me, but the LORDE hath taken me vp. Shewe me thy waye O LORDE, and lede me in the right path, becauſe of myne enemies. Delyuer me not in to the wylles of myne aduerſaries, for there are falſe wytneſſes ryſen vp againſt me, and they ymagyn myſchefe. Neuertheleſſe, I beleue verely to ſe the goodneſſe of the LORDE in the londe of the lyuynge. O tary thou ye LOR- Pſal.30.d
DES leyſure, be ſtronge, let thine hert be of good comforte, and wayte thou ſtill for the LORDE.

The XXVII. A pſalme of Dauid.

VNto the wil I crie, o my ſtronge de- A
fence: thinke no ſcorne of me, leſt (yf thou make the as though thou herdeſt not) I become like them, that go downe in to ye pytte. Heare the voyce of my humble peticion, when I crie vnto the, and holde vp my hondes towarde thy holy temple.

O plucke me not awaye amonge the vngodly and wicked doers, which speake frendly to their neighboure, but ymagin myschefe in their hertes. Rewarde them acordinge to their dedes and wickednesse of their owne inuencions. Recompense them after ye workes of their hōdes, paye them that they haue deserued. For they regarde not the workes of the LORDE, ner the operacion of his hādes: therfore shal he breake them downe, and not buylde them vp. Iere.9.a

Praysed be ye LORDE, for he hath herde the voyce of my humble peticiō. The LORDE is my strēgth and my shylde: my herte hoped in him, & I am helped: therfore my hert daūseth for ioye, and I will synge prayses vnto him. Deut.8.d

The LORDE is the strength of his people, he is the defender and Sauioure of his anoynted.

O helpe thy people, geue thy blessynge vnto thy enheritaunce: fede them, and set them vp for euer. Deut.32.a

The XXVIII. A psalme of Dauid.

A YScrybe vnto the LORDE (o ye mightie) ascribe vnto the LORDE worshipe and strength. Geue the LORDE the honoure of his name, bowe youre selues to the holy magesty of the LORDE Exo.7.e Exo.9.e Exo.14.f Matth.8.c

It is the LORDE that commaundeth the waters: It is the glorious God that maketh ye thonder: it is the LORDE ye ruleth the see. The voyce of the LORDE is mighty in operacion, the voyce of the LORDE is a glorious voyce. Ezec.17.d

The voyce of the LORDE breaketh the Cedre trees: yee the LORDE breaketh the Ceders of Libanus. He maketh them to skippe like a calfe: Libanus and Sirion like Deut.3.b a yonge vnycorne. Num.16.c

The voyce of the LORDE deuideth the flames of fyre: the voyce of the LORDE shaketh the wilderneſſe, yee the LORDE shaketh the wilderneſſe of Cades.

The voyce of the LORDE moueth ye hyndes & discouereth the thicke bussyes: in his temple shal euery man speake of his honoure. The LORDE stilleth the water floude, & ye LORDE remayneth a kynge for euer. The LORDE shall geue power vnto his people, the LORDE shal geue his people the blessynge of peace.

The XXIX. A psalme of Dauid.

A I Wil magnifie ye (O LORDE) for thou hast set me vp, & not suffred my foes to triūphe ouer me. O LORDE my God, I cried vnto the, and thou hast healed me. 1.Reg.2.b Thou LORDE hast brought my soule Psal.85.b out of hell: thou hast kepte my life, where as they go downe to the pytte. Synge prayses vnto the LORDE (o ye sayntes of his) geue thankes vnto him for a remembraunce of his holynesse. For his wrath endureth but Esa.54.b the twincklinge of an eye, and his pleasure 2.Cor.4.c is in life: heuynesse maye well endure for a nighte, but ioye commeth in the mornynge.

B As for me, whē I was in prosperite, I sayde: Tush, I shal neuer fall more. (And why? thou LORDE of thy goodnesse haddest made my hill so stronge.) But as soone as thou turnedest thy face fro me, I was brought in feare. Thē cried I vnto ye (O LORDE) yee vnto ye LORDE made I my prayer. What profit is there in my blonde, yf I go downe Psal.6.c to corrupcion? Maye the dust geue thankes vnto ye? Or shal it declare thy faithfulnesse? Heare (O LORDE) and haue mercy vpon me: LORDE be thou my helper. And so thou hast turned my heuynesse into ioye: thou hast put of my sack cloth, & gyrded me w^t gladnesse. That my hono^r might synge prayses vnto the w^t out ceassynge: O LORDE my God, I wil geue thankes vnto the for euer.

The XXX: A psalme of Dauid.

IN the, O LORDE, is my trust: let me A neuer be put to cōfucion, but delyuer Psal.14.a me in thy righteousnesse. Bowe 70.a downe thine eare to me, make haist to delyuer me: be thou my stronge rocke and a house of defence, that thou mayest saue me. For thou art my stronge holde & my castell: O be thou my gyde, & lede me for thy names sake. Drawe me out of the nett ye they haue 1.Re.19.a layed priuely for me, for thou art my strēgth. and 23.b Luc.23.c

Into thy hondes I commende my spirite: thou hast delyuered me O LORDE thou God of treuth. I hate them that holde of vanities, and my trust is in the LORDE. I will be glad and reioyse in thy mercy: for thou hast considred my trouble, thou hast knowne my soule in aduersite. Thou hast not delyuered me ouer in to the hōdes of the enemie, but hast set my fete in a large rowme. Haue mercy vpon me, O LORDE, for I am in trouble, myne eye is consumed for very heuynesse, yee my soule and my body. My life is waxen olde with heuynesse, and my yeares w^t mournynge. My strēgth fayleth me because of my aduersite, and my bones are corrupte. I am become a very reprose amonge all myne enemies, my neighbours & they of myne owne acquauntaunce are afrayed of me: they ye se me in the strete, cō veye them selues fro me. I am clene forgotten and out of mynde, as a deed man: I am become like a broken vessell.

For I haue herde the blasphemy of the C multitude: euery man abhorreth me; they ha-

ue gathered a councel togeather agaynst me, and are purposed to take awaye my life.

But my hope is in ỹ LORDE, & I saye: thou art my God. My tyme is in thy honde: delyuer me from the honde of myne enemies, & from them ỹ persecute me. Shewe thy seruaunt the light of thy countenaunce, helpe me for thy mercies sake. Let me not be confounded (o LORDE) for I call vpon the: let the vngodly rather be put to confucion, and brought vnto the hell. Let the lyenge lippes be put to sylence, which cruelly, dißdanedly & despitefully speake agaynst the righteous. O how greate and manifolde is thy good, which thou haist hyd for them that feare ỹ: O what thinges brin gest thou to passe for them, that put their trust in the, euen before the sonnes of men:

D Thou hydest them priuely by thine owne presence from the proude men, thou kepest them secretly in thy tabernacle, from the stri fe of tonges. Thankes be to the LORDE, for he hath shewed me maruelous greate kyndnesse in a stronge cite. For when the sodane feare came vpon me, I sayde: I am cast out of thy sight. Neuertheles, thou herdest myne humble prayer, when I cried vnto the. O loue the LORDE (all ye his sayntes) for the LORDE preserueth the faithfull, and plentecusly rewardeth he the proude doer. Be stronge therfore & take a good herte vnto you, all ye that put youre trust in the LORDE.

Psal.16.c

The XXXI. A psalme of Dauid.

A Rom.4.a

BLessed are they, whose vnrighteousnesse is forgeuen, and whose synnes are couered. Blessed is the man, vnto whom the LORDE imputeth no synne, in whose spirite there is no gyle. For whyle I helde my tonge, my bones consumed awaye thorow my daylie complaynynges. And because thy hande was so heuy vpon me both daye and night, my moysture was like the drouth in Sommer. Sela.

Iob 13.b Luce 15.c

Therfore I confessed my synne vnto the, and hyd not myne vnrighteousnesse. I saide: I will knowlege myne offence, and accuse my self vnto the LORDE, and so thou forgaueste me the wickednesse of my synne.

Pro.18.b

Sela. For this shal enery sayntе make his prayer vnto the in due season, therfore shall not the greate water floudes come nye him. Thou art my defence in the trouble that is come aboute me, O compasse thou me aboute also with the ioye of delyueraunce.

B

Pro 2.3

Sela. I wil enforme the, and shewe the the waye wherin thou shalt go: I wil fasten

myne eyes vpon the. Be not ye now like horses & mooles, which haue no vnderstondinge. Whose mouthes thou must holde with bytt & brydle, yf they wil not obeie the.

Tob.6.d Pro.26.a

Greate plages shall ỹ vngodly haue, but who so putteth his trust in the LORDE, mercy shall compasse him on euery syde. Be glad (o ye righteous) and reioyse in the LORDE, be ioyfull all ye that are true of herte.

The XXXII. A psalme of Dauid.

A Psal.96.b

YEioyse in ỹ LORDE (o ye righteous) for it becommeth well the iust to be thankfull. Prayse the LORDE with harpe: synge psalmes vnto him with the lute and instrument of ten strynges. Singe him a new songe, yee synge lustely vnto him & with a good corage. For the worde of ỹ LORDE is true, and all his workes are faithfull. He loueth mercy & iudgment, ỹ earth is full of the goodnesse of the LORDE

Colo.3.b Ephe.5.b

Gen.1.a Colos.1.b

By the worde of the LORDE were the heauens made, & all the hoostes of them by ỹ breth of his mouth. He gathereth ỹ waters together as it were in a bottell, & laieth vp the depe in secrete. Let all the earth feare the LORDE, and let all them that dwell in the worlde, stode in awe of him. For loke what he sayeth, it is done: and loke what he cōmaũdeth, it stondeth fast. The LORDE bryngeth the councell of the Heithen to naught, and turneth the deuyces of the people.

B Iob 38.a

Psal.148.a Esa.8.c

But the coũcell of the LORDE endureth, and the thoughtes of his hert from generacion to generacion. Blessed are the people that holde the LORDE for their God, & blessed are the folke whom he hath chosen to be his heretage. The LORDE loketh downe from heauen, & beholdeth all the children of men: from his stronge seate he considreth all them ỹ dwell in the worlde. He only hath fashioned all the hertes of them, & knoweth all their workes. A kynge is not helped by his owne greate hooste, nether is a giaunte saued thorow the might of his owne strēgth.

Esa.46.b Psal.143.d Psal.101.c Pro.16.a 21.a

C

A horse is but a vayne thynge to saue a man, it is not the power of his strēgth that can delyuer him. Beholde, the eye of the LORDE loketh vnto them that feare him, & put their trust in his mercy. That he maye delyuer their soules from death, and to fede them in the deare tyme. Let oure soule pacіently abyde the LORDE, for he is oure helpe and shilde. So shal oure herte reioyse in him, because we haue hoped in his holy name. Let thy mercifull kyndnesse (o LORDE) be vpon vs, like as we put oure trust in the.

Pro.21.d Eccli.15.c

The XXXIIII. A psalme of Dauid.

A I Wil allwaye geue thankes vnto the LORDE, his prayse shal euer be in my mouth. My soule shall make hir boast in the LORDE: the poore oppressed shal heare therof, and be glad. O prayse ye LORDE with me, and let vs magnifie his name to
1.Re.41.d gether. I sought the LORDE, and he herde me, yee he delyuered me out of all my feare. They that haue an eye vnto him, shalbe lightened, & their faces shall not be ashamed. This poore man cried vnto the LORDE, and he herde him, yee and delyuered him
4 Re.6.19 out of all his troubles. The angell of the
Iosue 5.d LORDE pitcheth his tente rounde aboute them that feare him, and delyuereth them.
Psal.2.b O taist and se how frendly the LORDE is,
B blessed is the man ye trusteth in him. O feare the LORDE, ye ye be his sayntes: for they
Psal.127.a that feare him, lacke nothinge. The rich
Matt.6.c shal want and suffre hunger, but they which seke the LORDE, shal wāt no maner of thinge, that is good. Come hither (o ye children) herken vnto me, I wil teach you the fea-
1.Pet 3 b re of the LORDE. Who so listeth to lyue, & wolde fayne se good dayes. Let him refrayne his tonge from euell, and his lippes that they speake no gyle. Let him eschue euell, and do good: Let him seke peace & ensue it. For the eyes of the LORDE are ouer the righteous, and his eares are open vnto
C their prayers. But the face of the LORDE beholdeth them that do euel, to destroye the remembraunce of them out of the earth.

When the righteous crie, the LORDE heareth them, and delyuereth thē out of all their troubles. The LORDE is nye vnto them ye are contrite in hert, & wil helpe soch
Pro.24.c as be of an hūble sprete. Greate are ye trou-
2.rim.3.b bles of the righteous, but the LORDE delyuereth them out of all. He kepeth all their bones, so ye not one of them is broken. But miß fortune shal slaye the vngodly, and they that hate ye righteous shal be giltie. The LORDE delyuereth the soules of his seruaūtes, and all they that put their trust in him, shal not offende.

The XXXIIII. A psalme of Dauid.

A STryue thou with them (o LORDE) that stryue w̄ me, fight thou agaynst them that fight agaynst me. Laye honde vpon the shylde and speare, and stonde vp to helpe me. Drawe out thy swearde, and stoppe the waye agaynst them that persecute me, saye vnto my soule: I am ye helpe. Let them be cōfounded and put to shame, that seke after my soule: let thē be turned back and brought to confucion, that ymagin myschefe for me. Let thē be as ye dust Psal.82.b
before the wynde, and the angell of the LORDE scatterynge thē. Let their waye be darcke and slippery, and the angell of the LORDE to persecute them. For they haue priuely laied their nett to destroye me without a cause, yee and made a pitte for my soule, which I neuer deserued. Let a sodane destrucciō B
Matt.24.a come vpon him vnawarres, and ye nett that
1.Tes.5.a he hath layed priuely, catch him sel f, that he
Eccli.27.a maye fall into his owne myschefe. But let my soule be ioyfull in the LORDE, and reioyse in his helpe. All my bones shal saie: LORDE, who is like vnto the? which delyuerest ye poore from them that are to stronge for him, yee the poore and the nedy from his robbers.

False witnesses are rysen vp, & laye to my charge thinges that I knowe not. They Psal.108.a
rewarde me euell for good, to the greate discomforth of my soule. Neuertheles, when they were sick, I put on a sack cloth: I humbled my soule with fastinge, and my prayer turned in to myne owne bosome. I behaued my self as though it had bene my frende or my brother, I wēte heuely, as one ye mourneth for his mother. But in my aduersite Pro.17.a
they reioyse, and gather them together: yee Iob 31.c
ye very lame come together agaynst me vnawarres, makynge mowes at me, & ceasse not.

With ye gredy & scornefull ypocrites, they C
gnaßshed vpon me with their teth. LORDE, whan wilt thou loke vpō this? O restore my soule from ye wicked rumoute of thē, my dearlinge from the lyons. So wil I geue ye thankes in the greate congregacion, & prayse the amonge moch people. O let thē not triūphe ouer me, that are myne enemies for naught: O let them not wyncke w̄ their
Psal.21.c eyes, that hate me without a cause. And
Ioh.15.c why? their comonynge is not for peace, but they ymagin false wordes agaynst ye outcastes of the londe. They gape vpon me w̄ their mouthes, sayenge: there there: we se it with oure eyes. This thou seist, o LORDE: holde not thy tonge thē: go not farre fro me, o LORDE. Awake (LORDE) and stonde vp: auenge thou my cause, my God, and my LORDE. Judge me (o LORDE my God) D
acordinge to thy righteousnesse, ye they triūphe not ouer me. O let thē not saye in their hertes: there there, so wolde we haue it. O let them not saye: we haue ouercome him.

Let them be put to confucion and shame, that reioyse at my trouble: let thē be clothed with rebuke and dishonoure, that boost thē selues agaynst me. Let them also be glad

and reioyse, that fauoure my rightuous dealinge: yee let them saye allwaye: blessed be ỹ LORDE, which hath pleasure in the prosperite of his seruaunt. And as for my tonge, it shall be talkynge of thy rightousnes and of thy prayse, all the daye longe.

The XXXV. A psalme of Dauid.

A WYcked hert sheweth me the wickednesse of the vngodly, that there is no feare of God before his eyes. For he dyssembleth before his face, so longe till his abhominable synne be founde out. The wordes of his mouth are vnrightuousnesse and disceate, he wil not be lerned to do good.

Eccli.21.b

He ymagineth myschefe vpon his bedde, he will come in no good waye, ner refuse the

Matt.5.g

thinge that is euell. Thy mercy (O LORDE) reacheth vnto the heauen, and thy faithfulnesse vnto the cloudes. Thy rightuousnesse stondeth like the stronge mountaynes, & thy iudgment like the greate depe. Thou

B

Esa.30.d

LORDE preseruest both mẽ & beestes. How precious is thy mercy (O God) that the children of men maye put their trust vnder ỹ shadowe of thy wynges? They shalbe satisfied with the plẽteousnesse of thy house, and thou shalt geue them drynke of the ryuer of

Iere.2.b

thy pleasures. For by the is ỹ well of life, & in thy light, shall we se light. O spreade forth thy louynge kyndnesse vnto them that knowe the, & thy rightuousnes vnto thẽ that are true of hert. O let not the fote of pryde ouertake me, O let not the hande of ỹ vngodly cast me downe. As for wicked doers, they fall, they are cast downe, & are not able to stõde. The XXXVI. A psalme of Dauid.

A FRett not thy self at the vngodly, be not thou envious agaynst the euell doers. For they shall soone be cut

4.Re 19.c

downe like ỹ grasse, & be wythered euen as ỹ grene herbe. Put thou thy trust in ỹ LOR

Deu.4.a 5.d

DE, & be doinge good: so shalt thou dwell in the londe, & verely it shal fede the. Delyte thou in the LORDE, & he shal geue the thy her

Pro.16.a

tes desyre. Cõmitte thy waye vnto ỹ LORDE, set thy hope in him, and he shal bringe it to passe. Yee he shall make thy rightousnesse as cleare as the light, & thy iust dealinge as the noone daye. Holde the still in ỹ LORDE, and abyde pacietly vpon him: but greue not thy self at one that hath prosperite, and lyueth in abhominacion. Leaue of from wrath, let go displeasure, let not thy ge

B

louſy moue the also to do euell. For wicked doers shal be roted out, but they that pacietly abyde the LORDE, shal enheret the londe.

Suffre yet a litle whyle, & ỹ vngodly shal be clene gone: thou shalt loke after his place, & he shal be awaye. But the meke spre-

Matt.5.a

ted shal possesse the earth, & haue pleasure in moch rest. The vngodly layeth wayte for the iust, & gnasseth vpon him wt his tethe.

But ỹ LORDE laugheth him to scorne, for

Psal.2.a

he seith ỹ his daye is cõminge. The vngodly drawe out the swerde & bende their bowe, to cast downe ỹ symple & poore, and to slaye soch as go ỹ right waye. Neuertheles, their swerde shal go thorow their owne hert, and their bowe shalbe brokẽ. A small thinge ỹ

Pro.15.b

the rightuous hath, is better then greate ri-

Eccli.29.c 1.Tim.6.b

ches of the vngodly. For the armes of ỹ vngodly shalbe broken, but the LORDE vpholdeth the rightuous. The LORDE

C

knoweth the dayes of the godly, & their enheritaũce shal endure for euer. They shal not be cõfounded in ỹ perlous tyme, & in ỹ dayes of derth they shall haue ynough. As for ỹ vngodly, they shall perishe: & whẽ ỹ enemies of ỹ LORDE are in their floures, they shal cõsume, yee euen as the smoke shal they

Some reade thus: *The vngodly lẽdeth vpon vsury and not for naught.

cõsume awaye. The vngodly *boroweth and paieth not agayne, but the rightuous is mercifull & liberall. Soch as be blessed of him, shal possesse the londe: & they whom he curseth, shalbe roted out. The LORDE ordreth a good mans goinge, & hath pleasure in his waye. Though he fall, he shal not be hurte, for the LORDE vpholdeth him wt his hãde. I haue bene yonge, & now am olde:

D

Pro.24.e Psal.33.c 144.b Psal.111.a Pro.11.b

yet sawe I neuer the rightuous forsakẽ, ner his sede to seke their bred. The rightuous is euer mercifull, & lẽdeth gẽtly, ther fore shal his sede be blessed. Fle frõ euell, & do ỹ thinge that is good, so shalt thou dwell for euer.

For ỹ LORDE loueth ỹ thinge ỹ is right, he forsaketh not his sayntes, but they shal be preserued for euermore: as for the sede of the vngodly, it shalbe roted out. Yee the rightuous shal possesse ỹ lõde, & dwell therin for euer. The mouth of the rightuous is exer

Pro.10.d

cised in wyßdome, & his tõge talketh of iudgment. The lawe of his God is in his hert, ther fore shal not his foresteppes slyde. The vngodly seyth the rightuous, & goeth about to slaye him. But the LORDE wil not leaue him in his hõdes, ner cõdemne him when he is iudged. Hope thou in the LORDE, &

E

kepe his waye: & he shal so promote the, that thou shalt haue the lõde by enheritaũce, & se, when the vngodly shall perishe. I my self haue sene the vngodly in greate power, & florishinge like a grene baye tre: but when I wente by, lo, he was gone: I sought him, but he coude no where be founde.

Kepe innocency, and take hede vnto the thinge that is right, for that shall bringe a man peace at the last. As for the trāsgressours, they shal perishe together, and the vngodly shal be roted out at ỹ last. The helpe of the righteous commeth of the LORDE, he is their strength in the tyme of trouble. The LORDE shal stōde by them, and saue them: he shal deliuer them from the vngodly, and helpe thē, because they put their trust in him.

The XXXVII. A psalme of Dauid.

A Ierc.10.d Psal.6.a PVt me not to rebuke (Oh LORDE) in thine anger: Oh chastē me not in thy heuy displeasure. For thy arowes stick fast in me, and thy honde pressēth me sore. There is no whole parte in my body, because of thy displeasure: there is no rest in my bones, by reason of my synnes. For my wickednesses are gone ouer my heade, and are like a sore burthen, to heuy for me to beare.

My woundes stynck & are corrupte, thorow my folishnesse. I am brought in to so greate trouble and misery, that I go mournynge all the daye longe. For my loynes are clene dried vp, and there is no whole parte in my body. I am feble and sore smyttē, I roare for the very disquietnes of my hert.

B LORDE, thou knowest all my desyre, & my gronynge is not hyd from the. My hert paunteth, my strength hath fayled me, & the light of myne eyes is gone fro me. My louers & frendes stonde lokynge vpon my trouble, and my kynsmen are gone a farre of. Iob 19.b Psal.54.b

They that sought after my life, and to do me euell, spake of lyes and ymagined disceate all the daye longe. As for me, I was like a deaf mā, and herde not: and as one that were domme, not openynge his mouth. I am become as a man that heareth not, and that can make no resistaunce wt his mouth.

For in the (O LORDE) is my trust, thou

C shalt heare me, O LORDE my God. My desyre is, ỹ myne enemies triumphe not ouer me: for yf my fote slippe, they reioyse greatly against me. I am redy to suffre trouble, and my heuynesse is euer in my sight. For I cōfesse my wickednesse, & my synne greueth me.

But myne enemies lyue, and are mightie: and they that hate me without a cause, are many in nombre. They that rewarde me euell for good, speake euell of me, because I folowe the thinge that good is. Forsake me not (O LORDE my God) O go not farre fro me. Haist the to helpe me, O LORDE my succoure.

The XXXVIII. A psalme of Dauid.

I Sayde: I wil kepe my waies, that I offended not in my tonge. And so I shut my mouth, whyle the vngodly layed wayte for me. I helde my tonge, I was domme, I kepte sylence, yee euē from good wordes, but it was payne and greefe to me. My hert was hote within me, & whyle I was thus musynge, the fyre kyndled: so that I spake with my tonge. LORDE, let me knowe myne ende, and the nombre of my dayes: that I maye be certified what I want. Beholde, thou hast made my dayes a spanne longe, and my life is as it were nothinge before the. O how vayne are all men lyuynge: Sela. Yee euery man walketh as it were a shadowe, and disquieteth himself in vayne: he heapeth vp riches, and can not tell to whom he gathereth them. And now LORDE, wherin shall I comforte me? my hope is in the. Deliuer me from all myne offences, and make me not a scorne vnto the foolish. I kepe sylēce, and open not my mouth, for thou hast done it. Turne thy plages awaye fro me, for I am cōsumed thorow the feare of thy hāde. When thou punysheste man for synne, thou chastenest him: so that his beutie consumeth awaye, like as it were a mothe. O how vayne are all men: Sela. Heare my prayer o LORDE, and considre my callinge: shewe not thy self as though thou sawest not myne teares. For I am a straunger and pilgrymme with the, as all my forefathers were. Oh spare me a litle, that I maye refresh my self, before I go hence, and be nomore sene. Psal.95.b 118.1 Iob 7.a 8.a Luc.12.b B 1.Par.30.c

The XXXIX. A psalme of Dauid.

I Wayted paciently for the LORDE, A which enclyned himself vnto me, and herde my callinge. He brought me out of the horrible pitte, out of the myre and claye: he set my fete vpō the rocke, and ordred my goinges. He hath put a new songe in my mouth, euen a thankesgeuynge vnto oure God. Many men seynge this, shal feare the LORDE, & put their trust in him. Blessed is the man that setteth his hope in the LORDE, and turneth not vnto the proude, & to soch as go about with lies. O LORDE my God, greate are ỹ wonderous workes which thou hast done: & in thy thoughtes towarde vs there maye none be lickened vnto the. Iere.17.b

I wolde declare them, and speake of thē: but they are so many, that they can not be tolde. Sacrifice and offeringe thou woldest not haue * but a body hast thou ordeined me: burntofferynges and sacrifice for synne thou hast not alowed. Then sayde I: Lo, I co Heb.10.a Some rede thus: * but myne eares

hest thou opened.

me. In the begynnynge of the boke it is wrytten of me, that I shulde fulfill thy wil O my God, & that am I contēt to do: yee thy lawe is within my hert. I wil preach of ỹ righteousnesse in the greate congregacion: Lo, I wil not refrayne my lippes, O LORDE, & that thou knowest. I do not hyde ỹ righteousnes in my hert, my talkynge is of thy treuth and sauynge health: I kepe not thy louynge mercy and faithfulnesse backe from the greate congregacion. Turne not thou thy mercy fro me o LORDE, but let thy louynge kyndnesse and treuth allwaye preserue me. For innumerable troubles are come aboute me: my synnes haue taken soch holde vpon me, that I am not able to loke vp: yee they are mo in nombre then the hayres of my heade, and my hert hath fayled me. O LORDE, let it be thy pleasure to deliuer me, make haist (o LORDE) to helpe me. Let them be ashamed and cōfounded, that seke after my soule, to destroie it: let them fall backwarde and be put to confucion, that wysh me euell.

Let thē soone be brought to shame, that crie ouer me: there there. But let all those that seke the, be ioyfull and glad in the: and let all soch as delyte in thy sauynge health, saye allwaye: the LORDE be praysed. As for me, I am poore & in mysery, but the LORDE careth for me. Thou art my helper & redemer, make no longe tariēge, o my God.

The XL. A psalme of Dauid.

A Blessed is he, ỹ considreth ỹ poore: ỹ LORDE shal delyuer him in the tyme of trouble. The LORDE shal preserue him, and kepe him alyue: he shal make him to prospere vpon earth, and shal not delyuer him into ỹ wil of his enemies. The LORDE shal refiesh him, when he lyeth sick vpon his bedd, yee thou makest his bed in all his sickneſſe. I sayde: LORDE be mercifull vnto me, heale my soule, for I haue synned agaynst the. Myne enemies speake euell vpō me: whan shal he dye, and his name perishe? Though he came in to se, yet meaned he falsede in his hert, heapinge myscheefe vpon himselfe. All they that hate me, runne together agaynst me, and ymagin euell agaynst me. They haue geuen a wicked sentence vpon me: when he lyeth, he shal ryse vp no more. Yee euen myne owne familier frende, whom I trusted, which dyd eate my bred, hath lift vp his hele agaynst me. But be thou mercifull vnto me (o LORDE) rayse thou me vp, and I shal rewarde them. By this I knowe thou fauourest me, that my enemie shal not triumphe ouer me. Thou hast vpholden me because of my innocency, and set me before thy face for euer. O blessed be ỹ LORDE God of Israel, from hēce forth and for euermore. Amen, Amen.

Pro. 14. c

Iere. 31. f
Psal. 21. c

C

Psal. 69. a
Iob 31. c
Pro. 17. a

B

Ioh. 13. b

The XLI. A psalme of ỹ childrē of Corah.

LIke as the hert desyreth the waterbrokes, so longeth my soule after the, o God. My soule is a thurste for God, yee euē for the lyuynge God: whā shal I come, & beholde the face of God? My teares are my meate daye and nyght, whyle it is daylie sayde vnto me: where is now thy God? Now when I thinke there vpō, I poure out my hert by my self: for I wolde fayne go hence with the multitude, & passe ouer with them vnto the house of God, in ỹ voyce of prayse & thankesgeuynge, amonge soch as kepe holy daye. Why art thou so full of heuynes (o my soule) & why art thou so vnquiete within me? O put thy trust in God, for I wil yet geue him thankes, for the helpe of his countenaūce. My God, my soule is vexed within me: therfore I remēbre the londe of Iordane, & the litle hill of Hermonim.

A

Psal. 79. a

1. Reg. 1. b

Psal. 42. a

Iosue 12. a

One depe calleth another w̄ the voyce of thy whystles, all thy wawes & water floudes are gone ouer me. The LORDE hath promised his louynge kyndnesse daylie, therfore wil I prayse him in the nyght season, and make my prayer vnto ỹ God of my life. I wil saye vnto God my stony rock: why hast thou forgotten me? why go I thus heuely, whyle the enemie oppresseth me? Whylē my bones are broken, & whyle myne enemies cast me in the tethe, daylie sayenge vnto me: where is now thy God? Why art thou so heuy (o my soule) & why art thou so disquieted within me? O put thy trust in God, for I wil yet thanke him for the helpe of his countenaunce, and because he is my God.

B

Ione 2. a

The XLII. psalme.

GIue sentence vpon me (o God) & defende my cause agaynst the vnholy people: Oh delyuer me from the disceatfull & wicked man. For thou (o God) art my strēgth: why hast thou shot me from the? Why go I then so heuely, whyle the enemie oppresseth me? Oh sende out ỹ light & thy trueth, ỹ they maye lede me & bringe me vnto thy holy hill and to thy dwellinge.

That I maye go in to the aulter of God, euen vnto the God which is my ioye & pleasure, & vpon the harpe to geue thākes vnto ỹ, o God, my God. Why art thou so heuy (o my soule) & why art thou so disquieted within me? O put thy trust in God, for I wil yet geue him thākes for ỹ helpe of his countenaū-

A

Psal. 41. a

ce, and because he is my God.

The XLIII. A psalme of ỹ childrē of Corah.

A WE have herde with o' eares (o God) o' fathers have tolde vs, what thou hast done in their tyme, of olde.

Deut. 6. b How thou hast dryuē out the heithen w' thy honde, & plāted thē in: how thou hast destroyed the nacions & cast thē out. For they

Deut. 9. a gat not the londe in possession thorow their owne swerde, nether was it their owne arme that helped them. But thy right hāde, thyne arme & the light of thy countenaunce, because thou haddest a fauoure vnto them.

Psal. 97. a Thou art ỹ kinge & my God, thou sendest helpe vnto Jacob. Thorow ỹ, will we ouerthrowe oure enemies: & in thy name will we treade them vnder, that ryse vp agaynst vs.

For I will not trust in my bowe, it is not my swerde ỹ shal helpe me. But it is thou that sauest vs frō oure enemies, and puttest them to confucion that hate vs. We will

B all waye make oure boast of God, and prayse thy name for ever. Sela. But now thou forsakest vs, & puttest vs to confucion, and

Psal. 59. b goest not forth with oure hoestes. Thou makest vs to turne oure backes vpon oure enemies, so that they which hate vs, spoile oure

Esaie 53. b goodes. Thou letteste vs be eaten vp like shepe, & scatrest vs amonge the heithen.

Thou sellest thy people for naught, & takest no moneye for them. Thou makest vs to be rebuked of o' neghbours, to be laughed to scorne and had in derision, of them that

Psal. 78. a are rounde aboute vs. Thou hast made vs a very byworde amonge the heithen, & that the people shake their heades at vs. My cōfucion is daylie before me, & the shame of my face covereth me. For the voyce of the

slaunderer & blasphemer, for the enemie and auenger. All this is come vpon vs, & yet have we not forgotten the, ner behaued oure selues vnfaithfully in thy couenaunt. Oure hert is not turned backe, nether oure steppes gone out of thy waye. That thou smytest vs so in the place of the serpēt, & coverest vs

C with ỹ shadowe of death. If we had forgotten the name of oure God, & holdē vp oure hondes to eny straunge God: Shulde not God fynde it out? for he knoweth the very secretes of the hert. But for thy sake we

Rom. 8. c are kylled all the daie longe, and are counted as shepe apoynted to be slayne. Vp LORDE, why slepest thou? Awake, and cast vs not of for ever. Wherfore hydest thou thy face? wilt thou clene forget oure misery and oppressiō? For oure soule is brought lowe even vnto the dust, and oure bely cleueth vnto the grounde. Arise o LORDE, helpe vs, and delyuer vs for thy mercie sake.

The XLIIII. A psalme of the children of Corah.

A MY hert is dyting of a good matter, I speake of that, which I have made of the kynge: My tonge is ỹ penne of a ready wryter. Thou art the fayrest amonge the children of mē, full of grace are thy lippes, therfore God blesseth the for ever.

Gyrde the with thy swerde vpon thy thee (o thou mightie) with worshipe and renowne. Good lucke have thou with thine honoure, ryde on with the treuth, mekenesse & righteousnes: & thy right hōde shal teach ỹ wōderfull thinges. Thy arowes are sharpe, the people shalbe subdued vnto the, even in the myddest amonge the kynges enemies.

B Thy seate (o God) endureth for ever: the cepter of thy kyngdome is a right cepter. Heb. 1. b

Thou hast loved righteousnesse, & hated iniquite: wherfore God (which is thy God) hath anoynted the with the oyle of gladnes aboue thy felowes. All thy garmentes are like myrre, Aloes & Cassia, when thou cōmest out of thine yuerie palaces in thy beutifull glory. Kynges doughters go in thy goodly araye, & vpon thy right honde standeth the quene in a vesture of the most fyne golde. Herken (o doughter) consydre, & enclyne thine eare: forget thine owne people, & thy fathers house. So shal the kynge haue pleasure in thy beutie, for he is thy LORDE, & thou shalt worshipe him. The doughC ters of Tyre shal be there with giftes, the riche amonge the people shal make their supplicacion before the. Esa. 23. c Eze. 27. a The kynges doughter is all glorious within, hir clothinge is of wrought golde. She shalbe brought vnto the kynge in rayment of nedle worke, and maydens after her: soch as be next her shalbe brought vnto the. With ioye and gladnesse shal they be brought, and go in to the kynges palace. In steade of thy fathers thou hast gotten children, whom thou shalt make prynces in all londes. I wil remembre thy name from one generaciō to another: therfore shal the people geue thankes vnto the, worlde without ende.

The XLV. A psalme of the children of Corah.

A IN oure troubles and aduersite, we have founde, that God is oure refuge, oure strength and helpe. Therfore wil we not feare, though the earth fell, and though the hilles were caried in to the myddest of the see.

Though the waters of the see raged & were neuer so troublous, & though the mountaynes shoke at the tẽpest of the same. Sela. Psal. 92.a

For there is a floude, which w^t his ryuers reioyseth y^e cite of God, the holy dwellynge of the most hyest. God is in y^e myddest of her, therfore shall she not be remoued: for God helpeth her, & y^t right early. The Heithen are madd, the kyngdomes make mocha doo: but whẽ he sheweth his voyce, y^e earth melteth awaye. The LORDE of hoostes is w^t vs, the God of Jacob is oure defence. Sela. Ioh.7.d B

O come hither, & beholde y^e workes of the LORDE, what destruccions he hath brought vpõ y^e earth. He hath made warres to ceasse in all the worlde: he hath broken the bowe, he hath knapped the speare in sonder, & brẽt the charettes in the fyre. Be still thẽ & confesse y^t I am God: I wil be exalted amonge the Heithẽ, & I wil be exalted vpon earth. The LORDE of hoostes is w^t vs, the God of Jacob is oure defence. Sela. Psal.75.a

The XLVI. A psalme of the children of Corah.

A

O Clappe youre hõdes together (all ye people) O synge vnto God with the voyce of thãkesgeuynge. For the LORDE the most hyest is to be feared, & he is the greate kynge vpõ all y^e earth. He shal subdue the people vnder vs, & the Heithẽ vnder oure fete. He choseth vs for an heretage, the beutie of Jacob whom he loued. Sela. God is gone vp w^t a mery noyse, & the LORDE w^t the sownde of the trõpet. O synge prayses, synge prayses vnto God: O synge prayses, synge prayses vnto oure kynge. For God is kynge of all the earth, O synge prayses vnto him with vnderstondinge. God is kinge ouer the Heithẽ, God sitteth in his holy seate. The prynces of the people are gathered together vnto the God of Abraham: for God is farre farre hyer exalted, then the mightie lordes of the earth.

The XLVII. A psalme of the children of Corah.

A

GReate is y^e LORDE & hyelie to be praysed, in y^e cite of o^r God, euẽ vpõ his holy hill. The hill of Sion is like a fayre plãte, wherof all the londe reioyseth: vpon the north syde lyeth the cite of the greate kinge. God is well knowne in hir palaces, y^t he is the defence of the same. For lo, kynges are gathered, and gone by together. They marueled, to se soch thinges: they were astonnied, & sodẽly cast downe. Feare came there vpon thẽ, & sorowe as vpõ a woman in hir trauayle. Thou shalt breake y^e shippes of 1.Par. 20.a

the see, thorow the east wynde. Like as we haue herde, so se we in the cite of the LORDE of hoostes, in the cite of o^r God: God vpholdeth the same for euer. Sela. We wayte for thy louynge kyndnesse (o God) in the myddest of thy temple. O God, acordinge vnto thy name, so is y^e prayse vnto the worldes ende: thy right hõde is full of rightuousnes. B

Oh let the mõnt Sion reioyse, & y^e doughters of Juda be glad because of thy iudgmẽtes. Walke aboute Sion, go rounde about her, and tell hir towres. Marke well hir walles, set vp hir houses: that it maye be tolde them y^t come after. For this God is o^r God for euer & euer, and he shal allwaie be o^r gyde. Psal. 96.b

The XLVIII. A psalme of the children of Corah.

A

O Heare this, all ye people: ponder it well, all yethat dwell vpõ the earth. Bothe ye & lowe, riche & poore, one w^t another. My mouth shal speake of wysdome, and my hert shal muse of vnderstondinge. I wil encline myne eare to the parable, & shewe my darcke speach vpon the harpe. Wherfore shulde I feare the euell dayes, whẽ the wickednesse of my heles cõpaseth me rounde aboute? They that put their trust in their good, & boost them selues in the multitude of their riches. No man maye deliuer his brother, ner make a grement for him vnto God. For it costeth more to redeme their soules, so that he must let that alone for euer. Nee though he lyue lõge, & se not y^e graue. For it shal be sene, y^t soch wyse mẽ shal dye & perishe together, as well as the ignorant and foolish, & leaue their goodes for other. Loke what is in their houses, it cõtinueth still: their dwellinge places endure from one generacion to another, & are called after their owne names vpon the earth. Neuertheless mã abydeth not in soch honr, but is cõpared vnto y^e brute beastes, & becõmeth like vnto thẽ. 1.Ioh.2.a 1.Pet.1.c B Eccls.2.b c.3.c

This waie of theirs is very foolishnesse, & yet their posterite prayse it w^t their mouth. Sela. They lye in the hell like shepe, death shal gnawe vpon them, & the rightuous shal haue dominacion of them in the mornynge by tymes: their strẽgth shal consume, & hell shalbe their dwellinge. But God shal deliuer my soule from the power of hell, when he receaueth me. Sela. O be not thou afrayed, whan one is made riche, & the glory of his house increased. For he shal cary nothinge awaye w^t him when he dyeth, nether shal his pompe folowe him. Whyle he lyueth, he is counted an happie man: & Iob.27.b

ſo lōge as he is in proſperite, mē ſpeake good of him. But whē he foloweth his fathers generacion, he ſhal neuer ſe light eny more.

When a man is in honoure and hath no vnderſtōdinge, he is compared vnto the brute beaſtes, and becommeth like vnto them.

The XLIX. A pſalme of Aſaph.

A THe LORDE euen the mightie God hath ſpokē, & called the worlde from the ryſinge vp of the ſonne vnto the
Eſaie 2.a goinge downe of the ſame. Out of Sion apeareth the glorious beutie of God. Our God ſhal come, and not kepe ſylence: there goeth before him a conſumynge fyre, and a mightie tempeſt rounde aboute him. He ſhal call the heauens from aboue, and the earth, that he maye iudge his people. Gather my ſayntes together vnto me, theſe y ſet more by the couenaunt then by eny offeringe. And the heauens ſhal declare his righteouſneſſe, for God is iudge himſelf.

Sela. Heare, o my people: let me ſpeake, let me teſtifie amonge you, o Iſrael: I am God, euen thy God. I repreue the not becauſe of thy ſacrifice, y burntofferinges are
Eſaie 1.b allwaye before me. I wil take no bullocke out of thy houſe, ner gotes out of thy foldes.
Ierem. 7.c For all the beeſtes of the felde are myne, and thouſandes of catell vpon the hilles.

I knowe all the foules vpon the mountaynes, and the wilde beaſtes of the feilde are in my ſight. If I be hongrie, I wil not tell
Pſal. 23.a the: for y whole worlde is myne, and all that
1. cor. 10.c therin is. Thynkeſt thou, that I wil eate the fleſh of oxen, or drynke the bloude of goa
B tes? Offre vnto God prayſe and thankes geuynge, and paye thy vowes vnto the meſt
2. Par. 15.a hyeſt. And call vpō me in the tyme of trouble, ſo wil I heare the, that thou ſhalt thanke me. But vnto the vngodly ſayeth God: Why doeſt thou preach my lawes, and takeſt my couenaunt in thy mouth? Where as thou hateſt to be refourmed, and caſteſt my wordes behynde the? If thou ſeiſt a thefe, thou runneſt with him, and art partaker with the aduouterers. Thou letteſt y mouth ſpeake wickedneſſe, & thy tonge paynteth diſceate. Thou ſyttest and ſpeakeſt agaynſt thy brother, yee and ſlaundreſt thine owne mothers ſonne. This thou doeſt, whyle I holde my tonge: and thinkeſt me to be euē ſoch one as thy ſelf: but I wil repreue the, & ſet my ſelf agaynſt the. O conſidre this, ye that forget God: leſt I plucke you awaie, and there be none to delyuer you. Who ſo offreth me thākes and prayſe, he honoureth me: & this is the waye, wherby I wil ſhewe him the ſauynge healthe of God.

The L. A pſalme of Dauid.

HAue mercy vpon me (o God) after thy A
goodnes, & accordinge vnto thy greate mercies, do awaye myne offences.
Wash me well fro my wickednesſe, & clenſe me fro my ſynne. For I knowlege my
Pſal. 31.a
Iob 13.b
Luc. 18.b
faultes, and my ſynne is euer before me.

Agaynſt the only, agaynſt the haue I ſynned, and done euell in thy ſight: that thou
Rom. 3.a mighteſt be iuſtified in thy ſayinges, and ſhuldeſt ouercome when thou art iudged.

Beholde, I was borne in wickednesſe, and in ſynne hath my mother conceaued me.

But lo, thou haſt a pleaſure in the treuth, and haſt ſhewed me ſecrete wyſdome me. O
Ephe. 5.c
1. Pet. 3.c reconcile me with Iſope, and I ſhal be clene: waſh thou me, and I ſhalbe whyter then ſnowe. Oh let me heare of ioye and gladneſſe, that the bones which thou haſt broken, maye reioyſe. Turne thy face fro my
Eze. 36 c
Act. 2.a ſynnes, and put out all my myſdedes. Make me a clene hert (o God) and renue a right
B ſpirete within me. Caſt me not awaie from thy preſence, and take not thy holy ſpirete fro me. O geue me the comforte of thy helpe agayne, and ſtabliſh me with thy free ſpirete. Then ſhal I teach thy wayes vnto the wicked, that ſynners maye be conuerted vnto the. Delyuer me from bloudegyltyneſſe o God, thou that art the God of my healthe, that my tonge maye prayſe thy righteouſneſſe. Open my lippes (O LORDE) that my mouth maye ſhewe thy prayſe.

For y thou haddeſt pleaſure in ſacrifice,
Mich. 6. b I wolde geue it the: but thou delyteſt not in burntofferynges. The ſacrifice of God is a troubled ſpirete, a broken and a cōtrite hert
Eſa. 66.a (o God) ſhalt thou not deſpiſe. O be fauorable and gracious vnto Sion, that the walles of Ieruſalem maye be buylded. For
Ro. 12.a then ſhalt thou be pleaſed with the ſacrifice of righteouſneſſe, with the burntofferynges and oblacions: then ſhal they laye bullockes vpon thine aulter.

The LI. A pſalme of Dauid.

WHy boaſteſt thou thy ſelf (thou Tyraunt) that thou canſt do myſchefe? Where as the goodneſſe of A
God endureth yet daylie. Thy tonge ymagineth wickednesſe, and with lyes it cutteth like a ſharpe raſoure. Thou loueſt vngraciouſneſſe more thē good, to talke of lyes more then righteouſneſſe. Sela.

Thou loueſt to ſpeake all wordes yᵗ maye do hurte, O thou falſe tōge. Therfore ſhal God cleane deſtroye the, ſmyte the in peces, plucke the out of thy dwellinge, and rote the out of the londe of the lyuinge. Sela.

B The righteous ſhal ſe this, & feare, and
Pſal.40.a. laugh him to ſcorne. Lo, this is the mā, yᵗ
Luc.12.b toke not God for his ſtrēgth, but truſted vn to the multitude of his riches, & was mighty in his wickedneſſe. As for me, I am like a grene olyue tre in yᵗ houſe of God: my truſt is in the tender mercy of God for euer & euer.

I wil allwaye geue thankes vnto the, for that thou haſt done: and wil hope in thy name, for thy ſayntes like it well.

The LII. A pſalme of Dauid.

A Pſal.13.a The fooliſh bodies ſaye in their hertes: Tuſh, there is no God. Corrupte are they, and become abhominables in their wickedneſſes: there is not one, that doth good. God loked downe from heauen vpō the children of men, to ſe yf there were eny that wolde vnderſtonde, or ſeke
Rom.3.b after God. But they are all gone out of yᵗ waye, they are all become vnprofitable: there is none yᵗ doth good, no not one. How cā they haue vnderſtondinge, that are the workers of wickednes, eatinge vp my people as it were bred, & call not vpon God? They are afrayed, where no feare is: for God breaketh the bones of them that beſege the: thou putteſt them to confucion, for God deſpiſeth them. Oh yᵗ the ſauynge health were geuen vnto Iſrael out of Sion: Oh that the LORDE wolde delyuer his people out of captiuyte. Then ſhulde Iacob reioyſe, & Iſrael ſhulde be right glad.

The LIII. A pſalme of Dauid.

A Helpe me (o God) for thy names ſake, and delyuer me in thy ſtrēgth. Heare my prayer (o God) conſidre the wordes of my mouth. For ſtraungers are ryſen vp agaynſt me, and the mightie (which haue not God before their eyes) ſeke after my ſoule. Sela. But lo, God is my helper: it is he that vpholdeth my ſoule. He ſhall
Deut.32.e reward euell vnto myne enemies, and in thy treuth ſhalt thou deſtroye them. A frewil offeringe wil I geue the, and prayſe thy name o LORDE, becauſe it is ſo comfortable.

For thou haſt delyuered me out of all my trouble, ſo that myne eye ſeyth his deſyre vpō myne enemies.

The LIIII. A pſalme of Dauid.

A Heare my prayer (o God) and hyde not thy ſelf from my peticion. Take hede vnto me and heare me, how piteouſly I mourne & cōplayne. The enemie crieth ſo, & the vngodly commeth on ſo faſt: for they are mynded to do me ſome myſchefe, ſo maliciouſly are they ſet agaynſt me. My hert te is heuy within me, and the feare of death is fallen vpon me. Fearfullneſſe and tremblinge are come vpon me, and an horrible drede hath ouerwhelmed me. And I ſayde: O that I had wynges like a doue, that I might fle ſomwhere, and be at reſt. Lo, then wolde I get me awaye farre of, and remayne in the wilderneſſe. Sela.

I wolde make haiſt to eſcape, from the ſtormy wynde and tempeſt. Deſtroie their
Gen.11.b tonges (o LORDE) and deuyde them, for I B ſe vnrighteouſnes & ſtrife in yᵗ cite. This geeth daye and night aboute the walles, myſchefe and vyce are in the myddeſt of it.

Wickedneſſe is therin, diſceate and gyle go not out of hir ſtretes. If it were myne enemie that reuyled me, I coude beare it: or yf one that ought me euell will dyd threaten me, I wolde hyde myſelf from him. But
Pſal.17.b it is thou my companyon, my gyde and my-
Mich.7.a ne owne familier frēde. We had ſwete and ſecrete communicacion together, and louyngly walked we together in yᵗ houſe of God.

Let death come haſtely vpon them, and
Num.16.e let them go downe quick into hell, for wickednes is amonge them in their dwellinges.

As for me, I will call vnto God, and the LORDE ſhall helpe me. In the euenınge, mornynge and at noone daye wil I mourne and complayne: and he ſhal heare my voyce.

It is he that delyuereth my ſoule in peaC ce, from them that laye waite for me: for they are many agaynſt me. Yee euen God that endureth for euer, ſhal heare me, and brynge them downe. Sela.

For they wil not turne: and why? they feare not God. Yee they laye hondes vpon ſoch as be at peace with him, and ſo thei breake his couenaunt. Their mouthes are ſofter then butter, & yet haue they batell in their mynde: their wordes are ſmoother then oyle, and yet be they very ſwerdes. O caſt thy
Matt.6.c burthen (or care) vpon the LORDE, he ſhal
Luc.12.c nouriſh the, and not leaue the righteous in vn
1.Pet.5.a quietneſſe. But as for them, thou (o God) ſhalt caſt them downe into the pitte of deſtruccion. The bloudthurſtie and diſceatfull ſhal not lyue out half their daies. Neuertheleſſe my truſt is in the.

The LV. A pſalme of Dauid.

Be mercifull vnto me (o God) for men A wil treade me downe: they are daylie fightinge & troublinge me. Myne

enemies treade me daylie vnder their fete, for they be many, ỹ proudly fight agaynst me.

Neuertheles, whē I am afrayed, I put my trust in the. I wil comforte my self in Gods worde, yee I wil hope in God, and not feare: What can flesh then do vnto me?

They vexe me daylie in my wordes: all ỹ they ymagin, is to do me euell. They holde all together, & kepe them selues close: they marck my steppes, how they maye catch my soule. But in vayne, for it shal escape thē: and why? thou (o God) in thy displeasure
B shalt cast downe soch people. Thou tellest my flittinges, thou puttest my teares in thy botell, and nombrest them. When so euer I call vpon the, myne enemies are put to flight: wherby I knowe, that thou art my God. In Gods worde wil I reioyse, in the LORDES worde wil I comforte me. Yee in God do I trust, & am not afraid: what cā man thē do vnto me? Vnto the (o God) wil I paye my vowes, vnto ỹ wil I geue thākes
Psal.114.b & prayse. For thou hast delyuered my soule frō death, & my fete frō fallinge, ỹ I maye walke before God in ỹ light of ỹ lyuynge.

The LVI. A psalme of Dauid.

A BE mercifull vnto me (o God) be mercifull vnto me, for my soule trusteth in
Matt.23.c ỹ: & vnder the shadowe of thy wynges shal be my refuge, vntill wickednesse be ouerpast.

I call vnto God ỹ most hyest, euē ỹ God ỹ shal helpe me vp agayne. He shal sende frō heauen, & saue me frō the reprofe of him that wolde swalowe me vp. Sela.

This shal God sende, for his mercy and faithfulnesse sake. I lye with my soule amonge the cruell lyons: euen amonge the children of men, whose tethe are speares and arowes, and their tonge a sharpe swerde.

B Set vp thy self (o God) aboue the heauēs, and thy glory aboue all the earth. They haue layed a nett for my fete, & pressed downe my soule: they haue dygged a pyt before me, and are fallen in to it them selues.

Psal.107.a Sela. My hert is ready (o God) my hert is ready, to synge and geue prayse. Awake (o my glory) awake lute and harpe, I my self wil awake right early. I wil geue thākes vnto the (o LORDE) amonge the people, I wil synge prayses vnto the amonge the Heithē. For ỹ greatnes of thy mercy reacheth
psal.108.b vnto the heauens, and thy faithfulnesse vnto the cloudes. Set vp thy self (o God) aboue the heauēs, & thy glory aboue all ỹ earth.

The LVII. A psalme of Dauid.

A IF youre myndes be vpon righteousnesse in dede, then iudge the thinge that is right, o ye sonnes of men. But ye ymagin myschefe in youre hertes, and youre hondes deale with wickednesse. The vngodly are frowarde, euē from their mothers wombe: as soone as they be borne, they go astraie & speake lyes. They are as furious as the serpent, euen like the deaf Adder that Acte.7.c stoppeth hir eares. That she shulde not heare the voyce of the charmer, charme he neuer so wysely. Breake their teth (o God) in their mouthes, smyte the chaft bones of the lyons whelpes in sonder, o LORDE.

That they maye fall awaye, like water ỹ B runneth a pace: and that when they shote their arowes, they maye be brokē. Let thē cōsume awaye like a snale, & like the vntymely frute of a woman, and let them not se the Sonne. Or euer youre thornes be sharpe, the wrath shal take them awaye quycke, like a stormy wynde. The righteous shal 1.Re.25.g reioyse when he seyth the vengeaunce, and shal wash his fete in the bloude of the vngodly. So that men shal saye: verely, there is a rewarde for ỹ righteous: doutles, there is a God that iudgeth the earth.

The LVIII. A psalme of Dauid.

SAluer me fro myne enemies (o my A God) & defende me frō thē ỹ rise vp agaynst me. O delyuer me frō the wicked doers, & saue me frō the bloudthurstie mē. For lo, they lye waytinge for my soule: ỹ mightie mē are gathered together agaynst me, w̄out eny offence or faute of me, o LORDE. They rūne & prepare thē selues, w̄out my faute: Arise, come thou helpe me, & behold. Stōde vp o LORDE God of hoostes, thou God of Israel, to vyset all Heithen: be not merciful vnto thē ỹ offende of malicious wickednesse. Sela. Let thē go to & Psal.58.c fro, & runne aboute the cite yelinge like dogges. Beholde, they speake (agaynst me) w̄ B their mouth, swerdes are vnder their lippes, for who reproueth thē? But thou (o LOR- Psal.2.a DE) shalt haue them in derision, thou shalt Pro.1.c laugh all Heithē to scorne. My strēgth do I ascrybe vnto the, for thou (o God) art my defender. God sheweth me his goodnesse plenteously, God letteth me se my desyre vpō myne enemies. Slaye thē not, lest my people forget it: but scatre thē abrode with thy power & put thē downe, o LORDE oure defence. For ỹ synne of their mouth, for the wordes of their lippes, & because of their pryde, let thē be taken: & why? their preachinge is of cursynge & lyes. Cōsume them in ỹ wrath, C cōsume thē ỹ they maye perish, & knowe ỹ it is God, which ruleth in Jacob and in all the

Psal.58.a worlde. Sela. Let thē go to & fro, & rūne about the cite, youlinge like dogges. Let thē runne here & there for meate, and grudge when they haue not ynough. As for me, I wil synge of thy power, ād prayse thy mercy betymes in the mornynge: for thou art my defence and refuge in the tyme of my trouble.

Vnto the (o my strength) wil I synge, for thou (o God) art my defence, and my mercyful God.

The LIX. A psalme of Dauid.

A O God, thou y haste cast vs out and scatred vs abrode, thou y haste bene so sore displeased at vs, cōforte vs agayne. Thou y haste remoued the lōde & deuyded it, heale the sores therof, for it shaketh.

Esa.51.d Thou haste shewed thy people heuy thinges,
Iere.25.c thou haste geuen vs a drynke off wyne, y we slōbre withall. Yet haste thou geuē a tokē for soch as feare the, y they maye cast it vp in y treuth. Sela. That thy beloued might be delyuered, helpe them with thy right hande,

B and heare me. God hath spokē in his Sāctuary (which thinge reioyseth me) I wil deuyde Sichē, & mete out the valley of Suchoth

Psal.107.a Galaad is myne, Manasses is myne, Ephraim is the strength of my heade, Iuda is my captayne. Moab is my washpotte, ouer Edom wil I stretch out my shue, Philistea shal be glad of me. Who will lede me in to the stronge cite? Who will bringe me in to Edom? Shalt not thou do it, o God, thou

Psal.43.b y haste cast vs out: thou God, y wentest not out w o hoostes? O be thou oure helpe in trouble, for vayne is the helpe of man. Thorow God we shal do greate actes, for it is he that shal treade downe oure enemies.

The LX. A psalme of Dauid.

A Heare my crienge (o God) geue hede vnto my prayer. From the endes of y earth wil I call vnto the, whē my herte is in trouble: Oh set me vp vpō an hye rocke. For thou art my hope, a stronge tower for me agaynst the enemie. I will dwell in thy tabernacle for euer, that I maye be safe vnder the couerynge of thy wynges. Sela. For thou (o LORDE) haste herde my desyres, thou haste geuen an heretage vnto those that feare thy name. Thou shalt graunte the kynge a lōge life, that his yeares maye endure thorow out all generacions. That he maye dwell before God for euer: Oh let thy louynge mercy & faithfulnes preserue him.

So wil I allwaye synge prayses vnto thy name, y I maye daylie perfourme my vowes.

Psal.51.b

The LXI. A psalme of Dauid.

A My soule wayteth only vpon God, for of him commeth my helpe. He only is my strēgth, my saluacion, my defence, so y I shal not greatly fall. Howlonge wil ye ymagin myschefe agaynst euery man & ye shal be slayne all y sorte of you: yee as a tottringe wall shal ye be, & like a broken hedge. Their deuyce is only how to put him out, their delyte is ī lyes: they geue good wordes w their mouth but curse w their herte. Sela. Neuertheles, my soule abydeth only vpon God, for he is my God. He only is my strēgth, my saluacion, my defence: so y I shal not fall. In God is my health, my glory, my might, & in God is my trust. O put yo² trust in him allwaye (ye people) poure out yo² hertes before him, for God is oure hope. Sela. As for men, they are but vayne, mē are disceatfull: vpō the weightes they are al together lighter then vanite it self. O trust not in wronge & robbery, geue not yo² selues vnto vanite: yf riches increase, set not yo² herte vpon them. God spake once a worde, twyse haue I herde the same: that power belongeth vnto God. That thou LORDE art mercifull, & that thou rewardest euery man acordinge to his workes.

B

1.Reg.1.b
Psal.41.a

Rom.2.a

The LXII. A psalme of Dauid.

A O God, thou art my God: early wil I seke the. My soule thursteth for the, my flesh longeth after the in a barē & drie lōde, where no water is. Thus do I loke for the in thy Sāctuary, that I might behelde y power & glory. For thy louynge kyndnesse is better then life, my lyppes shal prayse the. As lōge as I liue wil I magnifie the, & lift vp my hondes in thy name. My soule is satisfied euē as it were with marry & fatnesse, when my mouth prayseth the with ioyfull lippes. In my bedde wil I remembre

B y, & whē I wake, my talkynge shalbe of the. For thou haste bene my helper, & vnder the shadowe of y wynges wil I reioyse. My soule hangeth vpon the, thy right honde vpholdeth me. They seke after my soule, but in vayne, for they shal go vnder the earth. They shal fall in to the swerde, & be a portiō for foxes. But y kynge shal reioyse in God: all they that sweare by hym, shal be commēded, for the mouth of lyers shalbe stopped.

Psal.118.h
143.a

Deut.6.c

The LXIII. A psalme of Dauid.

A Heare my voyce (o God) in my cōplaynte, preserue my life frō feare of y enemie hyde me from the gatheringe together of y frowarde, frō y heape of wicked doers. Which whette their tūges like a swerde, & shute w their venimous wordes like as w arowes. That they maye prevely hutte y innocēt, & sodēly to hit him w out eny feare.

They haue deuysed myscheefe, and commoned amonge them selues, how they maye laye snares: tush (saye they) who shall se them?
1. Re. 18. d
B They ymagin wickednesse, and kepe it secrete amonge them selues, euery man in ye depe of his herte. But God shall sodenly shute with an arowe, ye they shall be wounded. Yee their owne tunges shall make them fall, In so moch that who so seyth the, shal laugh the to scorne. And all men that se it, shal saye: this hath God done for they shal perceane, ye it is his worke. The righteous shal reioyse in the LORDE, and put his trust in him: and all they ye are true off herte, shalbe glad therof.

The LXIIII. A psalme of Dauid.

A Thou (o God) art praysed in Sion, and vnto the is the vowe performed. Thou hearest the prayer, therfore cometh all flesh vnto the. Oure myßdedes preuayle agaynst vs, oh be thou mercyfull vnto oure symes. Blessed is the man who thou
Ephe. 1. a
choseest and receauest vnto the, that he maye dwell in thy courte: he shall be satisfied with the pleasures of thy house, euen off thy holy temple. Heare vs acordinge vnto thy wōderfull righteousnesse, o God oure saluacio: thou that art the hope of all the endes of ye earth, and off the brode see. Which in his strength setteth fast the moūtaynes, & is gyrded aboute with power. Which stilleth ye
B ragige of the see, the roaringe off his wawes, and the woodnes of the people. They that dwell in ye vttemost partes are afrayed at thy tokens, thou makest both the morninge and euenynge starres to prayse ye. Thou visetest the earth, thou watrest it, and makest it very plenteous. The ryuer of God is full of waters, thou prepares man his corne, ād thus thou prouydest for the earth. Thou watrest hir forowes, thou breakest the harde clottes therof, thou makest it soft with ye droppes of rayne, and blessest the increase of it. Thou crownest the yeare with thy good, and thy foresteppes droppe fatnesse. The dwellinges of the wildernes are fatt also, ye they droppe withall, & the litle hilles are pleasaunt on euery syde. The feldes are full of shepe, the valleys stonde so thicke with corne ye they laugh and synge.

The LXV. A psalme off Dauid.

A Pſal. 99. a
BE ioyfull in God (all ye lōdes) synge prayses vnto the hono^r of his name make his prayse to be glorious. Saye vnto God: O how wonderfull are thy workes: thorow the greatnesse of thy power shal thine enemies be confoūded. O ye all the worlde wolde worshipe the, synge of the and prayse thy name. Sela. O come hither and beholde the workes of God, which is so wonderfull in his doinges amonge the children of men. He turned the see in to drye lōde, so that they wente thorow the water on fote: therfore wil we reioyse in him. He ruleth with his power for euer, his eyes beholde the people: the rennagates shal not be able to exalte them selues. Sela. O magnifie o^r God (ye people) make ye voyce off his prayse to be herde. Which holdeth o^r soule in life, and suffreth not oure fete to slippe. For thou (o God) hast proued vs, thou hast tried vs like
Exo. 14. e
Iosue. 3. d
B as sylver is tried. Thou hast brought vs in to captiuyte, and layed trouble vpon o^r loynes. Thou hast suffred men to ryde ouer o^r heades, we wēte thorow fyre and water, butt
Esa. 43. a
thou hast brought vs out, and refreshed vs. Therfore will I go in to thy house w^t brēt offeringes, to paye the my vowes, which I
Eccli. 5. a
promised w^t my lippes, and spake with my mouth, when I was in trouble. I wil offre vnto the fatte brentsacrifices with the smoke of rāmes, I will offre bullockes and goates. Sela. O come hither and herkē (all ye that feare God) I wil tell you, what he hath done for my soule. I called vnto hī w^t my mouth and gaue him prayses with my tūge. (Yff I enclyne vnto wickednes with my herte, ye LORDE wil not heare me.) Therfore God hath herde me, ād considred the voyce off my prayer. Praysed be God, which hath not cast out my prayer, ner turned his mercy fro me.

The LXVI. psalme.

A GOd be mercifull vnto vs, blesse vs, & shewe the light off his countenaūce apon vs. Sela. That we maye knowe ye waye vpō earth, ye sauynge health amonge all heithen. Let the people prayse the (o God) yee let all people prayse the. O let the people reioyse and be glad, that thou iudgest the folke righteously, and geuernest the nacions vpō earth. Let the people prayse the (o God) let all people prayse the. God (euen oure owne God) geue vs his blessinge, that the earth maye bringe forth hir increase God blesse vs, and let all the endes of ye worlde feare him.

The LXVII. A psalme of Dauid.

A LEt God aryse, so shal his enemies be scatered, and they that hate him, shal
Num. 10. d
fle before him. Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt thou dryue them awaye: and like as waxe melteth at the fyre, so shall the vngodly perish at the presence off God.

But the righteous shal be glad & reioyse before God, they shalbe mery & ioyful. Oh synge vnto God, synge prayses vnto his name: magnifie him yt rydeth aboue the heauēs (whose name is yt LORDE) & reioyse before hī.

He is a father of yt fatherlesse, he is a defen-
Deut.10.d der of widdowes: euē God in his holy habita-
cīō. He is the God yt maketh mē to be of one
mynde in a house, & bryngeth yt presoners out
Exo.15.d of captiuite in due season, but letteth yt renna-
gates cōtinue in scarcenesse. O God, when
Exo.20.c thou wētest forth before yt people, whē thou
Iudic.5.a wētest thorow yt wildernes. Sela. The earth
B shoke, & yt heauens dropped at the presence of
God in Sinai, at yt presence of God which is
yt God of Israel. Thou o God sendest a gra-
cious rayne vpon thyne enheritaūce, & refre-
shest it, when it is drye. That thy beastes
maye dwell therin, which thou of thy good-
nes hast prepared for the poore. The LOR-
Ios.10.b DE shal geue the worde, wt greate hoostes of
Euāgelistes. Kinges wt their armies shal
flē, & they of yt housholde shal deuyde yt spoy-
le. Yf so be yt ye lye amōge the pales, the do-
ues fethers shalbe couered with syluer, & hir
winges of the colo of golde. When the Al-
mightie setteth kynges vpō the earth, it shal
be cleare euen in the darcknesse. The hill of
Basān is Gods hill, the hill of Basan is a plē-
teous hill. Why hoppe ye so, ye greate hil-
les? It pleaseth God to dwell vpō this hill,
ye the LORDE wil abyde in it for euer. The
C charettes of God are many M. tymes a thou-
Ephe.4.a sande, the LORDE is amōge them in the holy
Sinai. Thou art gone vp an hye, thou hast
led captyuite captyue, & receaued giftes for
mē: Yee euen for thy enemies, that they might
dwell with the LORDE God. Praysed be the
LORDE daylie, euē yt God which helpeth vs,
& poureth his benefites vpō vs. Sela. The
God yt is o Sauio, euē God the LORDE by
whō we escape death. The God that smy-
teth his enemies vpō the heades & vpon the
hayne scalpes: soch as go on still in their wi-
kednes. The LORDE hath sayde: some wil I
bringe agayne from Basan, some wil I brin-
ge agayne frō the depe of the see. That thy
fote maye be dipped in the bloude of thine e-
nemies, & that thy dogges maye licke it vp.

It is well sene (o God how thou goest,
how thou my God and kynge goest in the
Sanctuary. The syngers go before, and
then the mynstrells amonge the maydens
with the tymbrels. O geue thankes vnto
D God the LORDE in the congregacion, for the
Iudi.20 welles of Israel. There litle Beniamin, the
prynces of Juda, the prynces of Zabulō, and

the prynces of Nephthali beare rule amōge
them. Thy God hath cōmitted strēgth vn-
to the, stablish the thinge (o God) that thou
hast wrought in vs. For thy tēples sake at
Jerusalem shal kynges bryng presentes vn-
to the. Repreue the beestes amonge the re-
des, the heape of bulles with the calues: tho-
se that dryue for money. Oh scatre the peo-
ple that delyte in batayle. The prynces shal
come out of Egipte, the Morians lōde shal
stretch out hir hondes vnto God. Synge
vnto God, o ye kyngdomes of the earth: o syn-
ge prayses vnto the LORDE. Sela.

Which sytteth in the heauens ouer all frō
the begynnge: Lo, he shal sende out his voy-
ce, yee and that a mightie voyce. Ascrybe
ye the power vnto God, his glory is in Isra-
el, and his might in the cloudes. God is
wonderfull in his Sanctuary, he is the God
of Israel, he will geue strength and power
vnto his people. Blessed be God.

The LXVIII. A psalme of Dauid.

HElpe me (o God) for the waters are co-
me in euē vnto my soule. I sticke fast
in the depe myre, where no greunde
is: I am come in to depe waters, and the flou-
des wil drowne me. I am weery of crienge, my throte is drye, my sight fayleth me, for
waytinge so longe vpon my God. They yt
Ioh.15.c hate me without a cause, are mo then the hay-
Psal.3.4.c res of my heade: they that are myne enemies
& wolde destroye me giltlesse, are mightie: I
am fayne to paye the thinges yt I neuer to-
ke. God, thou knowest my symplenesse, and
my sautes are not hyd from the. Let not
them that trust in the (o LORDE God of hoos-
tes) be ashamed for my cause: let not those yt
seke the, be confounded thorow me, o God of
Israel. And why? for thy sake do I suffre
B reprose, shame coureth my face. I am be-
come a straunger vnto my brethren, and an
Psal.118.f aleaunt vnto my mothers children. For
Ioh.2.b the zele of thine house hath euen eaten me,
Rom.11.a and the rebukes of them that rebuked the, is
fallen vpon me. I wepte and chastened my
self wt fastinge, and that was turned to my
reprose. I put on a sackecloth, and ther-
Iob.30.a fore they iested vpon me. They that satt in the
Tren.3.f gate, spake agaynst me, and the dronckardes
made songes vpon me. But LORDE, I
made my prayer vnto the in an acceptable
tyme: heare me (o God) with thy greate mer-
cy & sure helpe. Take me out of the myre, yt I
C syncke not: Oh let me be delyuered frō thē yt
hate me, & out of yt depe waters. Lest yt wa-
ter floude drowne me, that the depe swalowe

C me not vp, & ſy the pitte ſhut not hir mouth vpon me. Heare me (o LORDE) for thy louynge kyndneſſe is comfortable: turne the vnto me accordinge vnto ſy greate mercy. Hyde not thy face from thy ſeruaũt, for I am in trouble: O haiſt ſy to helpe me. Drawe nye vnto my ſoule, and ſaue it: Oh delyuer me becauſe of myne enemies. Thou knoweſt my reprofe, my ſhame & my diſhono: my aduerſaries are all in thy ſight. The rebuke breaketh my hert, & maketh me heuy: I loke, for ſome to haue pitie vpon me, but there is no man: & for ſome to cõforte me, but I fynde no
Mat.27.d Ioh.19.c ne. They gaue me gall to eate, & whẽ I was
D thurſtie, they gaue me vyneger to drynke.
Ro.11.b Let their table be made a ſnare to take them ſelues withall, an occaſion to fall & a rewarde vnto them. Let their eyes be blynded, that they ſe not: & euer bowe downe their backes.

Poure out thy indignacion vpon them, & let thy wroth full diſpleaſure take holde of
Mat.27.e them. Let their habitacion be voyde, & no
Act.1.d man to dwell in their tentes. For they perſecute him whom thou haſt ſmytten, & beſyde thy woundes they haue geuen him moo. Let them fall frõ one wickednẽſſe to another, & not come in to thy righteouſneſſe. Let thẽ
Exo.32.g be wyped out of ſy boke of the lyuinge, & not be written amonge the righteous. As for me, I am poore & in heuyneſſe, let thy helpe
E defende me, o God. That I maye prayſe ſy name of God with a ſonge, & magnifie it with thankeſgeuynge. This ſhal pleaſe the LORDE better then a bullocke, that hath hornes & hoffes. O conſidre this & be glad (ye that be in aduerſite) ſeke after God, & yo ſoule ſhal lyue.

For the LORDE heareth the poore, & deſpyſet not his preſoners. Let heauen & earth praiſe him, the ſee & all that moueth therin. For God wil ſaue Sion, & buylde the cities of Juda, that men maye dwell there, & haue thẽ in poſſeſſion. The ſede of his ſeruauntes ſhal ĩherete it, & they that loue his name, ſhal dwell therin.

The LXIX. A pſalme of Dauid.

Pſal.39.c HAiſt the (o God) to delyuer me, & to helpe me, o LORDE. Let thẽ be ſhamed & confounded that ſeke after my ſoule: let them be turned backwarde & put to confuciõ, that wyſh me euell. Let them ſoone be brought to ſhame, ſy crie ouer me: there there.

But let all thoſe that ſeke the, be ioyfull & glad in the: and let all ſoch as delyte in thy ſauynge health, ſaye alwaye: ſy LORDE be prayſed. As for me, I am poore & in miſery, haiſt the God for to helpe me. Thou art my

helpe, my redemer & my God: oh make no longe tarienge.

The LXX pſalme.

IN the, o LORDE, is my truſt, let me ne A
Pſal.30.a uer be put to cõfuciõ, but rydde me & delyuer me thorow thy righteouſneſſe: encline thine eare vnto me, & helpe me. Be thou my ſtronge holde (where vnto I maye alwaye flee) thou that haſt promiſed to helpe me: for thou art my houſe of defence & my caſtell. Delyuer me (o my God) out of ſy hãde of the vngodly, out of the hande of the vnrighteous & cruell man. For thou (o LORDE God) art the thinge that I lõge for, thou
Pſal.21.b Icre.1.a art my hope euen fro my youth. I haue leaned vpõ ſy euer ſens I was borne, thou art he that toke me out of my mothers wombe, therfore is my prayſe allwaye of the. I am become a wonder vnto the multitude, but my ſure truſt is in the. Oh let my mouth be fylled with thy prayſe & honoure all the daye lõge. Caſt me not awaye in myne olde age, forſake me not when my ſtrength fayleth me. For myne enemies ſpeake agaynſt me, & they that laye wayte for my ſoule, take their counſell together, ſayenge: God hath forſakẽ him, perſecute him, take him, for there is none to helpe him. Go not farre fro me, o God: my God, haiſt the to helpe me. Let them be cõfounded & periſh, that are agaynſt my ſoule: let thẽ be couered with ſhame & diſhonoure, that ſeke to do me euell. As for me, I wil paciẽtly abyde allwaye, & wil euer encreaſe thy prayſe. My mouth ſhal ſpeake of thy righteouſneſſe & ſauynge health all the daye lõge, for I knowe no ende therof. Let me go in (o LORDE God) & I wil make mencion of thy power and righteouſneſſe only. Thou (o God) haſt lerned me fro my youth vp vntill now, therfore wil I tell of ſy wonderous workes. Forſake me not (o God) in myne olde age, when I am gray headed: vntill I haue
Deut.6.d ſhewed thyne arme vnto childers children, & thy power to all them that are yet for to come. Thy righteouſnes (o God) is very hie, thou that doeſt greate thinges: o God, who is like vnto the? O what greate troubles & aduerſite haſt thou ſhewed me? & yet
C dideſt thou turne & refreſh me, yee & broughteſt me from the depe of the earth agayne. Thou haſt brought me to greate honoure, & comforted me on euery ſyde. Therfore wil I prayſe the & thy faithfulneſſe (o God) playẽ
2.Reg.7.b ge vpon the lute, vnto the wil I ſynge vpon the harpe. o thou holy one of Iſrael. My lippes wolde fayne ſynge prayſes vnto the: & ſo wolde my ſoule, whom thou haſt delyuered.

My tonge talketh of thy righteousnesse all the daye longe, for they are confounded & brought vnto shame, y sought to do me euel.

The LXXI. A psalme of Salomon.

A GIue the kinge thy iudgmēt (o God) and thy righteousnesse vnto the kynges sonne. That he maye gouerne
Deu.17.d thy people accordinge vnto right, and defende thy poore. That the mountaynes maye bringe peace, and the litle hilles righteousnes vnto the people. He shal kepe the symple folke by their right, defende the childrē of the poore, and punysh the wrongeous doer.

Psal.89.e Thou shalt be feared as longe as y Sonne and the Moone endureth, from one generacion to another. He shal come downe like the rayne in to a flese of woll, and like the
B droppes that water y earth. In his tyme shal righteousnesse flourish, yee and abundaūce of peace, so longe as the Moone endureth.

Exo.23.d His dominion shalbe from the one see to
Re.4.b the other, and from the floude vnto the worldes ende. They that dwell in the wildernes, shal knele before him, & his enemies shal licke the dust. The kynges of the see and of the
1.Re.10.a Iles shal bringe presentes, y kinges of Arabya & Saba shall offre giftes. All kynges
Esa.60.a shal worshipe him, & all Heithē shal do him
Matt.2.b seruyce. For he shal deliuer the poore whē he crieth, & the nedy y hath no helpe. He shall be fauorable to the symple & poore, he shal preserue the soules of soch as be in aduer
C site. He shal deliuer their soules from extorcion & wronge, & deare shal their bloude be in his sight. He shal lyue, & vnto him shalbe geuē of y golde of Arabia: prayer shal be made euer vnto him, & daylie shal he be praysed. There shalbe an heape of corne in the earth hye vpon the hilles, his frute shal shake like Libanus, & shal be grene in the cite, like grasse vpō the earth. His name shal endure for euer, his name shal remayne vnder the sonne amonge the posterites, which shal be blessed thorow him, & all the Heithen shal prayse him. Blessed be the LORDE God, euen the God of Israel, which only doth wōderous thinges. And blessed be the name of his maiesty for euer, and all londes be fulfilled with his glory. Amen, Amen.

Here ende the prayers of Dauid the sonne of Jesse.

The LXXII. A psalme of Asaph.

A GOd, how louynge is God vnto Israel, to soch as are of a clene hert: Nevertheles my fete were allmost gone, my

treadinges had wel nye slipte. And why. I was greued at y wicked, to se the vngodly in soch prosperite. For they are in no parell of death, but stonde fast like a palace. They come in no misfortune like other folke, nether are they plaged like other men. And this is the cause that they be so puft vp in pryde, & ouerwhelmed with cruelte and vnrighteousnesse. Their eyes swell for fatnesse, they do
B euen what they lyst. Corrupte are they, and speake blasphemies maliciously, proude and presumptuous are their wordes. They stretch forth their mouth vnto the heauen, & their tonge goeth thorow the worlde. Therfore fall the people vnto them, and there out sucke they no small auauntage. Tush (saye
Psal.93.a they) how shulde God perceaue it: is there knowlege in the most hyest: Lo, these are the vngodly, these prospere in the worlde, these haue riches in possession. Shulde I then clense my hert in vayne (thought I) & wash
Mal.3.c my hondes in innocency: Wherfore shulde I be then punyshed daylie, & be chastened
C euery morninge: Nee I had allmost also sayde euen as they: but lo, then shulde I haue condemned the generacion of thy children. Then thought I to vnderstonde this, but it was to harde for me. Vntill I wēte in to y Sanctuary of God, & considered the ende of these men. Namely, how thou hast set thē
Psal.91.a in a slippery place, that thou maiest cast thē downe headlynges & destroye thē. O how sodenly do they consume, perish, & come to a fearfull ende: Nee euen like as a dreame when
Psal.89.d one awaketh, so makest thou their ymage to
Esa.29.b vanish out of the cite. Thus my hert was greued, & it wente euen thorow my reynes.

So foolish was I and ignoraunt, and as it were a beest before the. Neuertheless, I am allwaye by the, thou holdest me by my right hande. Thou ledest me with thy cōsel, and afterwarde receauest me vnto glory. O what is there prepared for me in heauen: there is nothinge vpō earth, that I desyre in comparison of the. My flesh and my herte fayleth, but God is the strength of my
Num.18.c hert, and my porcion for euer. For lo, they
Psal.118.h that forsake the, shal perishe, thou destroyest
Deu.31.c all them that committe fornicacion agaynst the. But it is good for me, to holde me fast by God, to put my trust in the LORDE God, and to speake of all thy workes.

The LXXIII. A psalme of Asaph.

GOd, wherfore doest thou cast vs so
A cleane awaye: why is y wrath so hote agaynst y shepe of y pasture: O

thynke vpon thy congregacion, whom thou
haſt purchaſed frō the begynnynge: the ſtaff
of thine inheritaunce, whom thou haſt re-
demed, euen this hill of Sion wherin thou
dwelleſt. Treade vpon them with thy fete,
& caſt them downe to the grounde, for the e-
nemie hath deſtroyed all together in the Sāc
tuary. Thy aduerſaries roare in thy hou-
ſes, & ſet vp their banners for tokens. Men
maye ſe the axes gliſter aboue, like as thoſe
that hewe in the wod. They cutt downe all
4.Re.25.b the ſylinge worke of ỹ Sāctuary w̄ bylles &
2.Pa.36.c axes. They haue ſet fyre vpon ỹ Sāctuary
Eze.16.d they haue defiled ỹ dwellynge place of ỹ na
me, enē vnto the groūde. Yee they ſaye in the
B ir hertes: Let vs ſpoyle thē all together, thus
haue they brent vp all the houſes of God in
the londe. We ſe oure tokens no more, there is
not one prophet more, no not one that vnder-
ſtondeth enymore. Oh God, how lōge ſhal
the aduerſary do this diſhoneure: how lōge
ſhal the enemie blaſpheme thy name? for e-
uer? Why withdrawe ſt thou thine honde?
why pluckeſt thou not thy right hōde out of
thy boſome, to conſume thine enemies?
But God is my kynge of olde, the helpe that
is done vpon earth he doth it himſelf. Thou
denydeſt ỹ ſee thorow thy power, thou brea-
Exo.14.d keſt the heades of the dragōs in the waters.
Eſa.27.a Thou ſmyteſt the heades of Leuiathan in
Iob.40.c peces, & geueſt him to be meate for the peo-
ple in the wilderneſſe. Thou dyggeſt vp
C welles & brokes, thou dryeſt vp mightie wa-
ters. The daye is thyne, & the night is thi-
ne: thou haſt prepared the lightes & the Son
ne. Thou haſt ſet all ỹ borders of the earth
thou haſt made both Semmer & wynter.
Remembre this (o LORDE) how the enemie re
buketh, & how the fooliſh people blaſpheme
thy name. O delyuer not the ſoule of thy
turtle doue vnto the beeſtes, & forget not the
congregacon of the poore for euer. Loke v-
pon the couenaunt, for the darcke houſes of
the earth are full of wickednesſe.. O let not
the ſymple go awaye aſhamed, for the poore
& nedy geue prayſes vnto thy name. Aryſe
(o God) & mainteyne thine owne cauſe, remem
bre how the fooliſh mā blaſphemeth the day
lie. Forget not the voyce of thine enemies,
for the preſumpcion of them that hate the,
increaſeth euer more & more.

The LXXIIII. A pſalme of Aſaph.

A VNto the (o God) will we geue thākes,
yee vnto the wyll we geue thankes, &
ſeynge thy name is ſonye, we will tell
of thy wonderous workes. When I maye
get a conuenient tyme, I ſhal iudge accordin-
ge vnto right. The earth is weake & all that
is therin, but I beare vp hir pilers. Sela.
I ſayde vnto the madde people: deale not
ſo madly, & to the vngodly: ſet not vp youre
hornes. Set not vp youre hornes an hye, &
ſpeake not with a ſtiff necke. For promocīō
commeth neither from the eaſt ner from the
weſt, ner yet frō the wylderneſſe. And why?
B God is the iudge: he putteth downe one & ſet
teth vp another. For in the honde of the LOR
DE there is a cuppe full of ſtronge wyne, & he
poureth out of the ſame: As for the dregges
therof, all ỹ vngodly of the earth ſhal dr̄ynke
them, & ſucke them out. But I wil talke of
the God of Jacob, & prayſe him for euer. All
the hornes of the vngodly will I breake, & ỹ
hornes of the righteous ſhalbe exalted.

Eccl.35.b
Eſa.51.b
Iere.25.c

The LXXV. A pſalme of Aſaph.

A IN Juda is God knowne, his name is
greate in Iſrael. At Salem is his ta
bernacle, & his dwellinge in Sion.
There breaketh he the arowes of the bowe, ỹ
ſhylde, the ſwerde & the whole battayll.
Sela. Thou art of more honoure & might
thē the hilles of robbers. The proude ſhalbe
robbed & ſlepe their ſlepe, & ỹ mightie ſhalbe
able to do nothinge with their hōdes. Whē
B thou rebukeſt them (o God of Jacob) both
the charettes & horſmen ſhal fall on ſlepe.
Thou art feareful, for who maye abyde in ỹ
ſight, when thou art angrie? When thou
latteſt thy iudgment be herde from heauen,
the erth trembleth & is ſtill. Yee when God
aryſeth to geue iudgment, & to helpe all them
that be in aduerſite vpon earth. Sela.
When thou punyſheſt one man, he muſt
knowlege, that thou art redy to punyſh other
mo. Loke what ye promyſe vnto the LOR-
DE youre God, ſe that kepe it, all ye that be
roūde aboute him: bryng e preſentes vnto him
ỹ ought to be feared. Which taketh awaye
the breth of prynces, & is wonderfull amōge
the kynges of the earth.

Pſal.45.b

Iud.4.c
2.Par.29.d
4.Reg.19.f

Deut.23.d
Eccle.5.a

The LXXVI. A pſalme of Aſaph.

A I Cried vnto God with my voyce, yee
euen vnto God cried I with my voy-
ce, & he herde me. In the tyme of my
trouble I ſought the LORDE, I helde vp my
hondes vnto him in the night ſeaſon, for my
ſoule refuſed all other comforte. When I
was in heuyneſſe, I thought vpō God: whē
my hert was vexed, then dyd I ſpeake.
Sela. Thou heldeſt myne eyes wakyn
ge, I was ſo feble, that I coude not ſpeake.
Then remembred I the tymes of olde, & the
yeares that were paſt. I called to remem-
braunce my ſonge in the night, I commoned

Pſal.141.a

Pſal.142.a

with myne owne herte, and sought out my spriete.
B Wil the LORDE cast out for euer?
Wil he be nomore intreated? Is his mercy cleane gone? Is his promyse come vtterly to an ende for euermore? Hath the LORDE forgotten to be gracious? Or, hath he shut vp his louynge kyndnesse in displeasure? Sela. At the last I came to this poynte, that I thought: O why art thou so foolish? the right honde of the most hyest can chaunge all.
Therfore wil I remembre the workes of the LORDE, and call to mynde thy wonders of olde tyme. I wil speake of all thy workes, and my talkynge shalbe of thy doinges.
C Thy waye (o God) is holy, who is so greate & mightie as God? Thou art the God, that doth wonders, thou hast declared thy
Exo.14.d power amonge the people. Thou with thine arme hast delyuered thy people, euen the sonnes of Jacob and Joseph. Sela. The waters sawe the (o God) the waters sawe the, & were afrayed: the depthes were moued. The thicke cloudes poured out water, the cloudes thõdered, and thy arowes wente abrode. Thy thonder was herde rounde aboute, the lightninges shone vpon the grounde, the earth was moued and shoke withall. Thy waye was in the see, and thy pathes in the greate waters, yet coude no man knowe thy foresteppes. Thou leddest thy people like a flocke of shepe, by the honde of Moses and Aaron.

A The LXXVII. Psalme of Asaph.

HEare my lawe (o my people) encline yo eares vnto the wordes of my mouth.
Mat.13.c I wil open my mouth in parables,
Exo.12.d and speake of thinges of olde. Which we
Deut.4.h and 11.c haue herde and knowne, and soch as oure fa-
Ephe.6.a thers haue tolde vs. That we shulde not hyde them from the children of the generacions to come: but to shewe the honoure of the LORDE, his might and wonderfull workes that he hath done. He made a couenaunt with Jacob, and gaue Israel a lawe, which he cõ-
Exo.12.e and 13.d maunded oure forefathers to teach their chil-
Deut.6.d dren. That their posterite might knowe it, and the children which were yet vnborne.
To the intent the when they came vp, they might shewe their children the same. That they also might put their trust in God, & not to forget what he had done, but to kepe his
Eze.18.b and 20.c cõmaundementes. And not to be as their
Deut.31.a forefathers, a frowarde and ouerthwarte generacion, a generacion that set not their herte a right, and whose spriete was not true
B towarde God. Like as the children of Ephraim, which beynge harnessed and carien-

ge bowes, turned them selues backe in the tyme of battayll. They kepte not the couenaũt of God, & wolde not walke in his lawe.
They forgat what he had done, and the wonderfull workes that he had shewed for them. Maruelous thinges dyd he in the sight of their fathers in the londe of Egipte,
Exo.14.e euen in the felde of Zoan. He deuyded the see and let them go thorow it, and made the waters to stonde like a wall. In the dayetyme he led them with a cloude, and all the
Exo.13.d Exo.17.b Nu.20.b 1.Co.10.a night thorow with a light of fyre. He cloaue the hard rockes in the wildernesse, and gaue them drynke therof, as it had bene out of the greate deapth. He brought waters out of the stony rocke, so that they gusshed out like the ryuers. Yet for all this they synned agaynst him, and prouoked the most hyest in the wildernesse. They tempted God in their hertes, and requyred meate for their lust, For they spake agaynst God and sayExo.16.a Num.11.a de: Yee yee, God shal prepare a table in the wyldernesse, shall he? Lo, he smote the stonyrocke, that the watery streames gusshed out, and the streames flowed withall: but how can he geue bred and prouyde flesh for his people? When the LORDE herde this, he was wroth: so the fyre was kyndled in Jacob, and heuy displeasure agaynst Israel.
C Because they beleued not in God, and put not their trust in his helpe. So he commaũded the cloudes aboue, and opened the doores of heauen. He rayned downe Manna vpõ
Exo.16.c them for to eate, and gaue them bred from
Deut.8.a Sap 16.d heauen. Then ate they angels fode, for he
Ioh.6.d sent them meate ynough. He caused the east wynde to blowe vnder the heauen, and thorow his power he brought in the south wynde. He made flesh to rayne vpon them
Exo.16.c as thicke as dust, and fethered foules like the
Num.11.g sonde of the see. He let it fall amõge their tẽtes rouñde aboute their habitaciõs. So they ate & were fylled, for he gaue them their owne desyre. They were not dispoynted of their lust.
Num.11.g But whyle the meate was yet in their mouthes: The heuy wrath of God came vpõ thẽ, slewe the welthiest of thẽ, & smote downe the chosen men of Israel. But for all this they synD Num14.a ned yet more, and beleued not his wõderous workes. Therfore their dayes were consumed in vanite, and sodenly their yeares were gone. When he slewe them, they sought him, and turned them early vnto God.
They thought then that God was their socoure, and that the hye God was their redemer. Neuertheless, they dyd but flater him in their mouthes, and dissembled with

him in their tonges. For their herte was not whole with him, nether continued they in his couenaunt. But he was so mercifull, that he forgaue their mysdedes, and destroyed them not: Yee many a tyme turned he his wrath awaye, and wolde not suffre his whole displeasure to aryse. Psal.102.b For he considered ẏ they were but flesh: euen a wynde that passeth awaye, and commeth not agayne. O how oft haue they greued him in the wildernesse? How many a tyme haue they prouoked him in the deserte? They turned backe & tempted God, and moued the E holy one in Israel. They thought not of his hãde, in ẏ daye when he delyuered them from the hande of ẏ enemie. How he had wrought his miracles in Egipte, and his wõders in the londe of Zoan. How he turned their waters into bloude, so that they might Exo.7.d not drynke of the ryuers. Exo.8.e How he sent lyse amonge them, to eate them vp, and Exo.8.b frogges to destroye them. How he gaue their frutes vnto the catirpiller, and their labeure Exo.10.d vnto the greshopper. Exo.9.c How he bett downe their vynyardes with hayle stones, and their Molbery trees with the frost. How he smote their catell with hayle stones, and their flockes with hote thõder boltes. How he sent vpon them ẏ furiousnesse of his wrath, anger & displeasure: with trouble and fallinge in of euel angels. Psal.78.a When he made a waye to his fearfull indignaciõ, and spared not their soules from death, yee and gaue their catell ouer to the pestilence. Exo.12.e When he smote Psal.134.b all the firstborne in Egipte, the most principall and mightiest in ẏ dwellinges of Ham.

F But as for his owne people, he led them forth like shepe, and caried them in the wyldernesse like a flocke. He brought them out safely, that they shulde not feare, and ouerwhelmed their enemies with the see. He caried them vnto the borders of his Sanctuary: euen in to this hill, which he purchased Deut.3.a with his right hande. Iosu.6.a He dyd cast out the heithen before them, caused their londe to be deuyded amonge them for an heretage, and made ẏ tribes of Israel to dwell in their tẽtes. For all this they tempted and displeased the most hye God, and kepte not his couenaunt. But turned their backes and fell awaye like their forefathers, startinge aside like a broken bowe. And so they greued him with their hie places, & prouoked him with their ymages. When God herde this, he was wroth, and toke sore displeasure at Israel. Iere.7.a So that he forsoke the tabernacle in Silo, euen his habitacion wherin he dwelt amonge men. He delyuered their power in to captiuyte, and their glory in to the enemies hõde. He gaue his people ouer in to the G swerde, for he was wroth with his heretage.

The fyre consumed their yonge men, and their maydẽs were not geuen to mariage.

Their prestes were slayne with the swerde, and there were no wydowes to make lamentacion. So the LORDE awaked as one out of slepe, and like a giaunte refreshed with wyne. 1.Reg.4.a He smote his enemies in ẏ hynder partes, and put them to a perpetuall shame. He refused the tabernacle of Joseph, and chose not the trybe of Ephraim. Neuertheles, he chose ẏ trybe of Juda, euẽ the hill of Sion which he loued. And there he Psal.86.a buylded his temple on hye, and layed ẏ foundacion of it like ẏ grounde, that it might perpetually endure. He chose Dauid also his 1.Re.16.c seruaũt, and toke him awaye from the shepe foldes. As he was folowinge the yowes greate with yonge, he toke him, that he might fede Jacob his people, and Israel his enheritaunce. So he fed them with a faithfull and true hert, and ruled them with all ẏ diligence of his power.

The LXXVIII. A psalme of Asaph.

O God, ẏ heithen are fallen in to thine A heretage: thy holy temple haue they 2.Par.36.c defyled, and made Jerusalem an heape of stones. The deed bodies of thy ser- Iere.15.a nauntes haue they geuen vnto ẏ foules of Iere.16.a the ayre to be deuoured, and the flesh of thy and 34.d sayntes vnto ẏ beestes of the londe. 1.Mac.7.c Their bloude haue they shed like water on euery syde of Jerusalem, and there was no mã to burie them. We are become an open shame 1.Reg.9.b vnto oure enemies, a very scorne and derision vnto them that are rounde about vs. Psal.43.b Iere.19.a

LORDE, how longe wilt thou be angrie? shal thy gelousy burne like fyre for euer? Poure out thy indignacion vpon the Iere.10.d heithen that knowe the not, and vpon the kyngdomes that call not vpon thy name.

For they haue deuoured Jacob, and layed waiste his dwellinge place. O remẽbre not Esa.64.b oure olde synnes, but haue mercy vpon vs (& that soone) for we are come to greate mysery.

Helpe vs (O God o^r Sauyo^r) for ẏ glory of B ẏ name: o delyuer vs, & forgeue vs o^r synnes for ẏ names sake. Wherfore shall ẏ heithẽ saye: where is now their God? O let the Psal.91.b vengeaunce of thy seruauntes bloude that is shed, be openly shewed vpon the heithẽ in oure sight. O let the sorowfull sighinge of the preseners come before the, and acordinge vnto ẏ power of thine arme, preserue those ẏ

are appoynted to dye. And for the blasphemy wher w' o' neghbours haue blasphemed y', reward thē (o LORDE) seuēfolde in to their bosome. So we y be y people & shepe of thy pasture, shal geue the thankes for euer, & wil allwaye be shewinge forth thy prayse more & more. The LXXIX. A psalme of Asaph.

A HEare o thou shepherde of Israel, thou y ledest Jacob like a flocke of shepe: shewe y self, thou y sytteste vpō y Cherubins. Before Ephraim, Bē Jamin & Manasses: stere vp thy power & come helpe vs. Turne vs agayne (o God) shewe the light of thy countenaūce & we shal be whole. O LORDE God of hoostes, how lōge wilt thou be angrie ouer the prayer of thy people? Thou hast fed thē with the bred of teares, yee thou hast geuen thē plēteousnes of teares to drynke. Thou hast made vs a very strife vnto o' neghbours, & o' enemies laugh vs to scorne.

Turne vs agayne (thou God of hoostes) shewe the light of thy coūtenaūce, & we shal be whole. Thou hast brought a vynyarde out of Egipte, thou dideste cast out y heithē, & plāte it. Thou maydest rowme for it, & caused it to take rote, so y it fylled the lōde. The hilles were couered with the shadowe of it, & so were the stronge Cedre trees w' the bowes therof. She stretched out hir braūches vnto the see, & hir bowes vnto the water: Why hast thou then broken downe hir hedge, that all they which go by, plucke of hir grapes?

The wilde bore out of the wod hath wrutt it vp, & the beestes of the felde haue deuoured it. Turne y agayne (thou God of hoostes) loke downe from heauen, beholde & viset this vynyarde. Manteyne it, that thy right hōde hath plāted, & the sonne whom thou maydest so moch of for thy self. For why? it is brēt with fyre, & lyeth waist: o let thē perishe at the rebuke of thy wrath.

Let thy honde be vpon the man of thy right honde, & vpon the man whō thou maydest so moch off for thine owne self. And so wil not we go backe from the: oh let vs lyue, & we shal call vpon thy name. Turne vs agayne o LORDE God of hoostes, shewe the light of thy coūtenaūce, & we shal be whole.

The LXXX. A psalme of Asaph.

A SYnge merely vnto God which is o' strēgth make a chearful noyse vnto y God of Jacob. Take y psalme, bryng hither the tabret, the mery harpe & lute. Blowe vp the trōpettes in the new Moone, vpon o' solēpne feast daye. For this is the vse in Israel, & a lawe of the God of Jacob. This he ordened in Joseph for a testimony, when he came out of Egipte, & had herde a straūge lāguage. When he eased his shulder from the burthē, & when his hondes were delyuered frō the pottes. Whē thou calldest vpon me in trouble, I helped the & herde the, what tyme as the storme fell vpō the, I proued the also at the water of strife. Sela. B

Heare o my people, for I assure the o Israel, yf thou wilt herken vnto me: There shal no straunge God be in the, nether shalt thou worshipe eny other God. I am the LORDE thy God, which brought the out of the lōde of Egipte: opē thy mouth wyde, & I shal fyll it. But my people wolde not heare my voyce, & Israel wolde not obeye me. So I gaue thē vp vnto their owne hertes lust, & let thē folowe their owne ymaginacions. O y my people wolde obeye me, for yf Israel wolde walke in my wayes. I shulde soone put downe their enemies, & turne myne hōde agaynst their aduersaries. The haters of y LORDE shulde mysse Israel, but their tyme shulde endure for euer. He shulde fede them with the fynest wheate floure, & satisfie them with hony out of the stony rocke.

The LXXXI. A psalme of Asaph.

GOd stondeth in the congregacion of the goddes, & is a iudge amonge the iudges. How longe wil ye geue wrōge iudgment, & accepte the personnes of the vngodly? Sela. Defende the poore & fatherlesse, se that soch as be in nede & necessite haue right. Delyuer the outcaste & poore, & saue hym from the hande of the vngodly. Nenertheles, they wil not be lerned & vnderstonde, but walke on still in darcknesse: therfore must all the foundacions of the londe be moued. I haue sayde: ye are goddes, ye all are the childrē of y most hyest. But ye shal dye like men, & fall like one of the tyrauntes. Arise (o God) & iudge thou the earth, for all heithen are thine by enheritaunce.

The LXXXII. A psalme of Asaph.

HOlde not thy tonge (o God) kepe not A still sylēce, refrayne not y self, o God. For lo, thy enemies make a murmuringe, & they y hate the, lift vp their heade. They ymagin craftely agaynst thy people, & take councell agaynst thy secrete ones. Come (saye they) let vs rote them out from amonge the people, that the name of Israel maye be put out of remēbraunce. For they haue cast their heades tog'ther with one consent, & are cōfederate agaynst the. The tabernacles of the Edomites & Ismaelites, the Moabites & Hagarenes. Gebal, Ammon and Amalech: the philistynes with them that

dwell at Tyre. Aſſur alſo is ioyned vnto thē
& helpe the childrē of Loth. Sela.

But do thou to them as vnto the Madianites, vnto Sisera and vnto Jabin by ſ̄ broke of Cyſon. Which periſhed at Endor, & became as the dōge of ſ̄ earth. Make their
B prynces like Oreb and Zeeb: Yee make all their prynces like as Zebea and Salmana.

Iud.7.c
Iud.4.c
Iud.7.g
Iud.8.b

Which ſaye: we wil haue the houſes of God in poſſeſſion. O my God, make them like vnto a whele, and as the ſtuble before the wynde. Like as a fyre that burneth vp the wodd, & as the flame that conſumeth the mountaynes. Perſecute them euen ſo with thy tempeſt, & make them afrayed with thy ſtorme. Make their faces aſhamed (o LORDE) ſ̄ they maye ſeke thy name. Let thē be cōfounded & vexed euer more & more: Let thē be put to ſhame & periſh. That they maye knowe, that thou art alone, that thy name is the LORDE, and that thou only art the meſt hyeſt ouer all the earth.

Pſal.1.b and 34.a

The LXXXIII. A pſalme of the chil dren of Corah.

A
a.Cor.5.a
Can.5.c

O how amiable are ſ̄ dwelliges, thou LORDE of hooſtes. My ſoule hath a deſyre & lōginge for ſ̄ courte of ſ̄ LORDE, my hert & my fleſh reioyſe in ſ̄ lyuyng God. For the ſparow hath founde hir an houſe, & the ſwalowe a neſt, where ſhe maye laye hir yōge: euē ſ̄ aulters O LORDE of hooſtes, my kynge & my God. O how bleſſed are they that dwell in thy houſe, they are allwaye prayſinge ſ̄. Bleſſed are ſ̄ men who ſe ſtrēgth is in ſ̄, in whoſe herte are ſ̄ wayes.

Which goinge thorow the vale of myſery, vſe it for a well, and the poles are fylled with
B water. They go from ſtrength to ſtrength and ſo the God of Gods apeareth vnto thē in Sion. O LORDE God of hooſtes, heare my prayer: herken o God of Jacob.

Beholde o God oure defence, loke vpon the face of thyne anoynted. For one daye in thy courte is better then a thouſande: I had rather be a dore keper in the houſe of my God, then to dwell in the tentes of the vngodly. For the LORDE God is a light and defence, the LORDE wil geue grace & worſhipe, and no good thinge ſhal he withholde from them, that lyue a godly life. O LORDE God of hooſtes, bleſſed is the man, ſ̄ putteth his truſt in the.

The LXXXIIII. A pſalme of the chil dren of Corah.

A
LORDE, thou bareſt a loue vnto thy londe, thou dideſt bringe agayne the captiuyte of Jacob. Thou dideſt forgeue the offence of thy people, and couerdeſt all their ſynnes. Sela.

Pſal.31.a

Thou tokeſt awaye all thy diſpleaſure, & turnedeſt thy ſelf from thy wrothful indignacion. Turne vs then (o God o' Sauioure) & let thine anger ceaſſe from vs. Wilt thou be diſpleaſed at vs for euer? wilt thou ſtretch out thy wrath from one generacion to another? Wilt thou not turne agayne, & quycken vs, that thy people maye reioyſe in the?

I wil herken what the LORDE God wil
B ſaie, for he ſhal ſpeake peace vnto his people and to his ſayntes, that they turne not them ſelues vnto fooliſhnes. For his ſalvacion is nye them that feare him, ſo that glory ſhal dwell in oure londe. Mercy and trueth are met together, righteouſneſſe and peace kyſſe ech other. Trueth ſhal ryſe out of ſ̄ earth, and righteouſneſſe ſhal loke downe from heauen. And why? the LORDE ſhal ſhewe lo uinge kyndneſſe, and oure londe ſhal geue hir encreaſe. Righteouſneſſe ſhal go before him, and prepare the waye for his commynge.

The LXXXV. pſalme A prayer of Dauid.

B
Owe downe thine eare (o LORDE) A and heare me, for I am cōfortles and poore. O kepe my ſoule, for I am holy: my God, helpe thy ſeruaunt that putteth his truſt in the. Be mercifull vnto me (o LORDE) for I call daylie vpon the. Cō forte the ſoule of thy ſeruaunt, for vnto the (o LORDE) do I lift vp my ſoule. For thou
LORDE art good and gracious, & of greate mercy vnto all them that call vpon the.

Exo.34.a
Ioel.2.c
Pſal.102.a
144.a

Geue eare LORDE vnto my prayer, and
B ponder my humble deſyre. In the tyme of my trouble I call vpon the, for thou heareſt me. Amonge the goddes there is none like
B the o LORDE, there is not one that cā do as thou doeſt. All nacions whom thou haſt made, ſhall come and worſhipe before the o LORDE, and ſhal glorifie thy name. For thou art greate, thou doeſt wonderous thinges, thou art God alone. Lede me in thy waye (o LORDE) that I maye walke in thy trueth: O let my hert delyte in fearynge thy name. I thanke the o LORDE my God, & wil prayſe thy name for euer. For greate is thy mercy towarde me, thou haſt delyuered Pſal.29.a
my ſoule from ſ̄ nethermoſt hell. O God, C the proude are ryſen agaynſt me, and the cō gregacion of ſ̄ mighty ſeketh after my ſoule, & ſet not ſ̄ before their eyes. But thou (o Pſal.102.a
LORDE God) art full of compaſſion and 144.a
mercy, longeſuffrynge, greate in goodneſſe Exo.34.a
& trueth. O turne the then vnto me, haue

mercy vpō me: geue thy strength vnto thy ser
uaunt, & helpe the sonne of thy handmaydē.
Shewe some tokē vpon me for good, that
they which hate me, maye se it and be asha-
med: because thou LORDE hast holped me, &
comforted me.

The LXXXVI. A psalme of the chil-
dren of Corah.

A Psal. 77. g

HIr foundacions are vpō the holy hil-
les: the LORDE loueth the gates of Si
on more, thē all ỹ dwellīges of Jacob.
Very excellēt thīges are spokē of ỹ, thou ci
te of God. Sela. I wil thinke vpō Rahab &
Babilō, so that they shal knowe me: Yee the
Philistynes also & they of Tyre with the Mo
rians. Lo, there was he borne. And of Si
on it shalbe reported, that he was borne in
her, euen the most hyest which hath buylded
her. The LORDE shal cause it be preached &
written amonge the people, that he was bor-
ne there. Sela.
Therfore the dwellinge of all syngers &
daunsers is in the.

The LXXXVII. A psalme of the chil
dren of Corah.

A

O LORDE God my Sauyō, I crie daye
& night before the: Oh let my prayer
entre in to thy presence, encline thine
eare vnto my callynge. For my soule is full
of trouble, & my life draweth nye vnto hell.
I am coūted as one of thē that go downe vn
to the pytte, I am euē as a mā that hath no
strēgth. Fre amōge the deed, like vnto thē ỹ
lye in the graue, which be out of remembraū-
ce, and are cutt awaye from thy honde.
Thou hast layed me in the lowest pytte, in ỹ
darckneſſe and in the depe. Thy indigna-
cion lieth hard vpon me, and thou vexest me
B with all thy floudes. Sela. Thou hast
put awaye myne acquātaunce farre fro me, &
made me to be abhorred of them: I am so
fast in preſon, that I can not get forth.
My sight fayleth for very trouble: LOR-
DE, I call daylie vpō the, and stretch out my
Psal. 6. a hondes vnto the. Doest thou shewe won-
ders amonge the deed? Can the physiciās
rayse them vp agayne, that they maye pray-
Esa. 38. d se the? Maye thy louynge kyndnes be shew
ed in the graue, or thy faithfulnesse in des-
truccion? Maye thy wonderous workes
be knowne in the darcke, or thy righteousnes
in the londe where all thinges are forgotte?
C Vnto the I crie (o LORDE) and early cō
meth my prayer before the. LORDE, why
putteſt thou awaye my soule? Wherfore hy
deſt thou thy face fro me? My strength is
gone for very sorow and misery, with fear-
fulnesse do I beare thy burthens. Thy
wroth full displeasure goeth ouer me, the fea-
re of the oppresseth me. They come rounde
aboute me daylie like water, and compase me
together on euery syde. My louers and frō
des hast thou put awaye fro me, and turned
awaye myne acquantaunce.

The LXXXVIII. A psalme of Ethan
the Esrahite.

A Psal. 100. a

MY songe shal be allwaye of the lo-
uynge kyndneſſe of the LORDE, w
my mouth wil I euer be shewinge
thy faithfulnesse frō one generacion to ano
ther. For I haue sayde: mercy shal be set vp
for euer, thy faithfulnesse shalt thou stablish
in the heauens. I haue made a couenaunt 2. Reg 7. c
with my chosen, I haue swore vnto Dauid Psal 131. a
my seruaunt. Thy sede wil I stablish for e-
uer, and set vp thy Trone from one genera-
cion to another. Sela.
O LORDE, the very heauēs shal prayse thy
wonderous workes, yee & thy faithfulnes in ỹ Psal. 15. a
congregacion of the sayntes. For who is
he amonge the cloudes, that maye becōpared
vnto the LORDE? Yee what is he amonge Psal. 85. b
the goddes, that is like vnto the LORDE?
God is greatly to be feared in the counceil of
the sayntes, & to be had in reuerence of all thē
that are aboute him. O LORDE God of hoos B
tes, who is like vnto the in power? thy true-
ty is rounde aboute the. Thou ruleſt Exo. 14. c
the pryde of the see, thou stilleſt the wawes Mat. 8. c
therof, whē they arise. Thou breakest the
proude, like one that is wounded, thou sca-
treſt thine enemies abrode with thy mightie
arme. The heauēs are thine, the earth is thi
ne: thou hast layed the foundaciō of the roū
de worlde and all that therin is. Thou hast
made the north and the south, Tabor and
Hermon shal reioyse in thy name. Thou
hast a mightie arme, stronge is thy hande,
and hye is thy right hande. Righteousnes
and equite is the habitacion of thy seate, mer
cy and trueth go before thy face. Bleſſed
is the people (o LORDE) that can reioyse in
the, and walketh in the light of thy counte-
naunce. Their delite is in thy name all the C
daye longe, and thorow thy righteousneſſe
they shalbe exalted. For thou art the glory
of their strength, & thorow thy fauoure shalt
thou lift vp oure hornes. The LORDE is Esa. 1. a
oure defence, and the holy one of Israel is our Abac. 1. c
re kynge. Thou spakeſt somtyme in visiōs
vnto thy sayntes, and saydeſt: I haue layed
helpe vpon one that is mightie, I haue exal-
ted one chosen out of the people. I haue 1. Re. 16. a
founde Dauid my seruaūt, with my holy oy- 2. Reg. 5. a

le haue I anoynted him. My honde shal holde him fast, and my arme shal strengthe him. The enemie shal not ouercome him, and the sonne of wickednesse shal not hurte him. I shal smyte downe his foes before his face, and plage them that hate him.

My trueth also & my mercy shalbe with him, and in my name shal his horne be exalted. I wil set his honde in the see, and his
2.Reg.8 right honde in the floudes. He shal call me: thou art my father, my God, and the strengthe of my saluacion. And I wil make him my firstborne, hyer then the kinges of the earth.

My mercy wil I kepe for him for euermore, and my couenaunt shall stonde fast with him. His sede wil I make to endure for euer, yee and his Trone as the dayes of
2.Re.7.c heauen. But yf his childrē forsake my lawe,
3.Re.9.b and walke not in my iudgmentes. If they breake myne ordinaunces, and kepe not my commaundementes. I wil vyset their offences with the rodde, and their synnes with scourges. Neuertheles, my leuynge kyndnesse wil I not vtterly take from him, ner suffre my trueth to fayle. My couenaunt wil I not breake, ner disanulle the thinge
E is gone out of my lippes. I haue sworne once by my holynesse, that I wil not fayle Dauid. His sede shal endure for euer, and his
Psal.71.a seate also like as the Sonne before me. He shal stonde fast for euermore as the Moone, and as the faithfull witnesse in heauen.

Sela. But now thou forsakest and abhorrest thyne anoynted, and art displeased at him. Thou hast turned backe the couenaunt of thy seruaunt, and cast his
Psal.79.b crowne to the grounde. Thou hast euer throwne all his hedges, and broke downe his stronge holdes. All they that go by, spoyle him, he is become a rebuke vnto his neghbours. Thou settest vp the right hāde of his enemies, and makest all his aduersaryes to reioyse. Thou hast taken awaye the strength of his swerde, and geuest him not victory in the battayll. Thou hast put out his glory, and cast his Trone downe to
F the grounde. The dayes of his youth hast thou shortened, and couered him with dishonoure. Sela.

LORDE, how longe wilt thou hyde thy self? For euer? shal thy wrath burne like fyre? O remembre how shorte my tyme is,
Gen.3.c hast thou made all men for naught? What
Heb.9.d man is he that lyueth, and shal not se death? Maye a mā delyuer his owne soule from the honde of hell? Sela.

LORDE, where are thy olde louynge kynd-

nesses, which thou swarest vnto Dauid in thy trueth? Remēbre LORDE the rebuke that y multitude of the people do vnto thy seruauntes, & how I haue borne it in my bosome.
Wher w̄ thine enemies blaspheme the, & slaū 1.Pet.3.b der y foteseppes of y anoynted. Thankes be to the LORDE for euermore: Amen, Amen.

The LXXXIX psalme. A prayer of Moses the man of God.

LORDE, thou art oure refuge from one A
generacion to another. Before the mountaynes were brought forth, or euer the earth & the worlde were made, thou art God from euerlastinge and worlde with outende. Thou turnest man to destruccion, Agayne, thou sayest: come agayne ye
2.Pet.3.b childrē of men. For a thousande yeares in thy sight are but as yesterdaye that is past, and like as it were a night watch.

As soone as thou scatrest them, they are euen as a slepe, and fade awaye sodenly like
Psal.72.c the grasse. In the mornynge it is grene
Psal 36.a and groweth vp, but in the euenynge it is
Esa.40.a cutt downe and wythered. For we consume B
awaye in thy displeasure, and are afrayed at thy wrothfull indignacion. Thou settest oure misdedes before the, and oure secrete synnes in the light of thy countenaunce. For when thou art angrie, all & dayes are gone, we bringe o³ yeares to an ende, as it were a tayle that is tolde. The dayes of oure age are iij. score yeares & ten: & though men be so stronge that they come to iiij. score yeares, yet is their strength then but laboure and sorowe: so soone passeth it awaye, & we are gone. But who regardeth the power of thy wrath, thy fearfull & terrible displeasure? O teach vs to remembre oure dayes, that C
Psal.38.a we maye applie oure hertes vnto wysdome.

Turne the agayne (o LORDE) at the last, and be gracious vnto thy seruauntes. O satisfie vs with thy mercy, and that soone: so shal we reioyse and be glad all the dayes of oure life. Comforte vs agayne, now after the tyme that thou hast plaged vs, and for the yeares wherin we haue suffred aduersite.

Shewe thy seruauntes thy worke, & their children thy glory. And the glorious maiesty of the LORDE oure God be vpon vs: O prospere thou the worke of oure hondes vpon vs, o prospere thou oure hondy worke.

The XC. psalme.

Who so dwelleth vnder y defence of A
the most hyest, & abydeth vnder y shadowe of y allmightie: he shal saye vnto y LORDE: o my hope, & my stronge holde,

my God, in who I wil trust. For he shalde liuer the fro the snare of the hunter, & fro the noysome pestilence. He shal couer the vnder his wynges, that thou mayest be safe vnder his fethers: his faithfulnesse and trueth shal be thy shylde and buckler. So y thou shalt not nede to be afrayed for eny bugges by night, ner for arowe that flyeth by daye.

For the pestilēce that crepeth in y darcknesse, ner for the sickenesse y destroyeth in the noone daye. A thousande shal fall besyde the, and ten thousande at thy right honde,
B but it shal not come nye the. Yee with thyne eyes shalt thou beholde, and se the rewarde of the vngodly. For thou LORDE art my hope, thou hast set thy house of defence very hye. There shal no euell happen vnto the, nether shal eny plage come nye thy
Matt.4.a Luc.4.b Exo.23.c Psal.33.a dwellinge. For he shall geue his angels charge ouer the, to kepe the in all thy wayes. They shal beare the in their hondes, that thou hurte not thy fote agaynst a stone.

Thou shalt go vpo the Lyon and Adder, the yonge Lyon and the Dragon shalt thou treade vnder thy fete. Because he hath set his loue vpon me, I shal delyuer him: I shal defende him, for he hath knowne my name.
Psal.4.a When he calleth vpon me, I shall heare him: yee I am with him in his trouble, wher out I wil delyuer him, and bringe him to honoure. With log life wil I satisfie him, & shewe him my saluacion.

The XCI. psalme.

A Heb.13.c IT is a good thinge to geue thankes vnto the LORDE, and to synge prayses vnto y name, o most hyest. To tell of thy louynge kyndnesse early in the morninge, and of thy trueth in the night season.

Vpon an instrumēt of ten strynges, vpon the lute and with a songe vpon the harpe.
Rom.1.b Sap.13.a For thou LORDE hast made me glad thorow thy workes, and I wil reioyse ouer the operacion of thy hondes. O LORDE, how glorious are thy workes, thy thoughtes are very depe. An vnwyse man wil not knowe
Psal.72.c this, & a foole wil not vnderstode it. That the vngodly are grene as the grasse, and that all the workes of wickednes do florish, to be destroyed for euer. But thou LORDE o most hyest, abydest worlde without ende.

B For lo, thy enemies (o LORDE) lo, thy enemies shal perishe, and all the workers of wickednes shalbe scatred abrode. But my horne shalbe exalted like the horne of an Vnicorne, & shal be anoynted with fresh oyle. Myne eye also shal se his lust of myne enemies, & myne eare shall heare his desyre of the wicked y ryse vp agaynst me. The righteous shal florish like a palme tre, and growe like a Cedre of Libanus. Soch as be planted in the house of the LORDE, be frutefull, plenteous & grene. That they maye shewe, how true the LORDE my strēgth is, and that there is no vnrighteousnesse in him.

Nu.23.d 24.b

The XCII. psalme.

THe LORDE is kynge, and hath put on glorious apparell, the LORDE hath put on his apparell, & gyrded himself with strēgth: he hath made the rounde worlde so sure, that it can not be moued. From that tyme forth hath y seate bene prepared, thou art from euerlastinge. The floudes aryse (o LORDE) the floudes lift vp their noyse, y floudes lift vp their wawes. The wawes of the see are mightie, & rage horribly: but yet the LORDE that dwelleth on hye, is mightier. Thy testimonies (o LORDE) are very sure, holynesse becommeth thyne house for euer.

A Psal.23.a Esa.6.a Psal.45.a 88.b Deut.26.c

The XCIII. psalme.

O LORDE God, to whom vengeaunce belōgeth: thou God to whom vengeaunce belongeth, shewe thy self.
A Deut.32.c Rom.12.c Arise thou iudge of the worlde, & rewarde the proude after their deseruynge. LORDE, how longe shal the vngodly, how longe shal the vngodly triumphe? How longe shal all wicked doers speake so dißdaynedly, and make soch proude boastynge? They smyte downe thy people (o LORDE) and trouble thine heretage. They murthur the widdowe and the straunger, and put the fatherlesse to death. And yet they saie: Tush, the
Psal.72.a Esa.29.c Eze 8.b 9.b Iob 22.b Eccli.3.d LORDE seyth not, the God of Jacob regardeth it not. Take hede, ye vnwise amonge the people: o ye fooles, when wil ye vnderstonde? He that planted the eare, shal he not heare? he that made the eye, shal not he se? He that nurtureth the heithen, and
B Gen.7.d and 19 Exo.14.e 1.Cor.3.c Baruc.4.a teacheth a man knowlege, shal not he punysh? The LORDE knoweth the thoughtes of men, that they are but vayne. Blessed is the mā, whom thou lerneste (o LORDE) and teachest him in thy lawe. That thou mayest geue him pacience in tyme of aduersite, vntill the pytte be dygged vp for the vngodly. For the LORDE wil not fayle his people, nether wil he forsake his inheritaunce. And why? iudgment shal be turned agayne vnto righteousnesse, and all soch as be true of hert shal folowe it. Who ryseth vp with me agaynst the wicked? who taketh my parte agaynst the euell doers? Yf the LORDE had not helped me, my soule had allmost bene put to sylence.

Iob 13.b
1.Ioh.1.b
Psal.31.a
2.Cor.1.a

When I sayde: my fote hath slipped, thy mercy (o LORDE) helde me vp. In ỹ multitude of the sorowes that I had in my herte, thy comfortes haue refreshed my soule.

Wilt thou haue ony thinge to do with the stole of wickednesse, which ymagineth mysches in the lawe? They gather them together agaynst the soule of the righteous, & condemne the innocent bloude. But the LORDE is my refuge, my God is the strēgth of my confidēce. He shal recompence thē their wickednesse, and destroye them in their owne malice: yee the LORDE oure God shal destroye them.

The XCIIII. psalme.

A Ephe.5.b

O Come, let vs prayse the LORDE, let vs hertely reioyse in the strength of oure saluacion. Let vs come before his presence with thākesgeuynge, & shewe oure selfe glad in him w̄ psalmes. For the LORDE is a greate God, and a greate kynge aboue all goddes. In his hende are all ỹ corners of the earth, and the strength of the hilles is his also. The see is his, for he made it, and his hondes prepared the drie lōde.

O come, let vs worshipe and bowe downe oure selues: Let vs knele before the LORDE oure maker. For he is oure God: as for vs, we are the people of his pasture, and the shepe of his hōdes. To daye yf ye wil heare his voyce, hardē not youre hertes, as whē ye prouoked in tyme of temptacion in the wildernes. Where yo fathers tēpted me, proued me, and sawe my workes. XL. yeares longe was I grieued with that generacion, & sayde: they euer erre in their hertes, they verely haue not knowne my wayes. Therfore I sware vnto thē in my wrath, that they shulde not enter in to my rest.

B Psal.22.a 99.a Heb.3.a.b 4.b

Nu.14.c Heb.4.a

The XCV. psalme.

A 1.Par.17.a

O Synge vnto the LORDE a new songe, synge vnto the LORDE all the whole earth. Synge vnto ỹ LORDE, & prayse his name, be tellynge of his saluacion from daye to daye. Declare his honoure amonge the heithē, and his wonders amonge all people. For ỹ LORDE is greate, and can not worthely be praysed: he is more to be feared then all goddes. As for all ỹ goddes of the heithē, they be but Idols, but it is the LORDE that made the heauēs.

Psal.46.a
Eccli.43.d

Thankesgeuynge and worshipe are before him, power and honoure are in his Sanctuary. Ascrybe vnto the LORDE (o ye kindredes of the heithen) ascrybe vnto the LORDE worshipe and strength. Ascrybe vnto the LORDE the honoure of his name, bryn-

Psal.28.a

ge presentes, and come in to his courte. O worshipe the LORDE in the beutye of holynesse, let the whole earth stonde in awe of him. Tell it out amonge the heithē, that the LORDE is kynge: and that it is he which hath made the rounde worlde so fast, that it can not be moued, and how that he shal iudge the people righteously. Let the heauēs reioyse, and let the earth be glad: let the see make a noyse, yee & all that therin is. Let the felde be ioyfull and all that is in it, let all the trees of the wodd leape for ioye. Before the LORDE, for he commeth: for he cōmeth to iudge the earth: yee with righteousnesse shal he iudge the worlde, and ỹ people with his trueth.

B

The XCVI. psalme.

THe LORDE is kynge, the earth maye be glad therof: yee the multitude of the Iles maie be glad therof. Cloudes and darcknesse are rounde aboute him, righteousnesse and iudgment are the habitacion of his seate. There goeth a fyre before him, to burne vp his enemies on every syde. His lightenynges gene shyne vnto the worlde, the earth seyth it & is afraied. The hilles melt like wax at the presence of ỹ LORDE, at the presence of the LORDE of the whole earth. The very heauens declare his righteousnes, & all people se his glory. Cōfounded be all they that worshipe ymages, and delite in their Idols: worshipe him all ye goddes. Sion heareth of it and reioyseth: yee all ỹ doughters of Iuda are glad because of thy iudgmentes, o LORDE. For thou LORDE art the most hyest ouer all the earth, thou art exalted farre aboue all goddes. O ye that loue the LORDE, se that ye hate the thinge which is euell: the LORDE preserueth the soules of his sayntes, he shal delyuer thē from the honde of the vngodly. There is sprounge vp a light for the righteous, and a ioyfull gladnesse for soch as be true herted.

A Psal.41.a

B Psal.47.b

Amos 5.b

Reioyse ther fore in the LORDE, ye righteous: and geue thankes for a remembraunce of his holynesse.

Psal.32.a

The XCVII. psalme.

SYnge vnto the LORDE a new songe, for he hath done maruelous thinges. With his owne right honde and with his holy arme hath he gotten the victory. The LORDE hath declared his sauynge health, and his righteousnes hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heithē.

A Psal.95.a 149.a

He hath remembred his mercy and trueth towarde the house of Israel: so that all the endes of the worlde se the sauynge health of

Gen.12.a 15.a Esa.52.b

oure God. Shewe youre selfe ioyfull vnto
the LORDE all ye londes, synge, reioyse and
Ephe. 5.b geue thankes. Prayse the LORDE vpon
the harpe, synge to the harpe with a psalme
B of thankesgeuynge. With trompettes also
& shawmes: O shewe youre selues ioyfull
before the LORDE the kynge. Let the see
make a noyse and all yt therin is, yee the wo-
Psal. 95.a rlde & all that dwell therin. Let the
floudes clappe their hondes, and let all the
hilles be ioyfull together. Before the LOR
DE, for he is come to iudge the earth. Yee
with rightuousnes shall he iudge the worlde,
and the people with equite.

The XCVIII. psalme.

A THe LORDE is kynge, be the people ne
uer so vnpacient: he sytteth vpon the
Cherubins, be the earth neuer so vn-
quiete. The LORDE is greate in Sion, & hye aboue all people. O let men geue thā
kes vnto thy greate & wonderful name, for it
is holy. The kynges power loueth iudg
ment, thou prepareste equite, thou executeste
iudgmēt & righteousnes in Jacob. O mag
1. Par. 29.a nifie the LORDE our God, fall downe before
B his fote stole, for he his holy. Moses & Aa
ron amonge his prestes, & Samuel amonge
soch as call vpō his name: these called vpon
Num 12.a the LORDE, & he herde thē. He spake vnto
2. Reg 3.a thē out of the cloudy piler, for they kepte his
testimonies, & the lawe that he gaue them.

Thou herdest thē (o LORDE our God) thou
forgaueste thē o God, & punyshedst their owne invencions. O magnifie the LORDE our
God, and worshipe him vpō his holy hill,
for the LORDE oure God is holy.

The XCIX. psalme.

A BE ioyfull in God (all ye lōdes) serue
Psal 65.a the LORDE wt gladnes, come before
Psal. 94.b his presence wt ioye. Be ye sure, yt
Eze 14.d the LORDE he is God: It is he yt hath made
vs, & not we oure selues: we are but his peo-
ple, & the shepe of his pasture. O go youre
waye into his gates thē with thankesgeuyn
ge, & into his courtes wt prayse: be thāk full
vnto him, & speake good of his name. For
Psal. 116.a the LORDE is gracious, his mercy is euerlas
18.m tinge, and his treuth endureth from genera
cion to generacion.

The C. psalme A thākesgeuynge of Dauid.

A MY songe shalbe of mercy and iudg
Psal 88.a ment, yee vnto the (o LORDE) wil I
synge. O let me haue vnderstondinge in the waye of godlynesse, vntill thety
me that thou come vnto me: & so shal I walke in my house wt an innocent herte. I wil
take no wicked thinge in honde, I hate the

synne of vnfaithfulnesse, it shal not cleue vn-
to me. A frowarde herte shal departe fro
me, I wil not knowe a wicked personne.

Who so prevely slaundreth his neghboure, him wil I destroye: Who so hath a proude loke & an hye stomacke, I maye not a waye
with him. Myne eyes shal loke for soch as
be faithfull in the londe, yt they maye dwell
with me: and who so ledeth a godly life, shal
be my seruaunt. There shall no disceatfull
personne dwell in my house, he that telleth
lyes shal not tary in my sight. I shal soone destroye all the vngodly of the londe, that
all wicked doers maye be roted out of the cite of the LORDE.

The CI. psalme.

HEare my prayer (o LORDE) and let my A
criēge come vnto the. Hyde not thy Psal. 142.a
face frome in the tyme of my trouble:
enclyne thine eares vnto me when I call, O
heare me, and that right soone. For my
dayes are consumed awaye like smoke, & my
bones are brent vp as it were a fyre brande.

My hert is smyttē downe and wythered
like grasse, so that I forget to eate my bred.

For the voyce of my gronynge, my bone Tren. 4.b
wil scarse cleue to my flesh. I am become
like a Pellicane in the wildernes, and like an
Oule in a broken wall. I wake, and am e- B
uen as it were a sparow sittinge alone vpon
the house toppe. Myne enemies reuyle me
all the daye longe, they laugh me to scorne,
and are sworne together against me. I ea
te ashes with my bred, and mengle my dryn-
ke with wepynge And that because of yt
indignacion and wrath, for thou hast taken
me vp, and cast me awaye. My dayes are
gone like a shadowe, and I am wythered like
grasse. But thou (o LORDE) endurest for
euer, and thy remembraunce thorow out all
generacions. Arise therfore and haue mer
cy vpon Sion, for it is tyme to haue mercy 2. Pa. 36.d
vpon her, yee the tyme is come. And why? Iere. 25.b
thy seruauntes haue a loue to hir stones, & it 29.b
pitieth them to se her in the dust. The hei- 1. Esd. 1.a
then shal feare thy name (o LORDE) and all 6.7
the kynges of the earth thy maiesty. For C
the LORDE shal buylde vp Sion, and shal
apeare in his glory. He turneth him vnto
the prayer of the poore destitute, and despyseth not their desyre. This shalbe written
for those yt come after, that the people which Psal. 21.d
shalbe borne, maye prayse the LORDE.

For he loketh downe from his Sanctua
ry, out of the heauen doth the LORDE be- Psal. 33.b
holde the earth.

That he maye heare the mournynges of ſoch as be in captiuyte, and delyuer the chil-
dren of death. That they maie preach the name of the LORDE in Sion, and his wor-
ſhipe at Jeruſalem. When the people are gathered togeather, and the kyngdomes alſo
D to ſerue ỹ LORDE. He hath brought dow-
ne my ſtrength in my iourney, and ſhortened my dayes. Yet wil I ſaye: O my God, ta-
ke me not awaye in ỹ myddeſt of myne age: as forthy yeares, they endure thorow out all
Hebre.1.b generacions. Thou LORDE in the begy-
nynge haſt layed ỹ foundacion of the earth, and the heauens are the workes of thy hon-
Eſa.40.a des. They ſhal periſhe, but thou ſhalt en-
2.Pet.3.b dure: they all ſhall wexe olde as doth a garment, & as a veſture ſhalt thou chaunge thē, and they ſhalbe chaunged. But thou art the ſame, and thy yeares ſhal not fayle.

The children of thy ſeruauntes ſhall con-
tynue, & their ſede ſhal proſpere in ỹ ſight.

The CII. A pſalme of Dauid.

A PRayſe the LORDE (o my ſoule) & all that is within me prayſe his holy na-
me. Prayſe the LORDE o my ſoule, & forget not all his benefites. Which forge-
ueth all thy ſynnes, and healeth all thy infir-
mities. Which ſaueth thy life from deſtruc-
cion, and crowneth the with mercy & louyn-
ge kyndneſſe. Which ſatiſfieth thy deſyre with good thinges, makynge the yonge and luſty as an Aegle. The LORDE executeth rightuouſneſſe and iudgment, for all them ỹ ſuffre wronge. He ſhewed his wayes vnto Moſes, and his workes vnto the children of Iſrael. The LORDE is full of compaſſion and mercy, longe ſufferinge, and of greate goodneſſe. He wil not allwaye be chydinge, nether wil he kepe his anger for euer.

B He hath not dealt with vs after oure ſyn-
nes, ner rewarded vs acordinge to oure wic-
Pſal.78.b kednesſes. For loke how hye the heauē is
103.a in compariſon of the earth, ſo greate is his mercy alſo towarde them that feare him.

Loke how wyde the eaſt is from the weſt, ſo farre hath he ſet oure ſynnes from vs.

Yee like as a father pitieth his owne chil-
dren, euen ſo is the LORDE merciſull vnto thē that feare him. For he knoweth wher-
Pſal.77.d of we be made, he remembreth that we are but duſt. That a man in his tyme is but as is graſſe, & floriſheth as a floure of the felde.

For as ſoone as the wynde goeth ouer it, it gone, and the place therof knoweth it nomo
C re. But the merciſull goodneſſe of ỹ LOR-
Pſal.103.d DE endureth for euer and euer, vpon them ỹ feare him, and his rightuouſneſſe vpon their

childers children. Soch as kepe his cone-
naunt, and thinke vpon his commaundemen
tes to do them. The LORDE hath prepa-
red his ſeate in heauē, and his kyngdome ru-
leth ouer all. O prayſe the LORDE ye an-
gels of his, ye that be mightie in ſtrēgth, ful
fillinge his commaundement, that mē maye heare the voyce of his wordes. O prayſe the LORDE all ye his hooſtes, ye ſeruauntes of his, that do his pleaſure. O ſpeake good of the LORDE all ye workes of his, in euery place of his dominion: prayſe thou the LOR
DE, o my ſoule.

The CIII. pſalme.

A PRayſe the LORDE o my ſoule: O LORDE my God, thou art becomme ex-
Pſal.103.d ceadinge glorious, thou art clothed with maieſty and honoure. Thou deckeſt thy ſelf with light, as it were wt a garment, thou ſpredeſt out the heauen like a curtayne.

Thou volteſt it aboue with waters, thou makeſt the cloudes thy charet, and goeſt vp-
on the wynges of the wynde. Thou ma-
keſt thine angels ſpretes, and thy miniſters Heb.1.b
flammes of fyre. Thou haſt layed ỹ earth vpon hir foundacion, that it neuer moueth at eny tyme. Thou couereſt it with the de-
pe like as with a garmēt, ſo that the waters Gen.7.d
ſtonde aboue the hilles. But at thy rebu-
ke they fle, at the voyce of thy thonder they Pſal.105.b
are afrayed. (Then are the hilles ſene alof
B te, & the valleys beneth in their place which Iere.5.d
thou haſt appoynted for thē.) Thou haſt Iob 26.b
ſet them their boundes, which they maie not 38.a
paſſe, that they turne not agayne to couer ỹ Deu.11.b
earth. Thou cauſeſt the welles to ſpryn- 28.b
ge vp amonge the valleys, and the waters Iob 5.b
runne amonge ỹ hilles. That all the beaſ
tes of the felde maye haue drynke, & that the wylde aſſes maye quench their thyrſte.

Aboue vpon the hilles haue the foules of the ayre their habitacion, and ſynge amon-
ge the braunches. Thou watreſt the hyl-
les from aboue, the erth is fylled with ỹ fru
tes of thy workes. Thou bryngeſt forth graſſe for the catell, and grene herbe for the
ſeruyce of men. Thou bryngeſt fode out of Gen.1.d
the earth: wyne to make glad ỹ herte of mā, Pſal.146.b
oyle to make him a chearfull countenaunce, Eccli.31.d
& bred to ſtrength mans herte. The trees Gen.18.a
of the LORDE are full of ſappe, euen the trees Iudic.19.b
of Libanus which he hath planted. The
re make the byrdes their neſtes, and the fyre trees are a dwellinge for the ſtorcke. The C
hilles are a refuge for the wylde goates, and ſo are the ſtony rockes for ỹ conyes. Thou haſt appoynted the Moone for certayne ſea-

sons, the Sonne knoweth his goinge downe. Thou makest darcknesse, that it maye be night, wherin all the beastes of the forest do moue. Yee and the yonge lyons which roare after the praye, and seke their meate at God. But when the Sonne ariseth, they get them awaye together, and lye them downe in their dennes. Then goeth man forth to his worke, and to till his londe vntill the euenynge. O LORDE, how manifolde are thy workes, right wysely hast thou made thē all: yee the earth is full of thy riches. So is this greate and wyde see also, wherin are thinges crepinge innumerable, both small and greate beastes. There go the shippes ouer, and there is that Leuiathan, whom thou hast made, to take his pastyme therin.

They wayte all vpō the, that thou mayest gene them meate in due season. Whē thou geuest it them, they gather it: whē thou openest thine honde, they are fylled with good.

But when thou hydest thy face, they are soroufull: yf thou takest awaye their breth, they dye, & are turned agayne to their dust.

Agayne, when thou lattest thy breth go forth, they are made, and so thou renuest the face of the earth. The glorious magesty of the LORDE endureth for euer, and the LORDE reioyseth in his workes. The earth trēbleth at the loke of him, he doth but touch ỹ hilles and they smoke. I will synge vnto the LORDE as longe as I lyue, I wil prayse my God whyle I haue my beinge. O that my wordes might pleasē him, for my ioye is in the LORDE. As for synners, they shal be cōsumed out of the earth, and the vngodly shal come to an ende: but prayse thou the LORDE, o my soule. Halleluya.

The CIIII. psalme.

A O Geue thankes vnto the LORDE, and call vpon his name: tell the people what thinges he hath done. O let youre songes be of him: prayse him, and let youre talkynge be of all his wonderous workes. Geue his holy name a good reporte, let their hertes reioyse that seke the LORDE.

Seke the LORDE, and his strength, seke his face euermore. Remembre the marueloues workes that he hath done, his wonders and the iudgmentes of his mouth. O ye sede of Abraham his seruaunt, ye children of

B Jacob his chosen. He is the LORDE oure God, whose punyshmentes are thorow out all the worlde. He is allwaye myndfull of his couenaunt, and premyse that he made to a thousande generacions.

Yee the couenaunt that he made wt Abraham, and the ooth that he swore vnto Isaac. And apoynted the same vnto Jacob for a lawe, and to Israel for an euerlastinge testament. Sayenge: vnto the wil I geue the londe of Canaan, the lott of youre heretage. When there was yet but a fewe of them, and they straungers therin. What tyme as they went o from one nacion to another, from one kyngdome to another. He suffred no man to hurte them, but reproued euen kynges for their sakes. Touch not myne anoynted, do my prophetes no harme.

Moreouer he called for a derth vpon the lōde, and destroyed all the prouysion of bred.

But he had sent a man before them, euen Joseph which was solde to be a bonde seruaunt. They hurte his fete in the stockes, the yron pearsed his herte. Vntill the tyme that his worde came, and till the worde of ỹ LORDE had tried him. Then sent the kinge and caused him be delyuered, the prynce of the people bad let him go. He made him lorde of his house, & ruler of all his substaunce. That he might enfourme his prynces after his wil, and teach his Senatours wysdome. Israel also came in to Egipte, and Jacob was a straunger in the lōde of Ham.

But he increased his people exceadingly, and made them stronger then their enemies.

D Whose hert turned, so that they hated his people, and dealt vntruly with his seruauntes. Then sent he Moses his seruaunt, and Aaron whom he had chosen. These dyd his tokens amōge them, and wonders in the londe of Ham. He sent darcknesse and it was darcke, for they were not obedient vnto his worde. He turned their waters in to bloude, and slewe their fysshe. Their londe brought forth frogges, yee euen in their kynges chambers. He spake the worde, & their came all maner of flies & lise in all their quarters. He gaue them hale stones for rayne, and flammes of fyre in their lōde. He smote their vynyardes & fige trees, and destroyed the trees that were in their coastes. He spake ỹ worde, and their came greshoppers & catirpillers innumerable. These ate vp all the grasse in their lōde, and deuoured the frutes of their groūde. He smote all ỹ first

E borne in their lōde, euen the chefe of all their substaunce. He brought them forth wt syluer & golde, there was not one feble personne amōge their trybes. Egipte was glad of their departinge, for they were afraied of thē

He spred out a cloude to be a couerynge, and fyre to geue light in the night season.

Gen.17.a Gen.26.a Gen.28.a

Gen.12.d and 20.a

C

Gen.45.d 37.f.39.a

Luc.2.e

Gen.41.f

Gen.46.d

Exo.1.a Acto.7.c

D

Exo.3.4.f Acto.7.d

Exo.10.e

Exo.7.d

Exo.8.b Exo.8.d Psal.77.f

Exo.10.d

E

Exo.11.a 12.e

Exo.13.d

Exo.16.a At their desyre, there came quales, and he
Exo.17.b fylled them with the bred of heaue. He o-
Nu.20.b pened the rocke of stone, & the waters flowed
Exo.17.a out: so that ryuers ranne in the wildernesse.

For why, he remembred his holy promyse which he had made vnto Abraham his seruaunt. Thus he brought forth his people with ioye, and his chosen with gladnesse.

And gaue them the lōdes of the heithē, where they toke the labours of the people in possession. That they might kepe his statutes, and obserue his lawes. Halleluya.

The CV. psalme. Halleluya.

A O Geue thankes vnto the LORDE, for he is gracious, and his mercy endureth for euer. Who can expresse
1.Mac.4.c Iudit.13.c Psal 106.a Eccli.43.d his noble actes of the LORDE, or shewe forth all his prayse? Blessed are they that alwaye kepe iudgment, and do righteousnes. Remembre vs (o LORDE) according to the fauour that thou bearest vnto thy people: o vyset vs with thy sauinge health. That we might se the pleasure of thy chosen, that we might reioyse in the gladnesse of thy people, and geue thankes with thine enheritaunce. We
Iudit.7.e haue synned with oure fathers, we haue done amysse, we haue dealt wickedly. Oure fathers regarded not thy wonders in Egipte, they kepte not thy greate goodnesse in remēbraunce: but were disobedient at the see, euē at the reed see. Neuertheles, he helped thē for his names sake, that he might make his
B power to be knowne. He rebuked the reed
Psal.105.a see, and it was dried vp: so he led thē thorow the depe as in a wildernesse. Thus he saued them from the honde of the hater, & delyuered them from the honde of the enemie.

As for those y troubled them, the waters ouerwhelmed thē, there was not one of thē
Exo.15.a left. Then beleued they in his worde, and songe prayse vnto him. But within a whyle they forgat his workes, & wolde not abyde
Nu.11.a his counsell. A lust came vpō them in the wildernesse, so that they tempted God in the deserte. Yet he gaue them their desyre, and sent thē ynough at their willes. They an-
Nu.16.a gred Moses in the tētes, and Aaron the sayntes of the LORDE. So the earth opened & swalowed vp Dathan, and couered the con-
C gregaciō of Abiram. The fyre was kyndled in their company, the flame brent vp the
Exo.32.a 1 cor.10.a Rom.1.c vngodly. They made a calfe in Horeb, and worshipped the moltē ymage. Thus they turned his glory into the similitude of a calfe, y eateth haye. They forgat God their Sauiō, which had done so greate thinges in Egipte. Wonderous workes in the lon-

de of Ham, and fearfull thinges in the reed see. So he sayde he wolde haue destroyed them, had not Moses his chosen stonde before him in y gappe: to turne awaie his wroth full indignacion, lest he shulde destroye thē.

Yee they thought scorne of y pleasaunt Num.14.a londe, and gaue no credence vnto his worde.

But murmured in their tentes, and her- D kened not vnto the voyce of the LORDE.

Then lift he vp his honde agaynst them, to ouerthrowe them in the wildernes. To cast out their sede amonge the nacions, and to scater them in the londes. They ioyned Num.25.a Iosue 22.d
them selues vnto Baal peor, and ate the offe- 1.Cor.10.a
rynges of the deed. Thus they prouoked him vnto anger with their owne invēcions, and the plage was greate amonge them.

Then stode vp Phineas and executed ius- Gen.15.b
tice, & so the plage ceased. And that was counted vnto him for righteousnesse, amonge all posterites for euermore. They an- Deut.1.f
gerd him also at the waters of strife, so that 3.c.4.c
Moses was punyshed for their sakes. Be cause they prouoked his spirite, and he tolde thē plainely with his lippes. Nether de- E
stroyed they the Heithen, as the LORDE com- Deut.7.a and 12.a
maunded them. But were mengled amon- Iud.2.a
ge the Heithen, and lerned their workes. 1.Reg.15.a
Iud.2.b
In so moch that they worshipped their Deut.32.c
ymages, which turned to their owne decaye. 4.Re.23.c
Yee they offred their sonnes & their dough- Leui.20.a
ters vnto deuels. And shed the innocent Deu.18.b
Eze.20.d
bloude of their sonnes and of their dough- Iere.7.d
ters, whom they offred vnto the ymages of and 44.a
Canaan, so that the londe was defyled with bloude. Thus were they stayned w their owne workes, and wente a whoringe with their owne invencions. Therfore was the wrath of the LORDE kyndled agaynst his people, in so moch that he abhorred his owne enheritaunce. And gaue them ouer in to the honde of the heithē, and they that ha- F
ted them, were lordes ouer them. Their ene
mies oppressed thē, and had them in subiec- cion. Many a tyme dyd he delyuer them, but they prouoked him with their owne invē cions, and were brought downe for their wic kednesse. Neuertheless whē he sawe their aduersite, he herde their complaynte. He Deu.30.a
thought vpō his couenaunt, and pitied thē, acordinge vnto the multitude of his mercies. Yee he made all those y had led them awaye captiue, to pitie them. Delyuer vs (o LORDE oure God) & gather vs from amō gethe Heithen: that we maye geue thankes to thy holy name, & make oure boast of thy prayse. Blessed be the LORDE God of Is- Luc.1.f

rael from euerlastinge and worlde without ende, and let all people saye: Amen, Amen. Halleluya. The CVI. psalme.

A Judit.13.c Pal.105.a 7 a.135.a Mac.4.c

O Geue thankes vnto the LORDE, for he is gracious, and his mercy endureth for euer. Let them geue thākes whom the LORDE hath redemed, & delyuered from the hande of the enemie. And gathered thē out of the londes, frō the east, frō the west, frō the north & from the south.

They wente astraye in the wilderneſſe in an vntroden waye, & founde no cite to dwell in. Hongrie & thirſtie, & their ſoule faynted in thē. So they cried vnto the LORDE in their trouble, & he delyuered thē from their diſtreſſe. He led thē forth by ý right waie, ý they might go to ý cite where they dwelt.

O that mē wolde prayſe the goodneſſe of the LORDE, & the wonders that he doth for the childrē of mē. For he ſatiſſied the emp tie ſoule, & fylled the hongrie ſoule w good.

xo.16.a Deut.8.a

B Soch as ſat in darckneſſe and in the ſha- Pſal.77.c dowe of death, beynge faſt bounde in miſery 04.c & yron. Becauſe they were not obediēt to 1.Par.33. the cōmaundementes of God, but lightly regarded the councell of the moſt higheſt.

Their herte was vexed with labo', they fell downe, & there was none to helpe them.

So they cried vnto the LORDE in their trouble, & he delyuered them out of their diſtreſſe. He brought thē out of darckneſſe & out of the ſhadowe of death, & brake their bondes in ſonder. · O that men wolde prayſe the goodneſſe of the LORDE, & the wōders that he doth for the childrē of men. For he hath broken the gates of braſſe, & ſmittē the barres of yron in ſonder. Fooliſh mē were plaged for their offence, & becauſe of their wickedneſſe. Their ſoule abhorred all maner of meate, they were euē harde at deathes

C dore. So they cried vnto the LORDE in their trouble, & he delyuered thē out of their

Ju.21.b Saie 38.b Matt.8.a diſtreſſe. He ſent his worde & healed thē, & ſaued thē from deſtruccion. O that men wolde prayſe the goodneſſe of the LORDE, & the wonders that he doth for the childrē of men. That they wolde offre vnto him the ſacrifice of thankeſgeuynge, and tell out his workes with gladnes. They that go downe to the ſee in ſhippes, & occupie their buſyneſſe in greate waters. These men ſe the workes of the LORDE, & his wonders in the depe. For at his worde, the ſtormy wynde aryſeth, and liſteth vp the wawes therof.

eb.13.c Pet.2.a

me 1.a ct.27.b

They are caried vp to the heauen, & downe agayne to the depe, their ſoule melteth a-

D waye in the trouble. They rele to and fro, they ſtacker like a droncken man, and are at their wittes ende. So they crie vnto the LORDE in their trouble, & he delyuereth thē out of their diſtreſſe. He maketh the ſtor- Matt.8.c me to ceaſſe, ſo that the wawes are ſtill.

Thē are they glad because they be at reſt, & ſo he bryngeth them vnto the hauen where they wolde be. O that men wolde prayſe the goodnes of the LORDE, and the wonders that he doth for the childrē of men.

That they wolde exalte him in the cōgregacion of the people, & loaue him in the ſeate of the elders. Which turneth the flou- 3.Re.17.a des in to drie londe, and drieth vp the water Eſa.43.c ſpringes. A frutefull londe maketh he baren, for the wickedneſſe of them that dwell therin. Agayne, he maketh the wildernes E a ſtondinge water, and water ſprynges of a drye grounde. There he ſetteth the hongrie, that they maye buylde them a cite to dwell in. That they maye ſowe their grou̇nde, plante vynyardes, to yelde them frutes of increaſe. He bleſſeth them, ſo that they multiplie exceadingly, and ſuffreth not their catell to decreaſe. Whē they are miniſhed & brought lowe thorow oppreſſiō, thorow eny plage or trouble. Though he ſuffre thē to be euell intreated thorow tyrauntes, or let them wandre out of the waye in the wilderneſſe: Yet helpeth he the poore out of miſery (at the laſt) and maketh him an houſholde like a flocke of ſhepe. The righteous wil cōſidre this and reioyſe, the mouth of all wickedneſſe ſhall be ſtopped. Who ſo is wyſe, and pondreth theſe thinges well, ſhall vnderſtonde the louynge kyndneſſes of the LORDE.

The CVII. A pſalme of Dauid.

A Pſal.56.b

O God, my hert is ready to ſynge, & to geue prayſe. Awake (o my glory) awake lute & harpe, I my ſelfe will awake right early. I will geue thākes vnto the (o LORDE) amonge the people, I will ſynge prayſes vnto the amonge the heithē. For the greatneſſe of thy mercy is higher Pſal.102.d then the heauens, and thy faithfulneſſe reacheth vnto the cloudes. Set vp thy ſelf (o God) aboue the heauēs, & thy glory aboue all the earth. That thy beloued maye be delyuered: helpe then with thy right hande, & heare me. God hath ſpoken in his Sanc Pſal.59.b tuary (which thinge reioyſeth me.) I will deuyde Sichem, and mete out the valley of Suchoth. Galaad is myne, Manaſſes is B myne, Ephraim is the ſtrēgth of my heade, Juda is my captaine. Moab is my waſh potte, ouer Edom wil I ſtretch out my ſhue,

philistea shal be glad of me. Who wil lede me in to the stronge cite? Who wil bringe me in to Edom? Shalt not thou do it (o God) which hast cast vs out? thou God, ỹ wentest not forth with oure hoostes? O be thou & helpe in trouble, for vayne is the helpe of man. Thorow God we shall do greate actes, for it is he ỹ shal treade downe oure enemies.

The CVIII. A psalme of Dauid.

A HOlde not thy tōge, o God of my prayse. For the mouth of the vngodly, yee and the mouth of the disceatfull is opened vpon me, and speake agaynst me with falsetōges. They compase me aboute with wordes of hatred, & fight agaynst me without a cause. For the loue that I had vnto them, they take now my contrary parte, but I geue my self vnto prayer.

Thus they rewarde me euell for good, & hatred for my good will. Set an vngodly man to be ruler ouer him, & let Satan stonde at his right hande. When sentence is geuen vpon him, let him be cōdempned, and let his prayer be turned in to synne. Let his dayes be fewe, and his bishopricke another take. Let his children be fatherlesse, & his wife a wyddowe. Let his children be vagabundes, and begg their bred: let them seke it, as they that be destroyed. Let the extorcioner cōsume all that he hath, and let straungers spoyle his laboure. Let there be no man to petie, ner to haue compassion vpon his fatherlesse children. Let his ende be destruccion, and in the nexte generacion let his name be clene put out. Let the wickednesse of his fathers be had in remembraunce in the sight of the LORDE, and let not the synne of his mother be done awaye.

Let them be allwaye before the LORDE, but as for the memoriall of them selues, let it perish from out of the earth. And that because his mynde was not to do good, but persecuted the poore helplesse, and him that was vexed at the herte, to slaye him. His delite was in cursynge, and therfore shall it happē vnto him: he loued not blessynge, and that shall be farre frō him. He clothed him self with cursynge like as with a rayment: yee it wente in to his bowels like water, and like oyle in to his bones. Let it be vnto him as the cloke that he hath vpon him, and as the gyrdle that he is gyrded withall. Let it thus happen from the LORDE vnto myne enemies, and to those that speake euell agaynst my soule. But deale thou with me (o LORDE God) acordinge vnto thy name, for swete is thy mercy. O delyuer me, for I am helplesse & poore, & my herte is wounded within me. I go hence like ỹ shadowe that departeth, and am dryuen awaye as ỹ greshoppers. My knees are weake thorow fastinge, my flesh is dried vp for want of fatnesse. I am become a rebuke vnto them, they loke vpō me and shake their heades. Helpe me o LORDE my God, oh saue me for thy mercies sake. That they maye knowe, how that this is thy hande, and that thou hast done it. Though they curse, yet blesse thou: and let them be cōfounded, that ryse vp agaynst me, but let thy seruaunt reioyse. Let myne aduersaries be clothed with their owne shame, as with a cloake.

As for me, I wil geue thankes vnto the LORDE with my mouth, and prayse him amonge the multitude. For he stondeth at the right hande of the poore, to saue him from sōch as condempne his soule.

Leui.26.c Deut 28.c Zach 3.a

Ioh.17 b Acto.1.d

B

C

D

Psal.21.a

Psal. 15.b

The CIX. A psalme of Dauid.

THe LORDE sayde vnto my LORDE: Syt thou on my right hande, vntill I make thine enemies thy fotestole. The LORDE shal sende the rodde of thy power out of Sion, be thou ruler euen in ỹ myddest amonge thine enemies. In the daye of thy power shal thy people offre the frewill offeringes with an holy worshipe, ỹ dewe of thy byrth is of the wōbe of the morninge. The LORDE sware, and wil not repent: Thou art a preest for euer after ỹ order of Melchisedec. The LORDE vpon thy right honde, shal smyte euen kynges in the daye of his wrath. He shal be iudge amōge the heithen, he shal fyll them with deed bodies, and smyte in sonder the heades ouer dyuerse countres. He shal drynke of the broke in the waye, therfore shal he lift vp his heade.

A

Mat.22.d Mar.12.d Luc.20.e 1.Cor.15.c Heb.1.b and 10.b

Heb.7.c

The CX. psalme. Halleluia.

I Wil geue thankes vnto the LORDE with my whole herte: secretly amonge the faithfull, and in the congregacion. The workes of the LORDE are greate, sought out of all thē that haue pleasure therin. His worke is worthy to be praysed and had in honoure, and his righteousnesse endureth for euer. The mercifull & gracious LORDE hath so done his marvelous workes, ỹ they ought to be had in remēbraūce. He geueth meate vnto thē ỹ feare him, he is euer myndfull of his couenaūt.

A

Psal.91.a

Psal.15.b Gen.15.c

B He sheweth his people the power of his workes, that he maye geue them the herytage of the Heithen. The workes of his hōdes are verite & iudgment, all his cōmaundemētes are true. They stonde fast for euer & euer, & are done in trueth & equite. He sent redempcion vnto his people, he hath commaunded his couenaunt for euer, holy & reuerent is his name. The feare of the LORDE is the begynnynge of wyßdome, a good vnderstondinge haue all they that do therafter: the prayse of it endureth for euer.

Psal.104.c
Iob 28.c
Pro.1.a and 9.b
Eccli.1.c

The CXI. psalme. Halleluya.

A BLessed is the man y feareth the LORDE, & hath greate delite in his commaundementes. His sede shall be mightie vpon earth, the generacion of the faithfull shalbe blessed. Riches & plēteousnesse shalbe in his house, & his righteousnes endureth for euer. Vnto the godly there ariseth vp light in the darcknesse: he is merciful, louynge & righteous. Wel is him that is mercifull, & lendeth gladly, & pōdreth his wordes w' discrecion. For he shal neuer be moued, the righteous shal be had in an euerlastinge remembraunce. He wil not be afrayed for eny euell tydinges, his herte stondeth fast, & beleueth in y LORDE.

Psal.36.d

B His herte is stablished, he wil not shrincke, vntill he se his desyre vpon his enemies. He hath sparsed abrode, & geuē to the poore, his righteousnes remayneth for euer, his horne shal be exalted w' hono'. The vngodly shal se it, & it shal greue him: he shall gnash w' his teth & consume awaye, & the desyre of the vngodly shal perish.

Pro.11.c
2.Cor.9.b

The CXII. psal. Halleluya.

A PRayse the LORDE (O ye seruauntes) PSal.113.a and 134.a O prayse the name of the LORDE. Blessed be the name of the LORDE, frō this tyme forth for euermore. The LORDES name is worthy to be praysed, frō the rysinge vp of the Sonne vnto the goinge downe of the same. The LORDE is hye aboue all Heithen, and his glory aboue the heauēs. Who is like vnto the LORDE oure God, y hath his dwellinge so hye, which humbleth himself, to beholde that is in heauen and earth? Which taketh vp the symple out of the dust, and lifteth the poore out of the myre. That he maye set him amonge the prynces, euen amonge the prynces of his people. Which maketh the baren woman to kepe house, and to be a ioyfull mother of children. Halleluya.

Mala 1.c
1.Re.2.b

The CXIII. psalme.

A WHen Israel came out of Egipte, & the house of Jacob from amonge that straunge people. Juda was his Sāctuary, Israel his dominion. The see sawe that, and fled, Jordan turned backe. The mountaynes stripped like rammes, & the litle hilles like yonge shepe. What ayled the (o thou see) that thou fleddest? and thou Jordan, that thou turnedest backe? Ye mountaynes, that ye stripped like rammes? and ye litle hilles, like yonge shepe? The earth trembled at the presence of the LORDE, at the presence of the God of Jacob. Which turned the harde rocke in to a stondinge water, & the flynt stone in to a sprynginge well.

Exo.13.a
Exo.14.c
Iosu.3.d
Exo.17.b
Nu.20.b

Here the Hebrues begynne the CXV. psalme.

NOt vnto vs (o LORDE) not vnto vs, but B vnto thy name geue the prayse, for thy louinge mercy and faithfulnes. Wherfore shal the Heithen saye: where is now their God? As for oure God, he is in heauen, he doth what soeuer it pleaseth him. Their ymages are but syluer and golde, euen the worke of mens hōdes. They haue mouthes, and speake not: eyes haue they, but they se not. They haue eares, and heare not: noses haue they, but they smell not. They haue handes and handle not, fete haue they, but they can not go, nether can they speake thorow their throte. They that made them, are like vnto them, and so are all soch as put their trust in them. But let Israel trust in y LORDE, for he is their sucoure & defence. Let C the house of Aaron put their trust in y LORDE, for he is their sucoure & defence. They that feare the LORDE, let thē put their trust in the LORDE, for he is their sucoure and defence. The LORDE is myndefull of vs, & blesseth vs: he blesseth y house of Israel, he blesseth y house of Aaron. Yee he blesseth all them that feare the LORDE, both small & greate. The LORDE encrease you more & more: you, and youre childrē. For ye are y blessed of the LORDE, which made heauen & earth. All the whole heauens are the LORDES, but the earth hath he geuē vnto y childrē of men. The deed prayse not the (o LORDE) nether all they that go downe in to sylence. But we will prayse the LORDE, from this tyme forth for euermore. Halleluya.

Psal.78.b
Psal.134.c
Esa.44.b
Iere.10.a
Psal.17.c
Psal.6.a
Esa.38.d

The CXIIII. psalme.

A I Am wel pleased, y the LORDE hath herde y voyce of my prayer. That he hath enclyned his eare vnto me, therfore wil I call vpō him as longe as I lyue. The snares of death cōpased me rounde aboute, the paynes of hell gat holde vpon me, I founde trouble and heuynesse. Then

1.Re.23.c
Psal.17.a

called I vpon ỹ name of the LORDE: o LORDE, delyuer my ſoule. Gracious is ỹ LORDE & righteous, yee oure God is mercifull.

The LORDE preſerueth ỹ ſymple, I was brought downe, and he helped me. Turne agayne then vnto thy reſt (o my ſoule) for the LORDE hath geuen the thy deſyre.

Pſal.55.b And why? thou haſt delyuered my ſoule from death, myne eyes from teares, and my fete from fallinge. I wil walke before ỹ LORDE, in the londe of the lyuynge.

The CXV. pſalme.

This pſalme do the Hebrues ioyne vnto it that goeth before, and it is with them the CXVI. pſalme.

I Beleued, and therfore haue I ſpoke, but I was ſore troubled. I ſayde in my haiſt: All men are lyers.

What rewarde ſhal I geue vnto ỹ LORDE, for all the benefites ỹ he hath done vnto me? I wil receaue the cuppe of ſaluacio, and call vpon the name of the LORDE.

I wil paye my vowes in the preſence of all his people, right deare in the ſight of ỹ LORDE is the death of his ſayntes. O LORDE, I am thy ſeruaunt, I am thy ſeruaunt, and the ſonne of thy handmayden, thou haſt broken my bondes in ſonder. I wil offre the the ſacrifice of thankes geuynge, and wil call vpon the name of the LORDE. I wil paye my vowes vnto the LORDE in the ſight of all his people, in the courtes of the LORDES houſe, euē in the myddeſt of the, o Jeruſalem. Halleluya.

The CXVI. pſalme.

A Rom.15.c O Prayſe the LORDE all ye Gentiles, laude him all ye people. For his mercifull kyndnes is euer more and more towarde vs, & the trueth of the LORDE endureth for euer. Halleluya.

The CXVII. pſalme.

A Ieſa.12.c Pſal.105.a Ieſa.49.c O Geue thankes vnto the LORDE, for he is gracious, and his mercy endureth for euer. Let Iſrael now confeſſe, ỹ his mercy endureth for euer. Let the houſe of Aaron now confeſſe, that his mercy endureth for euer. Yee let thē now that feare the LORDE, confeſſe, that his mercy endureth for euer. I called vpon the LORDE in trouble, and the LORDE herde me at large. The LORDE is my helper, I wil not feare what man doeth vnto me. The LORDE is my helper, & I ſhal ſe my deſyre vpon myne enemies. It is better to truſt in the LORDE, then to put eny confidence in man. It is better to truſt in the LORDE, then to put eny confidēce in princes. All

heithen compaſed me rounde aboute, but in the name of the LORDE wil I deſtroye thē.

They kepte me in on euery ſyde, but in the name of the LORDE, I wil deſtroye them.

B They came aboute me like bees, & were as hote as the fyre in the thornes, but in the name of the LORDE I wil deſtroye them.

They thruſt at me, that I might fall, but the LORDE was my helpe. The LORDE is my ſtrēgth, & my ſonge, & is become my ſaluacion. The voyce of ioye & myrth is in the dwellynges of ỹ righteous, for ỹ right hande of the LORDE hath gottē the victory. Exo.15.a Eſa.12.a

The right hande of the LORDE hath the preemynence, the right hāde of the LORDE hath gottē the victory. I wil not dye, but lyue, and declare the workes of the LORDE.

The LORDE hath chaſtened & correcte me, but he hath not geuen me ouer vnto death.

Open me the gates of righteouſnes, ỹ I maye go in there thorow, & gene thākes vnto the LORDE. This is the dore of the LORDE, the righteous ſhall entre in thorow it. Eſa.26.a

C I thanke the, ỹ thou haſt herde me, & art become my ſaluacio. The ſame ſtone which the buylders refuſed, is become the heade ſtone in the corner. This was the LORDES doinge, & it is maruelous in o' eyes. This is the daye which the LORDE hath made, let vs reioyſe and be glad in it. Helpe now o LORDE, o LORDE ſende vs now proſperite. Matt.21.c Act.4.a 1.Pet.2.a

Bleſſed be he that cōmeth in the name of the LORDE, we wiſh you good lucke, ye that be of the houſe of the LORDE. God is the LORDE, & hath ſhewed vs light: O garniſh the ſolempne feaſt with grene braunches, euē vnto the hornes of ỹ aulter. Thou art my God, & I wil thanke the: thou art my God, and I wil prayſe the. O gene thankes vnto the LORDE, for he is gracious, & his mercy endureth for euer. Matt.21.a Mar.11.a Ioh.12.b

The CXVIII. pſalme.

Aleph.

B Leſſed are thoſe ỹ be vndefiled in the waye: which walke in the lawe of ỹ LORDE. Bleſſed are they that kepe his teſtimonies, & ſeke him with their whole herte. A Pſal.1.a

Which walke in his wayes, & do no wickedneſſe. Thou haſt geuen ſtrayte charge to kepe thy commaundementes. O that my wayes were ſtabliſhed to kepe thy ſtatutes. So ſhulde I not be confounded, whyle I haue reſpecte vnto all thy commaundementes. I wil thanke the with an vnfayned herte, becauſe I am lerned in the iudgmentes of thy righteouſneſſe. I wil kepe thy ſtatutes, o forſake me not vtterly. Deut.4.c 6.7.8 Ioſu.22.d

Beth.

B Where withall shall a yonge man clense his waye? Euen by rulinge himself after thy worde. With my whole herte do I seke ỹ, O let me not go wronge out of thy cõmaun-
Deut.6.b and 11.c demẽtes. Thy wordes haue I hyd within my herte, ỹ I shulde not synne agaynst the.

Praysed be thou O LORDE, O teach me thy statutes. With my lippes wil I be tellynge out all the iudgmentes of thy mouth.

I haue as greate delite in the waye of thy testimonies, as in all maner of riches. I wil exercise my self in thy cõmaundementes, & haue respecte vnto thy fotepathes. My delite shalbe in thy statutes, I will not forget thy wordes.

Gimel.

C O do well vnto thy seruaunt, that I maye lyue and kepe thy wordes. Open thou myne eyes, & so shal I spie out wonderous thinges in ỹ lawe. I am a straũger vpõ earth,
Gen.47.b Iob 14.b O hyde not thy commaundementes fro me.

My soule breaketh out, for the very feruent desyre that I haue allwaye vnto thy iudgmentes. Thou rebukest the proude, cursed are they that departe from thy commaundemẽtes. O turne fro me shame & rebuke, for I kepe thy testimonies. Princes also syt & speake agaynst me, but thy seruaũt is occupied in thy statutes. In thy testimonies is my delite, they are my councelers.

Daleth.

D My soule cleueth to the dust, O quicken
Psal.43.c thou me accordinge to thy worde. I knowleged my wayes, & thou herdest me, O teach me then thy statutes. Make me to vnderstonde the waye of thy commaundemẽtes, & so shal I talke of thy wonderous workes.

My soule melteth awaye for very heynesse, o set me vp accordinge vnto thy worde.

Take fro me the waye of lyenge, & graunte me thy lawe. I haue chosen the waye of treuth, thy iudgmentes haue I layed before me. I sticke vnto thy testimonies, o LORDE cõfounde me not. I wil rũne the waye of thy commaundementes, when thou hast comforted my herte.

He.

E Teach me o LORDE the waye of thy statutes, and I shal kepe it vnto the ende. O geue me vnderstondinge, and I shal kepe ỹ lawe, yee I shal kepe it with my whole herte.

Lede me in the path of thy commaundemẽtes, for that is my desyre. Enclyne myne herte vnto thy testimonies, & not to couetousnes. O turne awaye myne eyes, lest they beholde vanite, & quickẽ me in thy waie.

O stablish thy worde in thy seruaunt, ỹ I maye feare the. Take awaye the rebuke ỹ I am afraied of, for thy iudgmẽtes are amiable. Beholde, my delite is in thy commaũdemẽtes, o quyckẽ me in thy righteousnesse.

Vau.

Let thy louynge mercy come vnto me (o F
LORDE) and thy sauynge health accordinge vnto thy worde. That I maye geue answere vnto my blasphemers, for my trust is in ỹ worde. O take not ỹ worde of treuth vtterly out of my mouth, for my hope is in thy iudgmentes. So shal I allwaye kepe thy lawe, yee for euer and euer. And I wil walke at liberty, for I seke thy commaundementes. I wil speake of thy testimonies euen before kynges, and wil not be ashamed.

My delite shalbe in thy commaundementes, which I loue. My hondes also will I lift vp vnto thy commaundemẽtes which I loue, & my talkynge shalbe of thy statutes.

Zain.

O thynke vpon thy seruaunt as concer- G
nynge ỹ worde, wherin thou hast caused me to put my trust. For it is my comforte in my trouble, yee thy worde quyckeneth me.

The proude haue me greatly in derision, yet shrincke not I from thy lawe. I remembre thy euerlastinge iudgmentes (o LORDE) and am comforted. I am horribly afrayed for ỹ vngodly, that forsake thy lawe.

Thy statutes are my songes in the house of my pilgremage. I thynke vpon thy name (o LORDE) in the night season, and kepe thy lawe. It is myne owne, for I kepe thy commaundementes.

Heth.

Thou art my porcion (o LORDE) I am pur H
posed to kepe thy lawe. I make myne hum- Nu.18.c
ble peticion in thy presence w̃ my whole herte, o be mercifull vnto me accordinge vnto ỹ worde. I call myne owne wayes to remembraunce, and turne my fete in to thy testimonies. I make haist, and prolonge not the tyme, to kepe thy commaundemẽtes. The congregacions of the vngodly haue robbed me, but I forget not thy lawe. At mydPsal.62.a night stonde I vp, to geue thãkes vnto the, for the iudgmentes of thy righteousnesse.

I am a companyon of all them that feare the, and kepe thy commaundementes. Psal.32.a

The earth (o LORDE) is full of thy mercy, O teach me thy statutes.

Theth.

O LORDE, thou hast dealt frendly with I
thy seruaunt, accordinge vnto thy worde.

O lerne me kyndneſſe, nourtoure & knowlege, for I beleue thy commaundementes.

Before I was troubled, I wente wronge, but now I kepe thy worde. Thou art
Matt. 19.c good and frendly, O teach me thy ſtatutes.

The proude ymagin lyes vpon me, but I kepe thy commaundemētes with my whole herte. Their herte is as fat as brawne, but my delite is in thy lawe. It is good for me that I haue bene in trouble, that I maye lerne thy ſtatutes. The lawe of thy mouth is dearer vnto me, thē thousandes of golde & ſyluer.

Jod.

Thy hādes haue made me and faſhioned
Gen. 1.d me, O geueme vnderſtondinge, that I maye
Iob 10.a lerne thy commaundementes. They that feare the, wil be glad when they ſe me, becauſe I put my truſt in thy worde. I know (O LORDE) y thy iudgmentes are right, and y thou of very faithfulneſſe haſt cauſed me be troubled. O let thy mercifull kyndneſſe be my comforte, acordinge to the promyſe that thou haſt made vnto thy ſeruaunt. O let thy louynge mercies come vnto me, that I maye lyue, for thy lawe is my delyte. Let the proude be confounded, which handle ſo falſly agaynſt me. But let ſoch as feare the, & knowe thy teſtimonies, be turned vnto me. O let my herte be vndefyled in thy ſtatutes, that I be not aſhamed.

Caph.

My ſoule longeth for thy ſauynge health, for my truſt is in thy worde. Myne eyes lōge ſore for thy worde, ſayēge: Oh when wilt thou cōforte me? For I am becomelike a botell in y ſmoke, yet do not I forget thy ſta-
Pſal. 38 a and 89.b tutes. How many are the dayes of thy ſeruaunt? Whē wilt thou be auenged of my aduerſaries? The proude haue dygged pittes for me, which are not after thy lawe.
Iere. 2. b

All thy commaundemētes are true, they perſecute me falſly, O be thou my helpe.

They haue almoſt made an ende of me vpon earth, but I forſake not thy commaundemētes. O quyckē me after y louinge kyndnes, & ſo ſhall I kepe the teſtimonies of thy mouth.

Lamed.

M O LORDE, thy worde endureth for euer in heauē. Thy treuth alſo remayneth from
Pſal. 32.b and 116.a one generacion to another: thou haſt layed
Eſa. 40.a the foundacion of the earth, and it abydeth.
Matt. 5.b and 24.c

They cōtinue this daye acordinge to thy ordinaunce, for all thinges ſerue the. If my delyte were not in thy lawe, I ſhulde periſhe in my trouble. I wil neuer forget thy cōmaundementes, for with thē thou quycke neſt me. I am thine, oh helpe me, for I ſeke thy commaundementes. The vngodly laye wayte for me to deſtroye me, but I conſidre thy teſtimonies. I ſe that all thinges come to an ende, but thy commaundemēt is exceadinge brode.

Mem.

O what a loue haue I vnto thy lawe? all M
the daye longe is my talkynge of it. Thou thorow thy commaundement haſt made me wyſer thē myne enemies, for it is euer by me.

I haue more vnderſtondinge then all my Deu. 4.7
teachers, for thy teſtimonies are my ſtudye.

Nee I am wyſer then the aged, for I kepe thy cōmaundementes. I refrayne my fete from euery euell waye, that I maye kepe thy wordes. I ſhrinck not from thy iudgmentes, for thou teacheſt me. O how ſwete are Eze. 2 b and 3 a
Pſal. 18. b thy wordes vnto my throte? Yee more thē hony vnto my mouth. Thorow thy commaundementes I get vnderſtondinge, therfore I hate all falſe wayes.

Nun.

Thy worde is a lanterne vnto my fete & a O
light vnto my pathes. I haue ſworne & am 2. Re. 22. d
Pſal. 18. b ſted faſtly purpoſed, to kepe the iudgmētes of Pro. 6. c
thy righteouſneſſe. I am troubled aboue meaſure, quycken me (o LORDE) acordinge vnto thy worde. Let the frewil offeringes of my mouth pleaſe the (o LORDE) & teach me y iudgmētes. My ſoule is allwaye in my hōde, yet do not I forget thy lawe. The vngodly haue laied a ſnare for me, but yet ſwarue not I frō thy cōmaundemetes. Thy teſtimonies haue I claymed as myne heretage for euer: & why? they are the very ioye of my herte. I apply emyne herte to fulfill thy ſtatutes allwaye, euen vnto the ende.

Samech.

I hate y vngodly, but thy lawe do I loue. P
Thou art my defence & ſhylde, my truſt is in thy worde. Awaye frome ye wicked, I wil kepe the commaundementes of my God.

O eſtabliſh me acordinge vnto thy worde, y I maye lyue, & let me not be diſapoynted of my hope. Holde thou me vp, & I ſhall be ſafe: yee I ſhal euer be talkynge of thy ſtatutes. Thou treadeſt downe all thē y departe from thy ſtatutes, for they ymagin but diſceate. Thou putteſt awaye all the vngodly of the earth like droſſe, therfore I loue thy teſtimonies. My fleſh trēbleth for feare of the, and I am afrayed of thy iudgmētes.

Ain.

I deale w the thinge y is lawfull & right, C
O geue me not ouer vnto my oppreſſours.

Be thou ſuertie for thy ſeruaūt to do him good, that the proude do me no wronge.

Myne eyes are wayſted awaye wᵗ lokynge for thy health, & for ỽ worde of thy righteouſneſſe. O deale with thy ſeruaunt accordinge vnto thy louynge mercy, and teach me thy ſtatutes. I am thy ſeruaunt, O graunte me vnderſtōdinge, that I maye knowe thy teſtimonies. It is tyme for the (o LORDE) to laye to thine hōde, for they haue deſtroyed thy lawe. For I loue thy cōmaundemētes aboue golde and precious ſtone. Therfore holde I ſtraight all thy commaundemētes, and all falſe wayes I vtterly abhorre.

Pe.

R Thy teſtimonies are wonderfull, therfore doth my ſoule kepe them. When thy worde goeth forth, it geueth light and vnderſtōdinge, euē vnto babes. I opē my mouth & drawe in my breth, for I deſyre thy commaundemētes. O loke thou vpon me, and be mercyfull, as thou vſeſt to do vnto thoſe ỽ loue ỽ name. Ordre my goinges after thy worde, that no wickednesſe raigne in me. O delyuer me from the wrōgeous dealinges of mē, and ſo ſhal I kepe thy commaundemētes. Shewe the light of thy countenaunce vnto thy ſeruaunt, and lerne me thy ſtatutes. Deu.4.a Pſal.18.b Mat.11.c

Myne eyes guſſhe out with water, becauſe men kepe not thy lawe.

Zadi.

S Righteous art thou (o LORDE) & true is ỽ iudgmēt. The teſtimonies that thou haſt commaūded, are exceadinge righteous and true. My zele hath euen conſumed me, becauſe myne enemies haue forgotten thy wordes. Thy worde is tried to the vttemoſt, & thy ſeruaunte loueth it. I am ſmall and of no reputacīō, yet do not I forget thy cōmaūdementes. Thy righteouſneſſe is an euerlaſtinge righteouſnes, and thy lawe is true. Trouble and heyneſſe haue takē holde vpō me, yet is my delite in thy commaundementes. The righteouſnes of thy teſtimonies is euerlaſtinge, o graunte me vnderſtondinge, and I ſhal lyue. Pſal.68.b Iohā 2.b

Coph.

T I call wᵗ my whole herte, heare me (o LORDE) I wil kepe thy ſtatutes. Yee euen vpō the do I call, helpe me, and I ſhal kepe ỽ teſtimonies. Early in ỽ mornynge do I crie vnto the, for in thy worde is my truſt. Myne eyes preuēte ỽ night watches, ỽ I might be occupied in thy wordes. Heare my voyce (o LORDE) accordīge vnto thy louynge kyndneſſe, quyckē me accordīge as thou art wōt. They drawe nye ỽ of malice perſecute me, & are farre frō ỽ lawe. Be thou nye at hōde alſo (o LORDE) for thy promiſes are faithfull.

As concernynge thy teſtimonies, I haue knowne euer ſens the begynnynge, that thou haſt grounded them for euer.

Res.

O conſidre my aduerſite, & delyuer me, for I do not forget thy lawe. Maynteyne thou my cauſe and defende me, quycken me accordinge vnto thy worde. Health is farre frō the vngodly, for they regarde not thy ſtatutes. Greate is thy mercy (o LORDE) quycken me as thou art wont. Many there are that trouble me, and perſecute me, yet do not I ſwarue frō thy teſtimonies. It greueth me, whan I ſe, that the tranſgreſſours kepe not thy lawe. Conſidre (LORDE) how I loue thy cōmaundementes, O quycken me wᵗ thy louinge kyndneſſe. Thy worde is true from euerlastinge, all the iudgmentes of thy righteouſneſſe endure for euermore. ỽ

Sin.

The princes perſecute me without cauſe, but my herte ſtōdeth in awe of thy wordes. x

I am as glad of thy worde, as one ỽ fyndeth greate ſpoyles. As for lyes, I hate & abhorre them, but thy lawe do I loue. Seuen tymes a daye do I praiſe the, becauſe of thy righteous iudgmentes. Greate is the peace ỽ they haue which loue ỽ lawe, & they are not offended at it. LORDE, I loke for ỽ ſauynge health, & do after thy cōmaundemētes. My ſoule kepeth thy teſtimonies, & loueth thē exceadingly. I kepe thy cōmaundemētes & teſtimonies, for all my wayes are before the. Esaie 9.a

Thau.

Let my cōplaynte come before the (o LORDE) geue me vnderſtondinge, accordinge vnto thy worde. Oh let my ſupplicacīō come before the, delyuer me accordinge to thy promyſe. My lippes ſhall ſpeake of thy praiſe, ſeynge thou haſt taught me thy ſtatutes. ת

Yee my tōge ſhall ſynge of thy worde, for all thy cōmaundemētes are right. Let thy hāde helpe me, for I haue choſen thy cōmaūdementes. I longe for thy ſauynge health (o LORDE) & in thy lawe is my delyte. Oh let my ſoule lyue & praiſe the, ỽ thy iudgmentes maye helpe me. I go aſtraye, like a ſhepe that is loſt: Oh ſeke thy ſeruaunt, for I do not forget thy commaundementes.

The CXIX. pſalme.

When I am in trouble, I call vpon ỽ LORDE, & he anſwereth me. Delyuer my ſoule (o LORDE) frō lyenge lippes, & frō a diſceatfull tōge. What rewarde ſhal be geuen or done vnto the, thou falſe tonge? Euen mightie & ſharpe arowes, wᵗ hote burnīge coales. Wo is me ỽ my baniſhmēt A Ion.2.a

endureth sol̄ge: I dwell in the tabernacles of the sorouſull. My soule hath l̄ge dwelt amonge them, that be enemies vnto peace. I laboured for peace, but when I spake ther of, they made them to batayll.

The CXX. psalme.

A I Lift vp myne eyes vnto the hilles, frō whence commeth my helpe? My helpe cōmeth euen from the LORDE, which hath made heauen and earth. He will not suffre thy fote to be moued, and he y kepeth the, slepeth not. Beholde, he that kepeth Israel, doth nether slomber ner slepe. The LORDE himself is thy keper, the LORDE is thy defence vpon y right honde. So that the Sonne shal not burne the by daye, nether the Moone by night. The LORDE preserueth the from all euell, yee it is the LORDE that kepeth thy soule. The LORDE preserueth thy goinge out and thy cōmynge in, from this tyme forth for euermore.

The CXXI. A psalme of Dauid.

A I was glad, when they sayde vnto me: we wil go in to the house of the LORDE. Oure fete shal stonde in thy gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalē is buylded as a cite, that is at vnite in it self. For there y tribes go vp, euen the tribes of the LORDE: to testifie vnto Israel, to geue thanckes vnto the name of the LORDE. For there is the seate of iudgement, euē the seate of the house B of Dauid. O praye for the peace of Jerusalē, they shal prospere that loue the. Peace be within y walles, and plenteousnes within thy palaces, For my brethren and companyons sakes, I wil wish the prosperite. Yee because of y house of the LORDE oure God, I wil seke to do the good.

The CXXII. psalme.

A VNto the I lift I vp myne eyes, thou y dwellest in the heauens. Beholde, euen as the eyes of seruaūtes loke vnto the handes of their masters: and as the eyes of a mayden vnto the handes of hir mastresse, euen so oure eyes wayte vpon the LORDE our God, vntill he haue mercy vpō vs. Haue mercy vpō vs (o LORDE) haue mercy vpon vs, for we are vtterly despysed. Oure soule is fylled w̄ the scornefull reprofe of the welthy, & with y despitefulnesse of the proude.

The CXXIII. A psalme of Dauid.

A I F the LORDE had not bene of oure syde (now maye Israel saye) If the LORDE had not bene of oure syde, whē mē rose vp agaynst vs: They had swalowed vs vp quycke, when they were so wrothfully displeased at vs. Yee the waters had drowned vs, the streame had gone ouer oure soule. The depe waters of the proude had gone euē vnto oure soule. But praysed be y LORDE, which hath not geuen vs ouer for a pray vnto their teth. Oure soule is escaped, euen as a byrde out of the snare of y fouler: y snare is brokē, and we are delyuered. Oure helpe stōdeth in the name of the LORDE, which hath made heauen and earth.

The CXXIIII. psalme.

A THey that put their trust in y LORDE, are euē as the mount Sion, which maye not be remoued, but stōdeth fast for euer. The hilles stonde aboute Jerusalem, euen so stondeth the LORDE rounde aboute his people, frō this tyme forth for euermore. That the rodd of the vngodly come not in to the lott of the righteous, lest the righteous put their honde vnto wickednesse. Do wel (o LORDE) vnto those that be good and true of herte. As for soch as turne backe vnto their owne wickednesse, the LORDE shal lede them forth with the euell doers: but peace be vpon Israel.

The CXXV. psalme

A WHen the LORDE turneth agayne y captiuyte of Sion, then shal we be like vnto them that dreame. Thē shal oure mouth be fylled with laughter, and oure tonge with ioye. Then shal it be sayed amonge the Heithen: the LORDE hath done greate thinges for them. Yee the LORDE hath done greate thinges for vs allready, wherof we reioyse. Turne oure captiuyte (o LORDE) as the ryuers in the south. They that sowe in teeres, shal reape in ioye. He y now goeth his waye wepīge & beareth forth good sēde, shal come agayne with ioye, and bryngehis sheaues with him.

The CXXVI. A psalme of Salomon.

A EXcepte the LORDE buylde the house, their labour is but lost that buylde it. Excepte the LORDE kepe the cite, the watchman waketh but in vayne. It is but lost labour that yerise vp early, and take no rest, but eate the bred of carefulnesse: for loke to whom it pleaseth him, he geueth it in slepe. Lo, children and y frute of the wombe are an heretage and gift, that cōmeth of the LORDE. Like as the arowes in the hōde of the giaūte, euē so are the yonge children. Happie is the mā, y hath his quyuer full of them: they shal not be ashamed, when they speake with their enemies in the gate.

The CXXVII. psalme.

A BLessed are all they that feare the LORDE, & walke in his wayes. For thou

Esa. 2.a
Mich. 4.a
zach 8.d
Pro. 1.a
Esa. 8.b
2. Par. 6.d
Esa. 66.a
Psal. 110.a
Pro. 10.d
Gala. 6.b
Gala. 6.a
Exo. 1.d
4. Re. 9.d
Pro. 10.c
Eccl. 11.b
Psal. 11.b

shalt eate the labomres of thine owne hondes: o well is the, happie art thou. Thy wife shalbe as a frutefull vyne vpon the walles of thy house. Thy children like the olyue braunches roũde aboute ỹ table. Lo, thus shal ỹ mã be blessed, ỹ feareth the LORDE. The LORDE shal so blesse the out of Sion, that thou shalt se Jerusalẽ in prosperite all thy life longe. Yee that thou shalt se thy childers childrẽ, & peace vpõ Israel.

'um 6.d ob.42.c zen.30 d obi.14.a

The CXXVIII. psalme.

MAny a tyme haue they fought agaynst me fro my youth vp (maye Israel now saie). Yee many a tyme haue they fought againt me fro my youth vp, but they haue not ouercome me. The plowers plowed vpõ my backe, & made lõge forowes. But the righteous LORDE hath hewen ỹ yocke of ỹ vngodly in peces. Let them be confounded & turned backwarde, as many as haue euell will at Sion. Let thẽ be euẽ as the haye vpon the house toppes, which wythereth afore it be pluckte vp.

Psal.36.a

Wherof the mower fylleth not his hande, nether he that byndeth vp the sheaues, his bosome. So that they which go by, saye not so moch as: the LORDE prospere you, we wisth you good lucke in the name of the LORDE.

The CXXIX. psalme.

OVt of the depe call I vnto the (o LORDE) LORDE heare my voyce. Oh let thine eares consydre well the voyce of my complaynte. Yf thou (LORDE) wilt be extreme to marcke what is done amysse, Oh LORDE, who maye abyde it? But there is mercy with the, that thou mayest be feared. I loke for the LORDE, my soule doth wayte for him, and in his worde is my trust. My soule doth pacyently abyde the LORDE, frõ the one mornynge to the other. Let Israel trust in the LORDE, for with the LORDE there is mercy and plenteous redempcion. And he shal redeme Israel from all his synnes.

Iob 9.a Psal.142.a Esa.43.d

The CXXX. A psalme of Dauid.

LORDE, I am not hye mynded, I haue no proude lokes. I do not exercise myself in greate matters, which are to hye for me. But I refrayne my soule and kepe it lowe, like as a childe ỹ is weened from his mother, yee my soule is euen as a weened childe. Let Israel trust in the LORDE, frõ this tyme forth for euermore.

Eccli.3.c

The CXXXI. psalme

LORDE, remembre Dauid and all his trouble. How he swore vnto ỹ LORDE, & vowed a vowe vnto ỹ mightie one of Jacob: I wil not come within the tabernacle of my house, ner clymme vpõ to my bedde. I wil not suffre myne eyes to slepe, ner myne eye lyddes to slõber. Vntill I fynde out a place for the LORDE, an habitaciõ for the mightie one of Jacob. Lo, we herde of the same at Ephrata, & foũde it in ỹ wod.

We wil go in to his tabernacle, & fall downe before his fotestole. Arise (o LORDE) in to thy restinge place, thou & ỹ arke of ỹ strẽgth. Let thy prestes be clothed with righteousnesse, and let thy sayntes reioyse. For thy seruaunte Dauids sake turne not awaye the presence of thine anoynted. The LORDE hath made a faithfull ooth vnto Dauid, & he shal not shrynke from it: Of the frute of thy body shal I set vpon thy seate. Yf thy childrẽ wil kepe my couenaunt, & my testimony ỹ I shall lerne thẽ, their childrẽ also shal syt vpõ thy seate for euermore. For the LORDE hath chosen Siõ, to be an habitaciõ for him self hath he chosen her. This shalbe my rest, here wil I dwel, for I haue a delite therin. I will blesse hir vytales wt increase, & wil satisfie hir poore with bred. I wil decke hir prestes with health, & hir sayntes shal reioyse & be glad. There shall I make the horne of Dauid to florish, I haue ordened a lanterne for myne anoynted. As for his enemies, I shal clothe thẽ w shame, but vpon himself shal his crowne florish.

Exo 18 a Ephe 6.b B 2.Re.7.c 1.Par.18 b Psal.88.a Act.2 d Psal.22.d Esaie 61.b Luce 1.f 2.Re.11.f 15.a

The CXXXII. A psalme of Dauid.

BEholde, how good & ioyfull a thinge it is, brethrẽ to dwell together in vnite. It is like ỹ precious oyntment vpon the heade, that ranne downe vnto the beerd, euẽ vnto Aarons beerd, & wẽte downe to the slyttes of his clothinge. Like the dewe of Hermon, which fell vpon the hill of Sion. For there the LORDE promised his blessynge, and life for euermore.

A Phil.2.a Ephe.4.a Exo.30.d Leui.8.b Pro.19.b

The CXXXIII. psalme.

BEholde, O prayse the LORDE all ye seruauntes of the LORDE, ye that by night stõde in the house of the LORDE. O lift vp youre handes in the Sanctuary, and prayse the LORDE. The LORDE ỹ made heauen & earth, blesse the out of Sion.

A Psal.112.a 134.a 1.Tim.2.b Nu.6.d

The CXXXIIII. psalme.

OPrayse ỹ name of ỹ LORDE, praise it o ye seruaũtes of ỹ LORDE. Ye ỹ stõde in ỹ house of ỹ LORDE, in the courtes of the house of oure God. O prayse the LORDE, for the LORDE is gracious: o synge prayses vnto his name, for it is louely. For why, the LORDE hath chosen Jacob vnto him self, & Israel for his owne possessiõ.

A Psal.113.a 135.a Deu.4.e and 10.d

For I knowe yͭ yͭ LORDE is greate. & yͭ oͬ LORDE is aboue all goddes. What ſo euer yͭ LORDE pleaſeth, yͭ doth he in heauē & in earth, in the ſee & in all depe places. He bryngeth forth the cloudes from the endes of the worlde, he turneth yͭ lightenīges vnto rayne, bringīge the wyndes out of their treaſuries.

Which ſmote the firſtborne of Egipte, both of man and beeſt. He hath ſent tokens and wonders in to the myddeſt of the (o thou londe of Egipte) vpon Pharao and all his ſeruauntes. Which ſmote dyuerſe nacions, & ſlewe mightie kynges. Sihon kynge of yͭ Amorites, Og the kynge of Baſan, and all the kyngdomes of Canaā. And gaue their lōde for an heretage, for an heretage vnto Iſrael his people. Thy name (o LORDE) endureth for euer, ſo doth thy memoriall (o LORDE) from one generacion to another. For the LORDE wil auēge his people, & be gracious vnto his ſeruaūtes. As for the ymages of the heithē, they are but ſyluer and golde, the worke of mens hādes. They haue mouthes, & ſpeake not: eyes haue they, but they ſe not. They haue eares, and yet they heare not, nether is there eny breth ī their mouthes.

They that make them, are like vnto them, & ſo are all they that put their truſt in thē.

Prayſe the LORDE ye houſe of Iſrael, prayſe the LORDE ye houſe of Aaron. Prayſe the LORDE ye houſe of Leui, ye that feare yͭ LORDE, prayſe the LORDE. Prayſed be the LORDE out of Sion, which dwelleth at Jeruſalē.

Hallelu ya.

The CXXXV. pſalme.

O Geue thankes vnto the LORDE, for he is gracious, and his mercy endureth for euer. O geue thākes vnto the God of all goddes, for his mercy endureth for euer. O thanke the LORDE of all lordes, for his mercy endureth for euer.

Which only doth greate wonders, for his mercy endureth for euer. Which by his wyſdome made the heauens, for his mercy endureth for euer. Which layed out the earth aboue the waters, for his mercy endureth for euer. Which hath made greate lightes, for his mercy endureth for euer. The Sonne to rule the daye, for his mercy endureth for euer. The Moone and the ſtarres to gouerne the night, for his mercy endureth for euer.

Which ſmote Egipte with their firſtborne, for his mercy endureth for euer. And brought out Iſrael from amonge them, for his mercy endureth for euer. With a mighty hāde and a ſtretched out arme, for his mercy endureth for euer. Which deuyded the reed ſee in to partes, for his mercy endureth for euer. And made Iſrael to go thorow yͭ myddeſt of it, for his mercy endureth for euer

But as for Pharao and his hooſt, he ouerthrewe them in the reed ſee, for his mercy endureth for euer. Which led his people thorow the wylderneſſe, for his mercy endureth for euer. Which ſmote greate kynges, for his mercy endureth for euer. Yee and ſlewe mightie kynges, for his mercy endureth for euer. Sihon kynge of the Amorites, for his mercy endureth for euer. And Og the kynge of Baſan, for his mercy endureth for euer.

And gaue away their londe for an heretage, for his mercy endureth for euer. Euen for an heretage vnto Iſrael his ſeruaunt, for his mercy endureth for euer. Which remēbreth vs, whē we are in trouble, for his mercy endureth for euer. Which geueth foode vnto all fleſh, for his mercy endureth for euer.

O geue thankes vnto the God of heauen, for his mercy endureth for euer.

The CXXXVI. pſalme.

BY the waters of Babilon we ſat downe and wepte, when we remēbred Sion. As for oure harpes, we hanged them vp vpon the trees, that are therin. Thē, they that led vs awaye captyue, requyred of vs a ſonge and melody in oͬ heynes: ſynge vs one of the ſonges of Sion. How ſhal we ſynge the LORDES ſonge in a ſtraūge lōde? If I forget the (o Jeruſalem) let my right hande be forgotten. If I do not remembre the, let my tonge cleue to the rofe of my mouth: yee yͭ I preferre not Jeruſalem in my myrth. Remembre the childrē of Edom (o LORDE) in the daye of Jeruſalem, how they ſayde: downe with it, downe with it, euē to the grounde. O doughter Babilō, thou ſhalt come to miſery thy ſelf: yee happie ſhal he be, that rewardeth yͭ as thou haſt ſerued vs. Bleſſed ſhal he be, that taketh thy children, and throweth them agaynſt the ſtones

The CXXXVII. A pſalme of Dauid.

I Wil geue thākes vnto the (o LORDE) with my whole hert, euen before the goddes wil I ſynge prayſes vnto the.

I wil worſhippe toward the thy holy tēple, and prayſe thy name because of thy louynge kyndneſſe and treuth, for thou haſt magnified thy worde, acordynge vnto thy greate name. When I call vpō the, thou heareſt me, and endeweſt my ſoule with moch ſtrēgth. All the kynges of the earth ſhal prayſe the (o LORDE) when they heare the wordes of thy mouth. Yee they ſhal ſynge in the wayes of the LORDE, that greate is the glory of the

Psal.112.a LORDE. For though the LORDE be hye, yet hath he respecte vnto ỹ lowly: as for ỹ proude, he beholdeth him a farre off. Though I walke i ỹ myddest of trouble, yet shalt thou refresh me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hãde vpõ the furiousnes of myne enemies, & ỹ right hande shal saue me. The LORDE shal make good for me, yee thy mercy (o LORDE)
Iob.14.b endureth for euer: despyse not then the worke of thine owne handes.

The CXXXVIII. A psalme of Dauid.

A O LORDE, thou searchest me out, and knowest me. Thou knowest my downe sytting & my vprisynge, thou vnderstõdest my thoughtes a farre of. Thou art about my path & about my bedd, & spyest out all my wayes. For lo, there is not a worde i my tõge, but thou (o LORDE) knowest it altogether. Thou hast fashioned me behinde & before, & layed thine hõde vpon me. Soch knowlege is to wonderfull & excellẽt for me, I can not atteyne vnto it. Whither
Amos.9.a shal I go then from thy spirite? Or, whither
Iere.23.d shal I fle from thy presence? If I clymme vp in to heauen, thou art there: yf I go downe to hell, thou art there also. If I take the wynges of the morynge, & remayne in the
B vttemost parte of the see: Euen there also shal thy honde lede me, and thy right hande shal holde me. If I saye: peraduẽture the darckenesse shal couer me, then shal my night be turned to daye. Yee the darckenesse is no darckenesse with the, but the night is as clere as the daye, the darckenesse & light are both alike. For my reynes are thyne, thou hast couered me in my mothers wombe. I wil geue thãkes vnto the, for I am wõderously made: maruelous are thy workes, and that my soule knoweth right well. My bones are not hyd from the, though I be made secretly, and fashioned beneth in the earth. Thine eyes se myne vnperfitnesse, they stonde all writtẽ i thy boke: my dayes were fashioned, when as yet there was not one of them
How deare are ỹ coũcels vnto me o God? O how greate is the summe of them? If I tell them, they are mo in nombre then the sonde: when I wake vp, I am present with the. Wilt thou not slaye ỹ wicked (oh God) that the bloudethyrstie mighte departe fro me? For they speake vnright of the, thine enemies exalte them selues presumptuously.

I hate them (o LORDE) that hate the, & I maye not awaye with those that ryse vp agaynst the? Yee I hate them right sore, therfore are they myne enemies. Trye me
Psal.25.a (o God) and seke the grounde of myne hert; prone me, & examen my thoughtes. Loke well, yf there be eny waye of wickednesse in me, & lede me in the waye euerlastinge.

The CXXXIX. A psalme of Dauid.

A Delyuer me (o LORDE) from the euell men, oh preserue me from the wicked men. Which ymagin myschefe in their hertes, & stere vp strife all the daye longe. They sharpen their tonges like a serpent, Adders poyson is vnder their lippes. Sela. Kepe me (o LORDE) from the hande of the vngodly, preserue me from the wicked men, which are purposed to ouerthrowe my goinges. The proude haue layed a snare for me, & spred a nett abrode with coardes, yee & sett trappes in my waye. Sela.

But my sayenge is vnto the LORDE: thou art my God, heare the voyce of my prayer o LORDE. O LORDE God, thou strength of my health, thou hast couered my heade in ỹ daye of battayll. Let not ỹ vngodly haue
B his desyre (o LORDE) let him not haue his purpose, lest they be to proude. Sela. Let
Psal.7.b the myschefe of their owne lippes fall vpon ỹ head of thẽ, ỹ cõpase me aboute. Let hote burnynge coales fall vpõ thẽ, let thẽ be cast in to the fyre, and in to the pytt, that they neuer ryse vp agayne. A man full of wordes shal not prospere vpon earth: a malicious & wicked person shal be hunted awaye and destroyed. Sure I am, that the LORDE wil auenge the poore, and manteyne the cause of the helpelesse. The righteous also shal geue thãkes vnto thy name, & the iust shal continue in thy sight.

The CXL. A psalme of Dauid.

A LORDE, I call vpon the: haist the vnto me, and consider my voyce, whẽ I crie vnto the. Let my prayer be set
Exo.30.b forth in thy sight as the incẽse, and let the lif-
Nu.2.8a tinge vp of my hãdes be an euenynge sacrifi-
Eccli.22.c ce. Set a watch (o LORDE) before my mouth, yee a watch at the dore of my lippes. O let not myne hert be enclyned to eny euell thinge, to be mynded as the vngodly or wicked men, lest I eate of soch thinges as please thẽ

Let the righteous (rather) smyte me frendly, and reproue me: so wil I take it, as though he had poured oyle vpõ my heade: it shal not hurte my heade, yee I wil praye yet for their wickednesse. Their iudges stõble at the stone, yet heare they my wordes, ỹ they be ioyfull. Oure bones lye scatered before ỹ pytt, like as when one graueth and dyggeth vp the grounde. But myne eyes loke vnto ỹ, o LORDE God: in the is my trust, oh cast not out my soule. Kepe me frõ ỹ snare which

they haue layed for me, and frō the trappes of the wicked doers. Let the vngodly fall in to their owne nettes together, vntill I be gone by them.

The CXLI. A pſalme of Dauid.

I Crie vnto the LORDE with my voyce, yee euē vnto the LORDE do I make my ſupplicacion. I poure out my complaynte before him, and ſhewe him of my trouble. When my ſpirite is in heuynesſe, for thou knowest my path: in the waye where in I walke, haue they priuely layed a ſnare for me. I loke vpon my right honde and ſe, there is no man that wil knowe me. I haue no place to flē vnto, no man careth for my ſoule. Therfore do I crie vnto the (o LORDE) and ſaye: thou art my hope and my porcion, in the londe of the lyuynge. Cōſidre my complaynte, for I am brought very lowe. Oh delyuer me fro my perſecuters, for they are to ſtronge for me: Bringe my ſoule out of preſon, that I maye geue thākes vnto thy name: which thinge yf thou wilt graūte me, then ſhal the righteous reſorte vnto my cōpany.

The CXLII. A pſalme of Dauid.

A Pſal. 101.a

HEare my prayer (o LORDE) conſidre my deſyre: anſwere me for thy treuth and righteouſneſſe ſake. And entre not in to iudgment with thy ſeruaunt, for in thy ſight ſhal no man lyuynge be iuſtified. Iob.4.b 25.a 15.b For the enemie perſecuteth my ſoule, he ſmyteth my life downe to the grounde, he layeth me in the darckneſſe, as the deed men of the worlde. Therfore is my ſpirite vexed within me, and my herte within me is deſolate. Pſal. 76.a Yet do I remēbre the tymes paſt, I muſe vpō all yᵉ workes, yee I exerciſe my ſelf in the workes Pſal. 62.a of thy hondes. I ſtretch forth my hondes vnto the, my ſoule crieth vnto the out of the thyrſtie londe. Sela. Heare me (o LORDE) and that ſoone, for my ſpirite waxeth faynte: hyde not yᵉ face fro me, leſt I be like vnto thē B that go downe in to the graue. Oh let me heare thy louynge kyndneſſe by tymes in the mornynge, for in the is my truſt: ſhewe thou me the waye that I ſhulde walke in, for I lift vp my ſoule vnto the. Delyuer me (o LORDE) fro myne enemies, for I reſorte vnto the.

Teach me to do the thinge that pleaſeth the, for thou art my God: let thy louynge ſpirite lede me forth vnto the londe of righteouſneſſe. Quyckē me (o LORDE) for thy names ſake, and for thy righteouſneſſe ſake bringe my ſoule out of trouble. And of thy goodneſſe ſcater myne enemies abrode, and deſtroye all them that vexe my ſoule, for I am thy ſeruaunt.

The CXLIII. A pſalme of Dauid.

BLeſſed be the LORDE my refuge, A which teacheth my hādes to warre, Pſal. 17.d 2.Re. 22.e and my fyngers to fight. My hope and my caſtell, my defence and my delyuerer, my ſhylde in whom I truſt, which gouerneth the people that is vnder me. LORDE, what is mā, that thou haſt ſoch reſpecte vnto him? Pſal.8.b Or the ſonne of man, that thou ſo regardeſt him? Man is like a thinge of naught, his Iob.8.a tyme paſſeth awaye like a ſhadowe. Bowe thy heauēs (o LORDE) and come downe, touch the mountaynes, yᵗ they maye ſmoke withall.

Sende forth the lightenynge and ſcater thē, ſhute out thine arowes and conſume them. Sende downe thine hande from aboue, delyuer me and take me out of yᵉ greate waters, from the hande of ſtraunge childrē. Whoſe mouth talketh of vanite, and their right hāde is a right hande of falſede. That I maye B ſynge a new ſonge vnto the (o God) and ſynge prayſes vnto the vpon a ten ſtrynged lute, Thou that geueſt victory vnto kynges, and haſt delyuered Dauid thy ſeruaunt from the parell of the ſwerde. Saue me and delyuer me from the honde of ſtraunge childrē, whoſe mouth talketh of vanite, and their right hande is a right hande of falſede. That oᵘʳ ſonnes maye growe vp as the yōge plantes, Deut.28.a and that oure doughters maye be as the poliſhed corners of the temple. That oᵘʳ garners maye be full and plenteous with all maner of ſtoare: that oᵘʳ ſhepe maye bringe forth thouſandes and hundreth thouſande in oure villages. That oure oxen maye be ſtronge to laboure, that there be no myſchaunce, no decaye, and no complayninge in oure ſtretes.

Happie are the people that be in ſoch a caſe: yee bleſſed are the people, which haue the Pſal.33.b LORDE for their God.

The CXLIIII. A pſalme of Dauid.

I Wil magnifie the (o my God and kynge) A I wil prayſe yᵉ name for euer and euer. Euery daye wil I geue thankes vnto the, and prayſe yᵉ name for euer and euer. Greate is the LORDE, and marueloꝰ worthy to be prayſed, there is no ende of his greatneſſe. One generacion ſhal prayſe thy workes vnto another, and declare thy power. As for me I wil be talkīge of thy worſhipe, thy glory, thy prayſe and wōdereus workes.

So that men ſhal ſpeake of the might of thy marueloꝰ actes, and tell of yᵉ greatnes. The memoriall of yᵉ abundaunt kyndnes ſhal be ſhewed, and mē ſhal ſynge of thy righ

Exo.34.a Psal.85.c 102.a
teousnesse. The LORDE is gracious and mercifull, longe sufferynge & of greate goodnesse. The LORDE is louynge vnto euery man, and his mercy is ouer all his workes.

B All thy workes prayse the (o LORDE) and thy sayntes geue thankes vnto the. They shewe the glory of thy kyngdome, and talke of ẏ power. That ẏ power, thy glory & mightynesse of thy kyngdome might be knowne vnto men. Thy kyngdome is an euerlastinge kyngdome, & thy dominion endureth throw out all ages. The LORDE vpholdeth all soch as shulde fall, and lifteth vp all those that be downe. The eyes of all wayte vpon the, and thou geuest them their meate in due season. Thou openest thine hãde,

Luc.1.c Dan.3.f and.7.d Psal 44.b Prou.24.c Psal.33.c. 36.d Psal.103.d

C and fyllest all thinges lyuynge with plenteousnesse. The LORDE is righteous in all his wayes, & holy in all his workes. The LORDE is nye vnto all them that call vpon him, yee all soch as call vpon him faithfully. He fulfilleth the desyre of them that feare him, he heareth their crie, and helpeth them. The LORDE preserueth all them that loue him, but scatereth abrode all the vngodly. My mouth shal speake the prayse of the LORDE, And let all flesh geue thankes vnto his holy name for euer and euer. Halleluya.

The CXLV. psalme.

A PRayse the LORDE (o my soule:) whyle I lyue wil I prayse the LORDE, yee as lõge as I haue eny beynge, I wil synge prayses vnto my God. O put not yor trust in princes, ner in the childe of man, for there is no helpe in thẽ. For when ẏ breth of man goeth forth, he shal turne agayne to his earth, and so all his thoughtes perishe. Blessed is he that hath ẏ God of Jacob for his helpe, and whose hope is in the LORDE his God. Which made heauen and earth,

Psal.102.a Psal.117.a Act.14.c Apoc.14.b

B ẏ see and all that therin is, which kepeth his promise for euer. Which helpeth them to right ẏ suffre wronge, which fedeth ẏ hongrie. The LORDE lowseth men out of prison, the LORDE geueth sight to the blynde. The LORDE helpeth thẽ vp that are fallen, the LORDE loueth the righteous. The LORDE careth for the straungers, he defendeth ẏ fatherlesse and wyddowe: as for the waye of ẏ vngodly, he turneth it vpsyde downe. The LORDE thy God (o Sion) is kynge for euermore, and throw out all generacions. Halleluya.

The CXLVI. psalme.

A PRayse the LORDE, for it is a good thinge to synge prayses vnto o God: yee a ioyfull and pleasaunt thinge is it to be thankfull. The LORDE shal buylde vp Jerusalẽ, & gather together ẏ outcastes of Israel. He healeth the contrite in herte, and byndeth vp their woundes. He

Esa 40.d

telleth the nombre of the starres, and calleth them all by their names. Greate is o LORDE, and greate is his power, yee his wyssdome is infinite. The LORDE setteth vp ẏ meke, & bryngeth ẏ vngodly downe to ẏ groũde

B 1.Esd.3.c

O synge vnto ẏ LORDE wt thankesgeuynge, synge prayses vpõ ẏ harpe vnto o God. Which couereth ẏ heauen wt cloudes, prepareth rayne for ẏ earth, & maketh ẏ grasse to growe vpon the mountaynes. Which geueth foder vnto ẏ catell, & fedeth ẏ yonge rauens ẏ call vpõ him. He hath no pleasure in the strength of an horse, nether delyteth he in eny mãs legges. But the LORDES delyte is in them that feare him, and put their trust in his mercy.

Psal 103.b Iob.38.d

The CXLVII. psalme,

This psalme do the hebrues ioyne vnto it, that goeth before.

A PRayse ẏ LORDE o Jerusalẽ, prayse ẏ God o Sion. For he maketh fast ẏ baries of ẏ gates, & blesseth ẏ childrẽ within ẏ. He maketh peace in ẏ borders, & fylleth ẏ with ẏ flõ of wheate. He sendeth forth his cõmaundemẽt vpõ earth, his worde rũneth swiftly. He geueth snowe like woll, & scatereth ẏ horefrost like ashes. He casteth forth his yse like morsels, who is able to abyde his frost? He sendeth out his worde and melteth them, he bloweth wt his wynde, & the waters flowe. He sheweth his worde vnto Jacob, his statutes & ordinaunces vnto Israel. He hath not dealte so wt all the heithen, nether haue they knowlege of his lawes. Halleluya.

Gene.1.a

The CXLVIII. psalme.

A PRayse the LORDE of heauen, prayse him in the heyth. Prayse him all ye angels of his, prayse hĩ all his hoost. Prayse him Sonne & Moone, prayse him all ye starres & light. Prayse him all ye heauens, & ye waters ẏ be vnder the heauens. Let them prayse the name of the LORDE, for he cõmaunded, & they were made. He hath made thẽ fast for euer and euer, he hath geuẽ them a lawe which shal not be brokẽ. Prayse the LORDE vpon earth, ye whalfshes and

Psal.32.B

B all depes. Fyre and hayle, snowe & vapors wynde and storme, fulfillynge his worde. Mountaynes and all hilles, frutefull trees & all Ceders. Beastes and all catell, wormes & fethered foules. Kynges of the earth & all people, princes & all iudges of ẏ worlde. Yonge men & maydẽs, oldemen and childrẽ

Let them prayſe the name of the LORDE, for his name only is excellent, and his prayſe aboue heauen and earth. He exalteth the horne of his people, all his ſayntes ſhal prayſe him, the children of Iſrael, euen the people that ſerueth him. Halleluya.

The CXLIX. pſalme. Halleluya.

A Esa.42.b Dſynge vnto ỹ LORDE a newe ſonge, let the cõgregacion of ſayntes prayſe him. Let Iſrael reioyſe in him that made him, and let the children of Sion be ioyfull in their kynge. Let them prayſe his name in the daũce, let them ſynge prayſes vnto him with tabrettes and harpes. For the LORDE hath pleaſure in his people, and helpeth the mekecharted. Let the ſayntes be ioyfull with glory, let them reioyſe in their beddes. Let the prayſes of God be in their mouth, and ſharpe ſwerdes Heb.4.c in their handes. To be auenged of the heithē, & to rebuke the people. To bynde their kynges in cheynes, & their nobles with lynckes of yron. That they maye be auenged of them, as it is written, Soch honoure haue Deut.33.f all his ſayntes. Halleluya.

The CL. pſalme. Halleluya.

A Dprayſe the LORDE in his Sanctuary, prayſe him in the firmament of his power. Prayſe him in his noble actes, prayſe him in his excellẽt greatneſſe. Prayſe him in the ſounde of the trompet, prayſe him vpõ the lute and harpe. Prayſe him in the cymbals and daunſe, prayſe him vpon the ſtrynges and pype. Prayſe him vpõ the welltuned cymbals, prayſe him vpon the loude cymbals. Let euery thinge ỹ hath breth, prayſe the LORDE. Halleluya.

The ende of the pſalter.

SELA.

In the pſalter this worde Sela commeth very oft, and (after the mynde of the interpreters) it is aſmuch to ſaye as, allwaye, contynually, for euer, forſoyth, verely, a liftynge vp of the voyce, or to make a pauſe and earneſtly to conſider, and to ponder the ſentẽce

The Prouerbes of Salomon.

What this boke conteyneth.

Chap. I. The wyſdome of God calleth vs by the mouth of Salomõ, exorteth vs, and geueth vs warnynge to eſchue the wicked: whoſe vngodly cõuerſacion in worde and worke, and punyſhment alſo of the ſame, is here deſcrybed.

Chap. II. How wiſdome maye be gotten, and what profit commeth of it.

Chap. III. He exorteth vs to the feare of God and to pacience: he commendeth wyſdome, & requyreth vs to cleue vnto the ſame.

Chap IIII A fatherly exortacion vnto wiſdome with the profit therof, and how we ought to refrayne the mẽbres of oure body frõ euell.

Chap. V. He exorteth vnto wyſdõe, and to beware of harlottes: he telleth what harme maye folowe therout, whẽ men medle with ſoch: he teacheth men, louyngly to cleue vnto their maried wyues, and deſcrybeth the ende of the vngodly.

Chap. VI. He warneth men to bewarre of ſuertiſhipe, exorteth the ſlouthfull to laboure, ſheweth the wikednesſe of falſe tonges, and requyreth men to bewarre of aduoutry, becauſe it is more perlous then theft or felony.

Chap. VII. He exorteth vnto wiſdome, ſheweth the condicions of harlottes, and what hurt happeneth vnto ſoch as enclyne to the prouocaciõs and deſyres of the fleſh.

Chap. VIII. Wyſdome calleth men ſwetely vnto her, and telleth them what treaſure and power ſhe hath. A cõmendacion and prayſe of wiſdome, wherout euery mã is exorted to cleue vnto her.

Chap. IX. Wyſdome crieth vpõ the ignoraũt, and promiſeth them greate thinges. The fooliſh maner of a light woman.

Chap. X. From this chapter forth vnto the XXXI, there are deſcribed many ſwete, louely and wyſe ſentences, which teach men wyſdome and what profit commeth of it: Agayne, how men maye auoyde fooliſhneſſe, and the hurte therof.

Chap. XXXI Wyſdome warneth vs to bewarre of euell women, and deſcrybeth the cõuerſacion, maner, & behauoure of an honeſt maried wyfe.

These are the prouerbes of Salomon the sonne of Dauid kynge of Israel: to lerne wysdome nurtoure, vnderstondinge, prudence, righteousnesse, iudgment and equite. That the very babes might haue wyt, and that yonge men might haue knowlege and vnderstondinge. By hearinge, the wyse mā shal cōme by more wysdome: and by experience, he shal be more apte to vnderstonde a parable, and the interpretacion therof: the wordes of the wyse, and the darcke speaches of the same.

Iob.28.c. Pro.9.b Psal.110.b Eccli.1.c. The feare of the LORDE is the begynnynge of wysdome. But fooles despyse wysdome and nurtoure.

The first Chapter.

A

MY sonne, heare thy fathers doctryne, and forsake not the lawe of ỳ mother: for that shal bringe grace vnto thy heade, & shal

Esa.29.d. be a cheyne aboute thy necke. My sonne, cō sente not vnto synners, yf they entyse the, and saye: come wyth us, let us laye wayte for bloude, & lurke preuely for the innocēt wyth

Psal.113.a out a cause: let us swalowe thē vp like ỳ hell, let us deuoure thē quycke and whole, as those that go downe in to the pytt. So shal we fynde all maner of costly riches, and fyll oure houses wyth spoyles. Cast in thy lott amonge us, we shal haue all one purse.

My sonne, walke not thou wt them, refrayne ỳ fote frō their wayes. For their fete rūne

Esa.59.a Pro.6.b. Psal.13.a to euell, & are haistie to shed bloude. But in vayne is ỳ net layed forth before the bydes eyes. Yee they thē selues laye wayte one for anothers bloude, and one of thē wolde slaye another. These are the wayes of all soch as be couetous, that one wolde rauysh anothers life.

B

Pro.8.a Wysdome crieth without, & putteth forth hir voyce in the stretes. She calleth before ỳ congregacion in ỳ open gates, and sheweth hir wordes thorow ỳ cite, sayenge: O ye childrē, how lōge wil ye loue childyshnesse: how longe wil ỳ scorners delyte in scornynge, & ỳ vnwyse be enemies vnto knowlege: O turne you vnto my coueccion: lo, I wil expresse my mynde vnto you, and make you vnderstōde my wordes. Seinge then that I haue called, and ye refused it: I haue stretched out my honde, and no mā regarded it, but all my coūcels haue ye despysed, and set my coueccios at naught. Therfore shal I also laugh in yō destruccion, and mocke you, when ỳ thinge that ye feare cōmeth vpon you: euen whē ỳ thinge that ye be afrayed of, falleth in sodenly like a storme, and yō misery like a tempest: yee what trouble and heuynesse cōmeth vpon you. Then shal they call vpō me, but I wil not heare: they shal seke me early, but they shal not fynde me: And ỳ because they hated knowlege, and receaued not ỳ feare of ỳ LORDE, but abhored my councell, and despysed my coueccion. Therfore shal they eate ỳ frutes of their owne waye, and be fylled wt their owne councels: for ỳ turnynge awaye of ỳ vnwyse shal slaye thē, & ỳ prosperi of fooles shalbe their owne destrucciō. But who so harkeneth vnto me, shal dwell safely, and haue ynough without eny feare of euell. Pro.3.c

C

Esa.65.b. Iere.7.b.

The ij. Chapter.

A

MY sonne, yf thou wilt receaue my wordes, and kepe my cōmaundemētes by the, that thine eare maye herken vnto wysdome, applie thine herte then to vnderstōdinge. For yf thou criest after wysdome, & callest for knowlege: yf thou seekest after her as after money, and dyggest for her as for treasure: Thē shalt thou vnderstonde ỳ feare of the LORDE, and fynde ỳ knowlege of God. For it is the LORDE Iaco.1.a.c that geueth wysdome, out of his mouth cometh knowlege and vnderstondinge. He Eccls.1.a And.7.c Iob.28.b 3.reg 3.b 4.c. preserueth ỳ welfare of the righteous, and defendeth them ỳ walke innocently: he kepeth them in ỳ right path, and preserueth ỳ waye of his sayntes. Then shalt thou vnderstonde righteousnesse, iudgment and equite, yee and euery good path. Yf wysdome entre in to thine herte, and ỳ soule delyte in knowlege: then shal councell preserue the, and vnderstondinge shal kepe the. That thou mayest be delyuered frō ỳ euell waye, and from the man ỳ speaketh frowarde thinges. From soch as leaue the hye strete, and walke i ỳ wayes of darckenesse: which reioyse in doynge euell, and delyte i wicked thinges: whose wayes are croked, and their pathes slaunderous.

B

That thou mayest be delyuered also from Pro.7.a the straunge woman, and from her that is And.5.a not thine owne: which geueth swete wordes, forsaketh the husbande of hir youth, and forgetteth the couenaunt of hir God. For hir house is enclyned vnto death, and hir pathes vnto hell. All they that go in vnto her, come not agayne, nether take they holde of the waye of life.

C

That thou mayest walke in ỳ good waye, and kepe the pathes of the righteous. For the iust shal dwell in the londe, and the inno

centes shal remayne in it: but the vngodly shalbe roted out of ỳ londe, and the wicked doers shalbe taken out of it.

The III. Chapter.

A Deu.11.a

MY sonne, forget not my lawe, but se ỳ thine hert kepe my cõmaundemẽtes. For they shal prolõge ỳ dayes ꝛ yeares of ỳ lyfe, ꝛ bringe ỳ peace. Let mercy ꝛ faithfulnes neuer go from ỳ: bynde thẽ about ỳ necke, ꝛ wryte them in the tables of thine herte. So shalt thou fynde fauõ and good vnderstondinge in ỳ sight of God and men. Put thy trust in ỳ LORDE with all thine herte, and leane not vnto thine owne vnderstondinge. In all thy wayes haue respecte vnto him, and he shal ordre thy goinges. Esa.5.c Be not wyse in thine owne conceate, but feare ỳ LORDE and departe from euell: so shal thy nauel be whole, and thy bones stronge. Rom.12.c

B Tob.4.b Deut.26.a Mala.3.b Exo.22.c and 34.c 1 Pet.4.b Tob.12.c Heb.12.a Apo 3.d

Honoure the LORDE wt ỳ substaunce, ꝛ wt ỳ firstlinges of all thine encrease: so shal thy barnes be fylled with plenteousnesse, and thy presses shal flowe ouer with swete wyne. My sonne, despyse not the chastenynge of ỳ LORDE, nether faynte when thou art rebuked of him. For whõ the LORDE loueth, him he chasteneth: and yet delyteth in him euen as a father in his owne sonne. Well is him that fyndeth wyßdome, ꝛ opteyneth vnderstondinge, for the gettinge of it is better then eny marchaundise of syluer, ꝛ the profit of it is better then golde. Wyßdome is more worth thẽ precious stones, ꝛ all ỳ thinges ỳ thou canst desyre, are not to be compared vnto her. Vpon hir right hande is longe life, ꝛ vpon hir left hande is riches ꝛ honõ. Pro.8.a

Hir wayes are pleasaunt wayes, and all hir pathes are peaceable. Gen.3.b She is a tre of life to them that laye holde vpon her, and blessed are they that kepe her fast.

C

With wyßdome hath ỳ LORDE layed the foũdacion of ỳ earth, ꝛ thorow vnderstondinge hath he stablished ỳ heauẽs. Thorow his wißdome ỳ depthes breake vp, ꝛ ỳ cloudes droppe downe the dew. My sonne, let not these thinges departe from thyne eyes, but kepe my lawe and my councell: so shal it be life vnto thy soule, ꝛ grace vnto ỳ mouth.

Then shalt thou walke safely in ỳ waye, ꝛ thy fote shal not stomble. Pro.3.c Yf thou slepest, thou shalt not be afrayed, but shalt take thy rest ꝛ slepe swetely. Thou neddest not to be afrayed of eny sodane feare, nether for the violent russhinge in of the vngodly, when it commeth.

For the LORDE shal be besyde the, ꝛ kepe thy fote ỳ thou be not taken. Refuse not to do good vnto him that shulde haue it, so longe as thine hande is able to do it. D Saye not vnto thy neghboure: go thy waye ꝛ come agayne, tomorow wil I geue the: where as thou hast now to geue him. Intende no hurte vnto thy neghboure, seynge he hopeth to dwell in rest by the. Stryue not lightly wt eny man, where as he hath done ỳ no harme. Folowe not a wicked man, and Pro.1.a chose none of his wayes: for the LORDE abhorreth the frowarde, but his secrete is amonge the righteous. The curse of the LORDE is in the house of the vngodly, but he blesseth the dwellinges of the righteous

As for the scornefull, he shal laugh thẽ to scorne, but he shal geue grace vnto the lowly. The wyse shal haue honõ in possession, but shame is the promociõ that fooles shal haue.

The IIII. Chap.

HEare (O ye children) the fatherly exortaciõ, ꝛ take good hede, that ye maye lerne wyßdome. A Yee I shal geue you a good rewarde, yf ye wil not forsake my lawe. For when I myself was my fathers deare sonne, and tenderly beloued of my mother, he taught me also, sayenge: let thine herte receaue my wordes, kepe my commaundementes, and thou shalt lyue. Deut.6.b 11.c.32.g

Get the wyßdome, get the vnderstondinge, forget not ỳ wordes of my mouth, ꝛ shrẽke not from them. Forsake her not, and she shal preserue the: loue her, and she shal kepe the. The chefe poynte of wyßdome is, that thou be wyllynge to opteyne wyßdome, and before all thy goodes to get the vnderstondynge. Make moch of her, Deu.16.d and she shal promote the: yee yf thou embracest her, she shal bringe the vnto honoure.

She shal make the a gracious heade, and B garnish the with ỳ crowne of glory. Heare my sonne, and receaue my wordes, that the yeares of thy life maye be many. I wil shewe the ỳ waye of wyßdome, and lede the in the right pathes. So that yf thou goest therin, there shal no straytnesse hynder the: and when thou runnest, thou shalt not fall. Take fast holde of doctryne, let her not go: kepe her, for she is thy life.

Come not in the path of the vngodly, Psal.1.a and 36.a and walke not in the waye of the wicked.

Eschue it, ꝛ go not therin: departe aside, ꝛ passe ouer by it. For they can not slepe, excepte they haue first done some myschefe:

nether take they eny rest, excepte they haue
first done some harme. For they eate the bred
of wickednesse, and drinke the wyne of robbe-
ry. The path of the righteous shyneth as
the light, and is euer brighter & brighter vn-
to the parfecte daye. But ỹ waye of the vn-
godly is as the darckenesse, wherin mẽ fall, or
they be awarre.

C My sonne, marcke my wordes, and enckly-
Num.15.d. Deut.11.c. ne thine eare vnto my sayinges. Let them
not departe from thine eyes, kepe them euen
in the myddest of thine herte. For they are
life vnto all those that finde thẽ, and healthe
vnto all their bodies. Kepe thine hert with
all diligence, for there vpon hangeth life.
Put awaye from the a frowarde mouth, and
let the lippes of slaunder be farre from the.
Let thine eyes beholde the thinge ỹ is right,
& let thine eye lyddes loke straight before the.
Põdre the path of thy fete, so shal all ỹ way
Deut.5.d And.17.c. es be sure. Turne not aside, nether to the
right hande ner to the lefte, but withholde thy
fote from euell.

The V. Chapter.

A MY sonne, geue hede vnto my wysdo-
me, & bowe thine eare vnto my prudẽ
ce: ỹ thou mayest regarde good coun
cell, and that thy lippes maye kepe nurtoure.
3 Pro.7.a. For the lippes of an harlot are a droppin
ge hony combe, and hir throte is softer then
oyle. But at ỹ last she is as bitter as worm
wod, and as sharpe as a twoedged swerde.
Hir fete go downe vnto death, and hir step-
pes pearse thorow vnto hell. She regardeth
not the path of life, so vnsted fast are hir way
es, that thou canst not knowe them. Heare
me therfore (o my sonne) and departe not frõ
the wordes of my mouth. Kepe thy waye
farre from her, and come not nye ỹ dores of
hir house. That thou geue not thine honor
vnto another, and thy yeares to the cruell.
B That other men be not fylled with thy goo-
des, & that thy labours come not in a straun-
ge house. Yee that thou mourne not at the
last (when thou hast spent thy body and goo
des) and then saye: Alas, why hated I nur-
toure? why dyd my hert despyse correccion?
Wherfore was not I obedient vnto the voy-
ce of my teachers, & herkened not vnto them
that instourmed me? I am come almost in to
all myssortune, in the myddest of the multitu-
de and congregacion. Drinke of the water
of thine owne well, and of the ryuers that
runne out of thine owne spriges. Let ỹ wel
les flowe out a brode, that there maye be ry-
uers of water in the stretes. But let them be
only thine owne, & not straungers with the.
Let thy well be blessed, and be glad with the
wife of thy youth. Louynge is the hynde, C Eccls.9.b
and frendly is the Roe: let her brestes al-
waye satisfie the, and holde the euer content
with hir loue. My sonne, why wilt thou ha
ue pleasure in an harlot, and embrace the bo-
some of another womã? For euery mãs way Iob.31.a. And.34.c.
es are open in the sight of the LORDE, and
he põdereth all their goinges. The wicked
nesses of the vngodly shal catch himself, and
with the snares of his owne synnes shal he be
trapped. Because he wolde not be refour-
med, he shal dye: and for his greate fooli-
nesse he shal be destroyed.

The VI. Chapter.

A MY sõne, yf thou be suertie for ỹ negh Pro.11.b. 17.c.20.c.
boure, thou hast fastened thine hõde
wt another mã: yee thou art bounde
with thine owne wordes, and taken wt thine
owne speach. Therfore (my sonne) do this, dis
charge thy self, for thou art come ĩ to ỹ negh
bours daunger. Go thy waye then soone, &
intreate thy neighboure: let not thyne eyes sle
pe, ner thine eye lyddes slomber. Saue thy
self as a doo frõ ỹ honde, & as a byrde frõ the
hõde of the fouler. Go to the Emmet (thou
slogarde) cõsidre hir wayes, & lerne to be wyse
She hath no gyde, no teacher, no leder: yet Pro.24.d. 30.c.
in the sommer she prouideth hir meate, & ga- Pro.13.a.
thereth hir foode together ĩ ỹ harueste. How
lõge wilt thou slepe, thou slogish mã? Whã
wilt thou aryse out of thy slepe? Yee slepe on
still a litle, slõber a litle, folde thine handes to
gether yet a litle, that thou mayest siepe: so
shal pouerte come vnto the as one ỹ trauay- B
leth by the waye, & necessite like a wapened
man. A dissemblynge person, a wicked man
goeth with a frowarde mouth: he wyncketh
with his eyes, he tokeneth wt his fete, he poyn
teth wt his fyngers, he is euer ymageninge
myschefe & frowardnesse in his hert, & cau-
seth discorde. Therfore shal his destruccion
come hastely vpõ him, sodenly shal he be all
tobroken, and not be healed.

There be sixe thinges, which the LORDE
hateth, & the seuenth he vtterly abhorreth:
A proude loke, a dyssemblynge tonge, hãdes Psal.17.c.
that shed innocent bloude, an herte ỹ goeth Pro.12.d.
aboute wt wicked ymaginaciõs, fete that be Pro.1.a.
swift in rennynge to do myschefe, a false wyt-
nesse ỹ bringeth vp lyes, & soch one as soweth
discorde amonge brethren. My sonne, kepe C
thy fathers cõmaundemẽtes, & forsake not ỹ
lawe of thy mother. Put thẽ vp together in
thine herte, and bynde thẽ aboute thy necke.
That they maye lede the where thou goest,
preserue the when thou art a slepe, & ỹ when

Psal.118.o thou awakest, thou mayest talke of thē (For the commaundement is a lanterne, and the lawe a light: yee chastenynge & nurtoure is ỹ waye of life) that they maye kepe the frō the
Pro.5.a. And.7.a. euell woman, & from the flateryng tonge of the harlott: ỹ thou lust not after her beuty in thine herte, & lest thou be take w̄ hir fayre lokes. An harlot wil make a mā to begg his bred, but a maried woman wil hunt for ỹ precious life. Maye a man take fyre in his bosome, and his clothes not be brent? Or can one go vpon hote coales, and his fete not be hurte? Euen so, who so euer goeth in to his neghbours wife, and toucheth her, can not
D be vngiltie. Men do not vtterly despyse a
Exo.22.a. thefe, that stealeth to satisfie his soule, when he is hongerie: but yf he maye be gotten, he restoreth agayne seuen tymes asmoch, or els he maketh recompence with all the good of his house. But who so cōmitteth aduoutrie with a womā, he is a fool, and bryngeth his life to destruccion. He getteth him self also shame & dishono', soch as shal neuer be put out. For the gelousy & wrath of the mā will not be treated, no though thou woldest offre him greate giftes to make amendes, he will not receaue them.

The VII. Chapter.

A Deut.11.a. Nū.15.d. MY sonne, kepe my wordes, & laye vp my cōmaundemētes by the. Kepe my cōmaundemētes & my lawe, euē as the aple of thine eye, & thou shalt lyue. Bynde them vpon thy fyngers, & wryte thē in the table of thine hert. Saye vnto wysdome: thou art my sister, and call vnderstondinge thy kynswoman: that she maye kepe ỹ
Pro.2.b. And.5.a. frō ỹ straūge womā, & frō ỹ harlot which geueth swete wordes. For out of the wyndowe of my house I loked thorow the trelies, & beheldē the simple people: & amonge other yonge folkes I spyed one yonge foole gonge ouer the stretes, by the corner in the waye towarde the harlottes house in the twylight of
B of the euenynge, when it begāne now to be night and darcke. And beholde, there mett him a womā in an harlottes apparell (a disceatfull, wāton & an vnstedfast womā: whose fete coude not abyde in ỹ house, now is she without, now in ỹ stretes, & lurketh in euery corner) she caught ỹ yōge mā, kyssed him & was not ashamed, sayēge: I had a vowe to paye, & this daye I performe it. Therfore came I forth to mete the, that I might seke thy face, and so I haue founde the. I haue decke my bed with coueringes & clothes of Egipte. My bed haue I made to smell of Myrre, Aloes and Cynamom. Come, let vs lye together, & take oure pleasure till it be daye light.

For the good man is not at home, he is gone farre of. He hath taken the bagg of moneye with him, who can tell whē he cōmeth C
Eccle.7.d. home? Thus with many swete wordes she ouercame him, and with hir flateringe lippes she wanne him.

Immediatly he folowth her, as it were an oxe led to the slaughter (and like as it were to the stockes, where fooles are punyshed) so longe till she hath wounded his lyuer with hir darte: like as yf a byrde haisted to the snare, not knowinge that the parell of his life lyeth there vpō. Heare me now therfore (o my sonne) and marcke the wordes of my mouth. Let not thine herte wandre in hir wayes, & be not thou disceaued in hir pathes. For many one hath she woūded and cast downe, yee many a stronge mā hath she slayne. Hir house is the waye vnto hell, where men go downe to the chambers of death.

The VIII. Chapter.

A Pro.1.b. DOth not wysdome crie? doth not vnderstondinge put forth hir voyce? Stondeth she not in the hye places in the stretes & wayes? doth she not crie before the whole cite, & in the gates where men go out & in? It is you, o ye men (sayeth she) whom I call. Vnto you (o ye childrē of mē) lift I vp my voyce. Take hede vnto knowlege o ye ignoraūt, be wyse in herte o ye fooles. Geue eare, for I wil speake of greate matters, & open my lippes to tell thinges that be right. For my throte shal be talkynge of ỹ trueth, & my lippes abhorre vngodlynesse. All the wordes of my mouth are righteous, there is no frowardnesse ner falsede therin. They are all playne to soch as wil vnderstōde, & right to thē that fynde knowlege. Receaue my doctryne therfore and not syluer, & knowlege more then fyne golde. For wysdo-
Pro.16.b. Pro.3.b. Psal.18.b. me is more worth then precious stones, yee all the thinges that thou cāst desyre, are not to be compared vnto it.

I wysdome haue my dwellynge w̄ knowB lege, and prudent councell is myne crowne. With me is the feare of the LORDE, and ỹ eschuynge of euell. As for pryde, disdayne, an euell waye, & a mouth that speaketh wicked thinges, I vtterly abhorre thē. I can geue councell, and be a gyde: I haue vnderstondinge, I haue strength.

Thorow me, kynges reigne: thorow me, prīces make iust lawes. Thorow me, lordes beare rule, and all iudges of ỹ earth execute iudgmēt. I am louynge vnto those that loue me, and they that seke me early, shal fynde me.
Deut.17.d. sapi.6.a. Luc.11.b.

Riches & honoure are w̄ me, yee excellent goodes & rightuousnes. My frute is better thē golde & precious stone, & myne encrease more worthy then fyne syluer. I walke in ỹ waye of rightuousnes, & in the strete of iudgment. That I maye sende prosperite to those that loue me, & to encrease their treasure.

C The LORDE himself had me in possessiō in the begynnynge of his wayes, or euer he began his workes afore tyme. I haue bene ordened frō euerlastige, & frō ỹ beginnynge or euer the earth was made. Whē I was borne, there were nether depthes ner springes of water. Before the foundacions of ỹ mountaynes were layed, yee before all hilles was I borne. The earth and all that is vpon the earth was not yet made, no not the grounde it self. For when he made the heauens, I was present: whā he set the depthes in order: whan he hanged the clowdes aboue: whan he fastened the sprynges of the depe: Whan he shutt the see within certayne bowndes, that ỹ waters shulde not go ouer their marckes. When he layed the foundacions of the earth, I was with him, ordringe all thinges, delytinge daylie & reioysynge all waye before him. As for the roūde cōpase of his worlde, I make it ioyfull, for my delyte is to be amōge the children of men.

Ther fore harken vnto me (o ye children) for blessed are they that kepe my wayes.

O geue eare vnto nurtoure, be wyse, and refuse it not. Blessed is ỹ man that heareth me, watchinge daylie at my gates, & geuynge attendaunce at the postes of my dores.

For who so fyndeth me, fyndeth life, and shal optayne fauoure of the LORDE. But who so offendeth agaynst me, hurteth his owne soule. All they that hate me, are the louers of death.

The IX. Chapter.

A WYsdome hath buylded herself an house, and hewen out seuen pilers: she hath slaughted, poured out hir wyne, and prepared hir table. She hath sent forth hir maydens to crie vpō the hyest place of the cite: Who so is ignoraūt, let him come hither. And to the vnwise she sayde: O come on youre waye, eate my bred, and drynke my wyne, which I haue poured out for you. Forsake ignoraūce, and ye shall lyue: and se that ye go in the waye of vnderstondinge.

Who so reproueth a scornefull personne, getteth him self dishonoure: and he that rebuketh the vngodly, stayneth himself.

Reproue not a scorner, lest he owe the euell wil: but rebuke a wyse man, and he wil loue the. Geue a discrete man but an occa B
sion, & he wilbe the wyser; teach a rightuous man, and he wil increase. The feare of the LORDE is the begynnynge of wysdome, & the knowlege of holy thinges is vnderstondinge. For thorow me ỹ dayes shalbe prolonged, and the yeares of thy life shal be many. Yf thou be wyse, ỹ wysdome shal do ỹ selfe good: but yf thou thynkest scorne therof, it shalbe thine owne harme. A foolish restlesse woman, full of wordes, and soch one as hath no knowlege, sytteth in the dores of hir house vpō a stole aboue in the cite, to call soch as go by and walke straight in their wayes. Who so is ignoraunt (sayeth she) let him come hither, and to the vnwyse she sayeth: stollen waters are swete, & the bred that is preuely eaten, hath a good taist.

Iob.28.c Psal.110.b Eccli.1.c Pro.4.b

But they cōsider not that death is there, and that hir gestes go downe to hell.

The X. Chapter.

These are prouerbes of Salomon.

A WYse sonne maketh a glad father, but an vndiscrete sonne is the heynesse of his mother. Treasures that are wickedly gotten, profit nothinge, but rightuousnesse delyuereth from death. The LORDE wil not let the soule of the rightuous suffre hōger, but he putteth ỹ vngodly frō his desyre. An ydle hande maketh poore, but a quycke laboringe hande maketh riche.

A Pro.15.c Pro 11.a Eccli.5.b Pro.12.c

Who so gathereth in Sommer, is wyse: but he that is slogish in harueste, bringeth himself to confucion. Louynge and fauorable is the face of the rightuous, but ỹ fore heade of the vngodly is past shame, and presumptuous. The memoriall of the iust shall haue a good reporte, but the name of the vngodly shal stynke. A wyse man wil receaue warnynge, but a foole wil sooner be smytten in the face. He that leadeth an innocent life, walketh surely: but who so goeth a wrōge waye, shalbe knowne. He ỹ wynketh with his eye, wil do some harme: but he that hath a foolish mouth, shalbe beaten. The mouth of a rightuous man is a well of life, but ỹ mouth of the vngodly is past shame, & presumptuous. Euell will stereth vp strife, but loue couereth ỹ multitude of synnes. In ỹ lippes of him ỹ hath vnderstōdinge a mā shal fynde wysdome, but ỹ rodde belōgeth to ỹ backe of ỹ foolish. Wyse mē laye vp knowlege, but ỹ mouth of ỹ foolish is nye destrucciō. The rich mās goodes are his strō

Pro.11.a Psal.111.a B Psal.22.a Pro.28.c Eccl.27.d 1.Pet.4.b

ge holde, but pouerte oppresseth the poore.
The rightuous laboureth to do good, but the vngodly vseth his increase vnto synne.
C To take hede vnto ỹ chastenynge of nurtoure, is ỹ waye of life: but he that refuseth to be reformed, goeth wrōge. Dissemblynge lippes kepe hatred secretly, and he that speaketh eny slaunder, is a foole. Where moch bablinge is, there must nedes be offence: he that refrayneth his lippes, is wysest of all. An innocent tonge is a noble treasure, but the herte of the vngodly is nothinge worth. The lippes of the rightuous fede a whole multitude, but fooles shal dye in their owne folye. The blessynge of the LORDE maketh rich mē, as for carefull trauayle, it doth Iob.42.c Eccli.11. Pſal.126.a Mar.6.c.d nothinge therto. A foole doth wickedly & maketh but a sporte of it: neuertheles it is wysdome for a man to bewarre of soch.
The thinge that the vngodly are afrayed of, shal come vpon them, but the rightuous shal haue their desyre. The vngodly is like
D a tempest that passeth ouer & is nomore sene, but the rightuous remayneth sure for euer. As vyneger is to the teth, and as smoke is vnto ỹ eyes, euē so is a slogish personne to them that sende him forth. The feare of ỹ LORDE maketh a lōge life, but ỹ yeares of ỹ vngodly shal be shortened. The pacient abydinge of the rightuous shalbe turned to gladnesse, but the hope of the vngodly shal perish. The waye of the LORDE geueth a corage vnto ỹ godly, but it is a feare for wicked doers. The rightuous shal neuer be ouerthrowne, but ỹ vngodly shal not remayne in the londe. The mouth of the iust wilbe Pſa 124.a Pſal.36.d talkynge of wysdome, but the tonge of the frowarde shal perish. The lippes of the rightuous are occupied in acceptable thinges, but the mouth of the vngodly taketh them to the worst.

The XI. Chapter.

A Pro.16.b 20.b.d FAlse balaunce is an abhominacion vnto the LORDE, but a true weight pleaseth him. Where pryde is, there is shame also and confucion: but where as is lowlynes, there is wysdome. The innocent dealynge of the iust shal lede them, but the vnfaithfulnesse of the despysers shalbe their owne destruccion. Riches helpe not in the Prou.10.a Eccli.5.b daye of vengeaunce, but rightuousnesse delyuereth frō death. The rightuousnes of ỹ innocent ordreth his waye, but the vngodly shal fall in his owne wickednesse. The righ tuousnesse of the iust shal delyuer them, but the despysers shalbe taken in their owne vngodlynesse. When an vngodly man dyeth, his hope is gone, the confydence of riches shal perish. The rightuous shalbe delyuered out of trouble, & the vngodly shal come in his steade. Thorow ỹ mouth of ỹ dyssembler is his neghboure destroyed, but thorow knowlege shal the iust be delyuered. When Pro.14 it goeth well with the rightuous, the cite is mery: and when the vngodly perish, there is gladnesse. When the iust are in wealth, the cite prospereth: but whan the vngodly haue the rule, it decayeth. A foole bryngeth vp a slaunder of his neghboure, but a wyse man wil kepe it secrete. A dyssemblynge person Pro.10. wil discouer preuy thinges, but he that is of a faithfull hert, will kepe councel. Where 3.Re.12. no good councel is there the people decaye: but where as are many that can geue councell, there is wealth. He that is suerty Pro.6.a for a straunger, hurteth himself: but he that medleth not with suertyshippe, is sure. A C gracious womā manteyneth honestie, as for the mightie, they manteyne ryches. He ỹ hath a gentle liberall stomacke, is mercifull: but who so hurteth his neghbo', is a tyraūt.
The laboure of the vngodly prospereth not, but he that soweth rightuosnes, shal receaue a sure rewarde. Like as rightuousnes bryngeth life, euē so to cleue vnto euell, bryngeth death. The LORDE abhorreth a fayned hert, but he hath pleasure in them that are vndefyled. It shal not helpe ỹ wicked, though they laye all their hondes together, but the sede of the rightuous shalbe preserued. A fayre woman without discrete maners, is like a rynge of golde in a swynes snoute. The iust laboure for peace and trāquylite, but the vngodly for disquyetnesse.
Some man geueth out his goodes, and is Pſal.36.d the richer, but ỹ nygarde (haunynge ynough) and 111.b Luc,6.d wil departe from nothinge, and yet is euer in powerte. He that is lyberall in geuynge, 2.Cor.9.b shal haue plenty: and he that watereth, shal be watered also himself. Who so hoordeth D vp his corne, shalbe cursed amonge the people: but blessynge shal light vpon his heade that selleth it. He that laboureth for honesty fyndeth his desyre: but who so seketh after myschefe, it shal happē vnto him. He that trusteth in his riches, shal haue a fall, but ỹ rightuous shal florish as the grene leaf. Iere.17.b Pro.16.b Who so maketh disquyetnesse in his owne house, he shal haue wynde for his herytage, and the foole shal be seruaunt to the wyse.
The frute of the rightuous is as the tre of life, a wyse man also wynneth mens soules. Yf ỹ rightuous be recōpēsed vpō earth 1.Pet.4.c how moch morethē the vngodly & ỹ synner?

The XII. Chapter.

A Who so loueth wyßdome, wil be content to be reformed: but he that hateth to be reproued, is a foole. A good man is acceptable vnto the LORDE, but ỳ wicked wyl he condempne. A man cā not endure in vngodlyneſſe, but ỳ rote of ỳ righteous ſhal not be moued. A ſtedfaſt woman is a crowne vnto hir huſbonde: but ſhe that behaueth herſelf vnhoneſtly, is a corrupcion in his bones. The thoughtes of ỳ righteous are right, but the ymaginacion of the vngodly are diſceatfull. The talkynge of the vngodly is, how they maye laye wayte for bloude, but the mouth of ỳ righteous wil delyuer them. Or euer thou canſt turne the aboute, the vngodly ſhal be ouerthrowne, but the houſe of the righteous ſhal ſtōde.

A man ſhalbe commended for his wyßdome, but a foole ſhal be deſpyſed. A ſimple man which laboureth and worketh, is better thē one that is gorgious and wanteth bred.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his catell, but the vngodly haue cruell hertes. He that tilleth his lōde, ſhal haue plenteouſneſſe of bred: but he ỳ foloweth ydylnes, is a very foole. The deſyre of ỳ vngodly huntеth after myſchefe, but the rote of the righteous bryngeth forth frute. The wicked falleth in to the ſnare thorow ỳ malyce of his owne mouth, but the iuſt ſhal eſcape out of parell. Euery man ſhal enioye good acordinge to the innocency of his mouth, and after the workes of his hādes ſhal he be rewarded. Loke what a foole taketh in honde, he thinketh it well done: but he that is wyſe, wyl be coūceled. A foole vttereth his wrath in all the haiſt, but a diſcrete man forgeueth wronge. A iuſt man will tell the trueth, & ſhewe the thinge ỳ is right: but a falſe wytneſſe diſceaueth. A ſlaunderous perſonne prycketh like a ſwerde, but a wyſe mans tonge is wholſome. A true mouth is euer conſtāt, but a dyſſemblinge tōge is ſoone chaunged. They that ymagin euell in their mynde, wil diſceaue: but the councelers of peace ſhal heaue ioye folowinge thē. There ſhal no myſſortune happen vnto the iuſt, but the vngodly ſhal be fylled with miſery. The LORDE abhorreth diſceatfull lippes, but they that laboure for treuth, pleaſe him. He that hath vnderſtōdinge, can hyde his wyſdome: but an vndiſcrete herte telleth out his fooliſhneſſe. A diligēt hande ſhal beare rule, but the ydle ſhal be vnder tributе. Heuy

Gen.4.a

Pſal.36.e

Eccls.10.d

Eccls.20.d
Pro 28.c

Pro.13.a

C

D

Pro.6.b

neſſe diſcorageth ỳ herte of man, but a good worde maketh it glad agayne. The righteous is liberall vnto his neghboure, but the waye of the vngodly wil diſceaue them ſelues. A diſceatfull man ſhal fynde no vātage, but he that is content & that he hath, is more worth thē golde. In the waye of righteouſneſſe there is life, as for eny other waye, it is the path vnto death.

Pro.15.b
and.17.d
Eccli.30.c

2.tim.4.b
Heb.13.a

The XIII. Chapter.

A WYſe ſonne wyll receaue his fathers warnynge, but he ỳ is ſcornefull, wyll not heare when he is reproued. A good mā ſhal enioye the frute of his mouth, but he that hath a frowarde mynde, ſhalbe ſpoyled. He that kepeth his mouth, kepeth his life: but who ſo ſpeaketh vnaduyſed, fyndeth harme. The ſlogarde wolde fayne haue, and can not get his deſyre: but the ſoule of the diligent ſhal haue plenty. A righteous man abhorreth lyes, but the vngodly ſhameth both other and himſelf. Righteouſneſſe kepeth the innocēt in the waye, but vngodlyneſſe ſhal ouerthrowe the ſynner.

Some men are riche, though they haue nothinge: agayne, ſome mē are poore hauynge greate riches. With gooddes euery man delyuereth his life, and the poore wyl not be reproued. The light of the righteous maketh ioyfull, but the candle of the vngodly ſhal be put out. Amonge the proude there is euer ſtrife, but amonge theſe that do all thinges with aduyſement, there is wyßdome. Haſtely gottē goodes are ſoone ſpent, but they that be gathered together with the hande, ſhal increaſe. Longe tarienge for a thinge that is dyfferred, greueth ỳ herte: but when the deſyre commeth, it is a tre of life. Who ſo deſpyſeth the worde, deſtroyeth himſelf: but he that feareth the cōmaundement, ſhal haue peace. The lawe is a wel of life vnto the wyſe, that it maye kepe him from the ſnares of death. Good vnderſtondinge geueth fauoure, but harde is the waye of the deſpyſers. A wyſe man doth all thinges with diſcrecion, but a foole wil declare his foly. An vngodly meſſaūger bryngeth myſchefe, but a faithfull embaſſitoure is wholſome. He that thinketh ſcorne to be reformed, commeth to powerte and ſhame: but who ſo receaueth correccion, ſhal come to honoure. When a deſyre is brought to paſſe, it delyteth the ſoule: but fooles abhorre hym that

Pro.11.c

Pro.24.a

B

C

Eccl.2.c

eschueth euell. He that goeth in the com
pany of wyse men, shal be wyse: but who so
is a cõpanyõ of fooles, shal be hurte. Mys
chefe soloweth vpon synners, but the righ-
tuous shal haue a good rewarde. Which
their childers childrẽ shal haue in possessiõ,
Iob 27.c for the riches of the synner is layed vp for ỹ
iust. There is plenteousnesse of fode in
the feldes of the poore, & shalbe increased
Eccli.30.a out of measure. He that spareth the rodde,
Psal.23.b hateth his sonne: but who so loueth him, hol
Hebr.12.b deth him euer in nurtoure. The rightuous
Psal.33.b eateth, and is satisffied, but ỹ bely of the vn-
godly hath neuer ynough.

The XIIII. Chapter.

A WYse womã vpholdeth hir house, but
a foolish wife plucketh it downe.
Who so feareth the LORDE, walketh
in the right path: & regardeth not him that
abhorreth the wayes of the LORDE. In
the mouth of the foolish is the boostinge of
lordshipe, but ỹ lippes of ỹ wyse wilbe warre
of sodh. Where no oxen are, there the crybb
is emptie: but where the oxen laboure, there
is moch frute. A faithfull wytnesse wyl not
dyssemble, but a false recorde wil make a lye.
A scornefull body seketh wysdome, & fyn-
deth it not: but knowlege is easy to come by,
Pro.8.a vnto him that wil vnderstonde. Se ỹ thou
medle not with a foole, & do as though thou
haddest no knowlege. The wysdome of
him that hath vnderstondinge is, to take he
de vnto his waye, but the foolishnesse of the
vnwyse disceaueth. Fooles make but a spor
te of synne, but there is fauourable lone amõ
B ge the righteous. The herte of him that
hath vnderstondinge wil nether dispare for
eny sorow, ner be to presumptuous for eny so
dane ioye.

The houses of the vngodly shalbe ouer-
throwne, but the tabernacles of ỹ righteus
Deu.12.a shal florishe. There is a waye, which some
Pro.16.c men thinke to be right, but the ende therof le
deth vnto death. The herte is sorowfull e-
uen in laughter, and the ende of myrth is he
vynesse. An vnfaithfull personne shal be
fylled with his owne wayes, but a good mã
wyl bewarre of sodh. An ignoraũt body
beleueth all thinges, but who so hath vnder
stondinge, loketh well to his goinges. A
wyse man, feareth, and departeth from euell,
but a foole goeth on presumptuously. An
vnpacient man handeleth foolishly, but he
that is well aduysed, doth other wayes.
C The ignoraũt haue foolishnes in possessiõ,
but the wyse are crowned with knowlege.
The euell shal bowe them selues before ỹ
good, and the vngodly shal wayte at the do
res of the righteous. The poore is hated
euen of his owne neghbours, but the riche
hath many frendes. Who so despyseth his
neghbo², doth amysse: but blessed is he that Psal.40.a
hath pyte of the poore. They that ymagin wickednes, shalbe disapoynted: but they
that muse vpõ good thinges, vnto soch shal
happen mercy and faithfulnesse. Diligẽt
labo² bryngeth riches, but where many vayne wordes are, truly there is scarcenesse.

Riches are an ornament vnto the wyse,
but the ignoraunce of fooles is very foolish-
nesse. A faithfull wytnesse delyuereth sou
les, but a lyar dysceaueth them. The feare
of the LORDE is a strõge holde, for vnto his D
he wyl be a sure defence. The feare of the
LORDE is a well of life, to auoyde the snares
of death. The increase and prosperite of
the comons is the kynges honoure, but the
decaye of the people is the confusiõ of the
prynce. Pacience is a token of wisdome,
but wrath and haistie displeasure is a token
of foolishnesse. A mery herte is the life of
the body, but rancoure consumeth awaye
the bones. He that doth a poore man wrõ Math.25.d
ge, blaspheme th his maker: but who so hath Pro.11.b
pitie of the poore, doth honoure vnto God.

The vngodly is afrayed of euery parell,
but the righteous hath a good hope euẽ in
death. Wysdome resteth in the herte of
him that hath vnderstondinge, and he wyll
teach them that are vnlerned. Righteous Pro.11.b
nes setteth vp the people, but wyckednesse
bryngeth folke to destruccion. A discrete
seruaunt is a pleasure vnto ỹ kynge, but one
ỹ is not honest, prouoketh him vnto wrath.

The XV. Chapter.

A SOfte ãswere putteth downe displea A
sure, but frowarde wordes prouoke Pro.15.c.
vnto anger. A wyse tonge commen- and.25.c.
deth knowlege, a foolish mouth blabbeth 1.reg.25.b
out nothinge but foolishnesse. The eyes of 3.reg.12.b
the LORDE loke in euery place, both vpon ỹ
good and badd. A wholsome tonge is a
tre of life, but he that abuseth it, hath a bro-
ken mynde. A foole despyseth his fathers
correccion, but he ỹ taketh hede whan he is
reproued, shal haue ỹ more vnderstõdinge.

In the house of the righteous are greate
riches, but in the increase of the vngodly
there is myserie. A wyse mouth poureth
out knowlege, but ỹ herte of the foolish
doth not so. The LORDE abhorreth ỹ sa- Pro.21.d.
crifice of the vngodly, but the prayer of the Eccle.34.c
righteous is acceptable vnto him. The Esa.66.a.
waye of the vngodly is an abhominaciõ vn

B toy LORDE, but who so foloweth righteousnes, him he loueth. He that forsaketh ỳ right strete, shalbe sore punyshed: & who so hateth correccion, falleth in to death. The hell & hir payne is knowne vnto the LORDE, how moch more then the hertes of men?

Sap.2.c A scornefull body loueth not one ỳ rebuketh him, nether wil he come amonge ỳ wyse. A mery herte maketh a chearfull counte

Pro.12.d and 17.d Eccli.30.c naunce, but an vnquyet mynde maketh it heuy. A wyse herte wil seke after knowlege, but ỳ mouth of fooles medleth with foolishnesse. All the dayes of the poore are miserable, but a quyete herte is as a cõtynuall feast. Better is a litle with the feare of the

Psal.36.b 1.Tim.6.b C LORDE then greate treasure, for they are not without sorowe. Better is a meace of potage with loue, then a fat oxe & euell will.

Pro.15.a An angrie man stereth vp strife, but he ỳ is pacient stilleth discorde. The waye of ỳ slouthfull is full of thornes, but ỳ strete of the righteous is well clensed. A wyse son

Pro.10.a ne maketh a glad father, but an vndiscrete body shameth his mother. A foole reioyseth in foolish thinges, but a wyse man loketh well to his owne goinges. Vnadvysed thoughtes shal come to naught, but where as are men ỳ can geue councell, there is stedfastnesse. O how ioyfull a thinge is it, a man to geue a conuenient answere? O how pleasaunt is a worde spoken in due season? The waye of life ledeth vnto heauẽ, ỳ a man shulde bewarre of hell beneth.

The LORDE wyl breake downe ỳ house of ỳ proude, but he shal make fast ỳ borders of

D ỳ wyddowe. The LORDE abhoreth ỳ imaginacions of ỳ wicked, but pure wordes are pleasaunt vnto him. The couetous man wiutteth vp his owne house, but who so hateth rewardes, shal lyue. A righteous mã museth in his mynde how to do good, but ỳ mynde of the vngodly ymagineth, how he maye do harme. The LORDE is farre from the vngodly, but he heareth ỳ prayer of the righteous. Like as ỳ clearnesse of ỳ eyes reioyseth ỳ herte, so doth a good name fede ỳ bones. The eare ỳ harkeneth vnto wholsome warnynge, and enclyneth therto, shall dwell amonge ỳ wyse. He that refuseth to be reformed, despyseth his owne soule: but he that submytteth himself to correccion, is wyse.

The XVI. Chapter.

A THe feare of ỳ LORDE is ỳ right scyẽce of wyßdome, and lowlynes goeth before honó. A man maye well purpose a thinge in his harte, but ỳ answere of ỳ tonge cõmeth of ỳ LORDE. A mã thinketh all his waies to be clene, but it is ỳ LORDE ỳ fashioneth ỳ myndes. Commytte thy workes vnto ỳ LORDE, and loke what thou deuyseſt, it shal prospere. The LORDE doth all thinges for his owne sake, yee & when he kepeth ỳ vngodly for ỳ daye of wrath.

Pro.21.a Psal.32.b Psal.36.a

The LORDE abhoreth all presumptuous & proude hertes, there maye nether strength ner power escape. With louynge mercy & faithfulnesse synnes be forgeuen, and who so feareth ỳ LORDE eschueth euell. When a mans wayes please ỳ LORDE, he maketh his very enemies to be his frendes. Better is it to haue a litle thinge & righteousnes, thẽ B greate rentes wrongeously gotten. A mã deuyseth a waye in his herte, but it is ỳ LORDE ỳ ordreth his goinges. When ỳ prophecy is in ỳ lippes of ỳ kynge, his mouth shal not go wrõge in iudgment. A true measure & a true balaũce are ỳ LORDES, he maketh all weightes. It is a greate abhominaciõ when kynges are wycked, for a kynges seate shulde be holden vp & righteousnesse.

Pro 19.c

Righteous lippes are pleasaũt vnto kynges, and they loue him ỳ speaketh ỳ trueth.

The kynges displeasure is a messaunger of death, but a wyse man wyl pacifie him.

The cherefull countenaũce of ỳ kynge is life, and his louynge fauó is as the euenynge dewe. To haue wyßdome in possession is

Pro.11.a and 20.b Pro.8.a C better then golde, and to get vnderstondynge, is more worth then syluer. The path of ỳ righteous eschueth euell, & who so loketh well to his wayes, kepeth his owne soule.

Presumptuousnes goeth before destruccion, and a scorne a proude stomake there foloweth a fall. Better it is to be of humble mynde & the lowly, then to deuyde ỳ spoyles & ỳ proude. He ỳ handleth a matter wysely, opteyneth good: & blessed is he, ỳ putteth

Psal.2.b his trust in ỳ LORDE. Who so hath a wyse vnderstondinge, is called to councell: but he ỳ can speake fayre, getteth more riches. Vnderstondinge is a well of life vnto him ỳ hath it, as for ỳ chastenynge of fooles, it is but foolishnesse. The herte of the wyse enformeth his mouth, and amendeth ỳ doctryne in his lyppes.

Fayre wordes are an honycombe, a refreshinge of ỳ mynde, & healthy of ỳ bones.

There is a waye ỳ men thinke to be right, but the ende therof leadeth vnto death. A troubleus soule disquyeteth hir selfe, for hir owne mouth hath brought her therto. An vngodly personne stereth vp euell, and in his lippes he is as an whote burnynge fyre.

Pro 14.b Deut.12.a Esa.55.b D

A frowarde body causeth strife, and he ꝑ is a blabbe of his tonge, maketh deuysion amonge prynces. A wicked mā begyleth his neghbō, & ledeth him ꝑ waye ꝑ is not good.

He that wyncketh ẅ his eyes, ymagineth myschefe: and he ꝑ byteth his lippes, wyl do
Leui.19 g some harme. Age is a crowne of worshipe, yf it be founde in the waye of righteousnes.

A pacient man is better then one that is strōge: and he that can rule him selfe, is more worth then he ꝑ wynneth a cite. The lottes are cast in to the lappe, but their fall stōdeth in the LORDE.

The XVII. Chapter.

A BEtter is a drye morsell ẅ quyetnesse, thē a full house and many fatt catell
Eccli.10.d ẅ stryfe. A discrete seruaūt shal haue more rule then the sonnes ꝑ haue no wysdome, and shal haue like heretage ẅ the brethren. Like as syluer is tried in the fyre and
Sap.3 a 1.pet.1.b golde in the fornace, euen so doth the LORDE proue the hertes. A wicked body holdeth moch of false lippes, & a dyssemblynge persone geueth eare to a disceatfull tōge. Who
Pro.14.d Iob.31.c Pro 24.c so laugheth ꝑ poore to scorne, blaspheme th his maker: and he ꝑ is glad of another mans hurte, shal not be vnpunysshed. Childers children are a worshipe vnto the eldere, and the fathers are the honō of the childrē. An eloquent speach becōmeth not a foole, a dyssembling mouth also besemeth not a prynce.

B Liberalite is a precious stone vnto him that hath it, for where so euer he becōmeth, he prosperth. Who so couereth another mans offence, seketh loue: but he ꝑ discloseth the saute, setteth frendes at variaunce. One reproffe only doth more good to him ꝑ hath vnderstōdinge, then an C. stripes vnto a foole. A
1.reg.24.c 26 b. seditious persone seketh myschefe, but a cruell messaunger shal be sent agaynst him. It were better to come agaynst a shee Bere robbed of hir whelpes, then agaynst a foole in his foolishnes. Who so rewardeth euell for
2.reg.12.c good, the plage shal not departe frō his house. He ꝑ soweth discorde & strife, is like one ꝑ dyggeth vp a water breke: but an open enemie is like the water ꝑ breaketh out & rēneth
C abrode. The LORDE hateth as well him ꝑ iustifieth ꝑ vngodly, as him ꝑ condempneth the innocēt. What helpeth it to geue a foole money in his hōde, where as he hath no mynde to bye wysdome? He is a frende that all
Pro.6.a 11.b waye loueth, and in aduersite a man shal knowe who is his brother. Who so promiseth by the hande, & is suertie for another, he is a foole. He ꝑ loueth strife, delyteth in synne: & who so setteth his dore to hye, seketh after a fall. Who so hath a frowarde herte, opteyneth no good: and he ꝑ hath an ouerthwarte
D tonge, shal fall in to myschefe. An vnwyse body bryngeth himselfe in to sorowe, and ꝑ
Pro.12.d. and.15.b Eccls 30.c Epo.21.a father of a foole can haue no ioye. A mery herte maketh a lusty age, but a sorowfull mīde dryeth vp ꝑ bones. The vngodly taketh giftes out of the boseme, to wraist the wayes of iudgment. Wysdome shyneth in ꝑ face
Eccls.8.a of him ꝑ hath vnderstondinge, but ꝑ eyes of fooles wandre thorow out all lōdes. An vn
Pro.19.b discrete sonne is a grefe vnto his father, and heuynesse vnto his mother ꝑ bare him. To punysh ꝑ innocent, and to smyte ꝑ prynces ꝑ geue true iudgmēt, are both euell. He is wyse and discrete, ꝑ tempereth his wordes: and
Iaco.1.b he is a mā of vnderstōdinge, ꝑ maketh moch of his spirete. Yee a very foole (when he holdeth his tonge) is counted wyse, and to haue
Iob.13. vnderstōdinge, when he shutteth his lippes.

The XVIII. Chapter.

A WHo so hath pleasure to sowe discorde, piketh a quarell in euery thinge.

A foole hath no delyte in vnderstōdinge, but only in those thinges wherin his herte reioyseth. Where vngodlynes is, there is also dißdayne: & so there folowe th shame & dishonō. The wordes of a mās mouth are like depe waters, and the well of wysdome is like a full streame. It is not good to
Pro.24.c regarde ꝑ persone of the vngodly, or to put backe ꝑ righteous in iudgmēt. A fooles lippes are euer brawlinge, and his mouth procureth vnto batayll. A fooles mouth is his owne destruccion, and his lippes are ꝑ snare for his owne soule. The wordes of a slaunderer are very wōndes, and go thorow vnto the ynmest partes of the body. Who so is sleuthfull and slacke in his labō, is ꝑ brother of him ꝑ is a waster. The name of ꝑ LORDE
B is a stronge castell, ꝑ righteous flyeth vnto it, and shalbe saued. But ꝑ rich mās goodes are his strenge holde, yee he taketh them for an hye wall rouīde aboute him. After pryde cōmeth destruccīō, and honō after lewlynes.
Eccls.11.a He that geueth sentēce in a matter before he heare it, is a foole, and worthy to be confounded. A good stomacke dryueth away a mās disease, but whā ꝑ spirete is vexed, who maye abyde it? A wyse herte laboureth for knowlege, and a prudent eare seketh vnderstondinge. Liberalite bryngeth a man to honō and worshipe, & setteth him amonge greate men.

The righteous accuseth hī self first of all, C yf his neghbō come, he shal fynde him. The lot pacifieth ꝑ variaūce, & parteth ꝑ mightie asunder. The vnite of brethren is stronger

then a castell, and they that holde together are like the barre of a palace. A mans bely shalbe satisfied with the frute of his owne mouth, and with the increase of his lippes shal he be fylled. Death and life stonde in the power of the tonge, he that loueth it, shal
Pro.19.b and 21.b enioye the frute therof. Who so fyndeth a wife fyndeth a good thynge, & receaueth an wholsome benefite of the LORDE. The poore maketh supplicacion and prayeth mekely, but the riche geueth a rough answere.

A frende that delyteth in loue, doth a man more frendshipe, and sticketh faster vnto him then a brother.

The XIX. Chapter.

A Pro.28.a BEtter is the poore that lyueth godly, then the blasphemer that is but a foole. Where no discrecion is, there the soule is not well: and who so is swifte on fote, stombleth haskely. Foolishnesse maketh a man to go out of his waye, & then is his herte vnpacient agaynst the LORDE. Riches make many frendes, but the poore is forsake
Deut.19.d of his owne frendes. A false wytnesse shal not remayne vnpunyshed, and he that speaketh lyes shal not escape. The multitude hangeth vpo greate men, & euery man fauoureth him that geueth rewardes. As for the poore, he is hated amonge all his brethren: yee his owne frendes forsake him, & he that geueth credence vnto wordes, getteth nothin
B ge. He that is wyse, loueth his owne soule: and who so hath vnderstondinge, shal prospere. A false wytnesse shal not remayne vnpunyshed, & he y speaketh lyes shal perishe. Delicate ease becometh not a foole, moch more vnsemely is it, a bonde man to haue y rule of princes. A wyse man putteth of displeasure, & it is his honor to let seme fautes passe.

Pro 28.c Pſal.112.a The kynges displeasure is like y roaringe of a Lyo, but his frendshipe is like the dewe vpo
Pro 17.d y grasse. An vndiscrete sonne is y heuynes
Pro.27.b of his father, & a braulynge wife is like the topp of an house, where thorow it is euer droppynge. House & riches maye a ma haue
Pro.18.c by y heretage of his elders, but a discrete wo
C ma is the gifte of the LORDE. Slouthfulnes bryngeth slepe, & an ydell soule shal suffer hoger. Who so kepeth the comaundemet, kepeth his owne soule: but he y regardeth not his waye, shal dye. He y hath pitie vpon the poore, lendeth vnto y LORDE: & loke what he layeth out, it shalbe payed him agayne. Chaste y sonne whyle there is hope, but let not y soule be moued to slaye hi. For greate wrath bryngeth harme, therfore let him go, and so mayest thou teach him more nurtoure. O geue eare vnto good councell, & be content to be reformed, that thou mayest bewyse here
Pro.16.b after. There are many deuices in a mas herte, neuertheles the coucell of y LORDE shal stode. It is a mans worshipe to do good, & better it is to be a poore ma, then a dyssembler. The feare of the LORDE preserueth the life, yee it geueth plenteousnes, without the visita D cio of any plage. A slouthfull body shyteth
Pro.26.b his honde in to his bosome, so y he can not put it to his mouth. Yf thou smytest a scorneful persone, the ignorat shal take better
Pro.21.b hede: & yf thou reprouest one y hath vnderstondinge, he wil be y wyser. He y hurteth his father or shuteth out his mother, is a shamefull & an vnworthy sonne. My sonne, heare nomore the doctrine y leadeth the awaye from the wordes of vnderstondinge.

A false wytnes laugheth iudgmet to scorne, & the mouth of the vngodly eateth vp wickednes. Punyshmentes are ordened for the scornefull, and stripes for fooles backes.

The XX. Chapter.

WYne is a voluptuous thinge, & drok A Ephe.5.b kennes causeth sedicion: who so de- 3.Esd.3.c lyteth therin, shal neuer be wyse.
The kynge ought to be feared as the roaringe Pro.24.b of a lyon, who so prouoketh him vnto anger, offendeth agaynst his owne soule. It is a mans honoure to kepe himself from stirife, but they y haue pleasure in braulinge, are fooles euery one. A slouthfull body wyl not go to plowe for colde, therfore shal he go a-beggynge in Sommer, and haue nothinge. Wyse councell in the herte of man is like a water in the depe of the earth, but he that hath vnderstondinge, bryngeth it forth. Many there be that are called good doers, but where shal one fynde a true faithfull ma? Who so ledeth a godly and an innocent li- Pſal.36 fe, happie shal his children be, whom he leaueth behynde him.

A kynge that sytteth in iudgment, and lo- B keth well aboute him, dryueth awaye all euell. Who can saye: my hert is cleane, I am 1.Ioh.1.b innocent from synne? To vse two maner of weightes, or two maner of measures, both these are abhominable vnto the LORDE.

A childe is knowne by his conuersacion, whether his workes be pure and right. As for the hearinge of the eare & the sight of y eye, y LORDE hath made the both. Delyte not thou in slepe, lest thou come vnto pouerte: but ope thine eyes, & thou shalt haue bred ynough. It is naught, It is naught (saye men) whan they haue it, but whan it is gone, they gene it a good worde.

A mouth of vnderstōdinge is more worth
then golde, many precious stones, and costly
Pro.6.a and 27.b Jewels. Take his garment that is suertie
C for a straunger, & take a pledge of him for ẏ
vnknowne mans sake. Euery mā liketh the
bred that is gotten with disceate, but at the
last is mouth shalbe fylled with grauell.

Thorow councell the thinges that men
deuyse go forwarde: & with discrecion ought
warres to be taken in honde. Medle not
with him that bewrayeth secretes, and is a
slaunderer, and disceaueth with his lippes.
Exo.20.b Leu.20.b and 21.b Deu.27.c 2.Re.15.a Mat.5.c Ro.12.c D Who so curseth his father and mother, his
light shalbe put out in the myddest of darck-
nesse. The heretage that commeth to hast-
ely at the first, shal not be praysed at the en-
de. Saye not thou: I will recompence e-
uell, but put ẏ trust in the LORDE, & he shal
Pro.20.b defende ẏ. The LORDE abhorreth two ma-
ner of weightes, and a false balaūce is an e-
Iere.10.d uell thinge. The LORDE ordreth euery mās
goinges, for what is he, that vnderstondeth
his owne wayes? It is a snare for a man
1.Reg.15 to blaspheme that which is holy, & then to
go aboute ẏ vowes. A wyse kynge destro-
yeth ẏ vngodly, & bryngeth the whele ouer
them. The lanterne of ẏ LORDE is ẏ breth
of man, & goeth thorow all the inwarde par-
Pro.29.b tes of the body. Mercy & faithfulnes pre-
serue the kynge, & with louynge kyndnes his
seate is holden vp. The strength of yonge
men is their worshipe, & a gray heade, is an
honō vnto ẏ aged. Woundes dryue awaye
euell, and so do stripes the inwarde partes of
the body. The XXI. Chapter.

A The kynges hert is in the hande of the
4.Reg.1.c LORDE, like as are the ryuers of wa-
ter: he maye turne it whyther so euer
he wyll. Euery man thinketh his owne wa-
ye to be right, but the LORDE iudgeth ẏ hert-
Mich.6.b es. To do rightuousnesse and iudgmēt is
more acceptable to the LORDE thē sacrifice.

A presumptuous loke, a proude stomacke,
& the lanterne of the vngodly is synne. The
deuyses of one that is diligent, bryngeth plen-
teousnes: but he ẏ is vnaduysed, commeth vn
to powerte. Who so hoordeth vp riches ẏ
ẏ disceatfulnes of his tonge, he is a foole, &
like vnto them that seke their owne death.
The robberies of the vngodly shalbe their
owne destruccion, for they wolde not do the
B thynge that was right. The wayes of the
Tit.1.c frowarde are straunge, but ẏ workes of him
Pro.25.d ẏ is cleane, are right. It is better to dwell
in a comer vnder ẏ house toppe, then with a
braulinge woman in a wyde house.

The soule of the vngodly wysheth euell,
and hath no pitie vpon his neghbeure.

When the scornefull is punysshed, the ig-
norant take ẏ better hede: & when a wyse
man is warned, he wil receaue the more vn-
derstondinge. The rightuous enstructeth
the house of the vngodly, but ẏ vngodly go
on still after their owne wickednesse. Who
so stoppeth his eare at the criege of the poo- Matt.18.d
re, he shal crie himself and not be herde. A
preuy rewarde pacifieth displeasure, and a
gifte in the bosome stilleth furiousnesse.

The iust delyteth in doynge the thynge
that is right, but the workers of wickednesse
abhorre the same. The man that wandreth C
out of the waye of wysdome, shal remayne
in the cōgregacion of ẏ deed. He ẏ hath
pleasure in banckettes, shal be a poore man: Pro.23.e
Who so delyteth in wyne and delicates, shal
not be riche. The vngodly shalbe geuen
for the rightuous, & the wicked for the iust.

It is better to dwell in a wylderneesse, thē Eccli.25.c
with a chydinge and an angrie woman. In
a wyse mans house there is greate treasure
and plenteousnesse, but a foolish body spen-
deth vp all. Who so foloweth rightueus-
nesse and mercy, fyndeth both life, rightuous-
nesse and honō. A wyse man wynneth the
cite of the mightie, and as for the strength ẏ D
they trust in, he bryngeth it downe. Who so Pro.12.b
kepeth his mouth and his tonge, the same ke-
peth his soule from troubles. He ẏ is proud
& presumptuous, is called a scornefull mā,
which in wrath darre worke maliciously.

The voluptuousnesse of the slouthfull is
his owne death, for his hādes wyll not labō.

He coueteth and desyreth all the daye lon-
ge, but the rightueus is allwaye geuynge &
kepeth nothinge backe. The sacrifice of Pro.15.b
the vngodly is abhominacion, for they offre Iere.7.c
the thinge ẏ is gotten ẏ wickednes. A false Pro.19.a
wytnesse shal perishe, but he ẏ wilbe content
to heare, shal allwaye haue power to speake
himself. An vngodly man goeth forth rash-
ly, but the iust reformeth his owne waye.

There is no wysdome, there is no vnder- Esa.8.c
stondinge, there is no councell agaynst the and 46.b
LORDE. The horse is prepared agaynst ẏ Psal.32.c
daye of battayll, but the LORDE geueth
the victory.

The XXII. Chapter.

A Good name is more worth then grea- A
te riches, and louynge fauō is better Eccli.41.b
then syluer and golde. Whether riches Eccls.7.a
or powerte do mete vs, it commeth all of
God. A wyse man seyth the plage and hy-
deth himself, but the foolish go on still and
are punysshed. The ende of lowlynes & the

feare of God, is riches, honō, prosperite and
healeth. Speares and snares are in ẏ waye of
the frowarde, but he ẏ wil kepe his soule, let
him fle frō soch. Yf thou teachest a childe in
his youth what waye he shulde go, he shall
not leaue it when he is olde. The rich ruleth
the poore, and ẏ borower is seruaunt to ẏ len
der. He ẏ soweth wickednesse, shal reape so
rowe, ⁊ the rodde of his plage shal destroye
Eccli. 31.c him. A louynge eye shalbe blessed, for he
B geueth of his bred vnto ẏ poore. Cast out ẏ
scornefull man, and so shal strife go out wt
him, yee variaunce and slaunder shal cease.
Who so delyteth to be of a clene herte and of
gracious lyppes, ẏ kynge shal be his frende.
The eyes of ẏ LORDE preserue knowlege,
but as for ẏ wordes of ẏ despyteful, he bryn
geth them to naught. The slouthfull body
sayeth: there is a lyō wt out, I might be slay
ne in ẏ strete. The mouth of an harlot is a
Pro.23.c deepe pytt, wherin he falleth that ẏ LORDE is
Gen 8.d angrie with all. Foolishnes sticketh in the
herte of ẏ lad, but ẏ rod of correccion driueth
it awaye. Who so doth a poore man wronge
to increase his owne riches, geueth (comōly)
C vnto the rich, and at the last commeth to po
uerte himself. My sonne, bowe downe thine
eare, and herken vnto the wordes of wyßdo
me, applye ẏ mynde vnto my doctryne: for it
is a pleasaunt thinge yf thou kepe it in thine
herte, and practise it in thy mouth: that thou
maiest all waye put ẏ trust in the LORDE.
Haue not I warned ẏ very oft with councell
and lerninge: ẏ I might shewe ẏ the treuth
and that thou wt the verite mightest answe
re them ẏ laye eny thinge against ẏ? Se ẏ
thou robbe not ẏ poore because he is weake,
and oppresse not ẏ simple in iudgment: for ẏ
LORDE himself wyl defende their cause, and
D do violence vnto them ẏ haue vsed violence.
Make no frēdshipe with an angrie wyl full
man, and kepe no company wt ẏ furious: lest
thou lerne his wayes, and receaue hurte vnto
Pro.6.a thy soule. Be not thou one of them ẏ bynde
11.b.17.c the r hande vpō promyse, and are suertie for
dett: for yf thou hast nothinge to paye, they
shal take awaye thy bed from vnder the.
Pro.23.a Thou shalt not remeue the lande marcke,
Deut.27.c which thy fore elders haue sett. Seist thou
not, ẏ they which be diligent in their busines
stonde before kynges, and not amonge the
symple people?

The XXIII Chapter

A When thou sytrest at the table to ea-
te wt a lorde, ordre thy self manerly wt ẏ thinges that are set before ẏ
Measure thine appetite: and yf thou wilt
rule thine owne self, be not euer gredy of his
meate, for meate begyleth and disceaueth.
Ecci. 27.a Take not ouer greate trauayle and labō to
Iere 17.b be riche, beware of soch a purpose. Why
1.Tim.6.b wilt thou set thine eye vpon ẏ thinge, which
sodenly vanisheth awaye? For riches make
them selues wynges, and take their flight li
ke an Aegle in to ẏ ayre. Eate not thou wt
ẏ envyous, and desyre no his meate, for he
hath a marueilous herte. He sayeth vnto ẏ:
eate and drynke, where as his herte is not wt
ẏ. Yee ẏ morsels that thou hast eaten shalt
thou perbreake, and lese those swete wor-
des. Tel nothinge in to ẏ eares of a foole, for
he wyl despyse the wyßdome of thy wor-
Pro.22.d des. Remoue not ẏ olde lande marke, and co
me not within ẏ felde of the fatherlesse: For
he ẏ deliuereth them is mightie, euen he shal
B defende their cause agaynst the. Applie thi
ne herte vnto lernynge, and thine eare to the
wordes of knowlege. Withholde not correc-
Pro.13.c cion from ẏ childe, for yf thou beatest him wt
Eccls 30.d the rodde, he shal not dye therof. Thou smy
test him wt the rodde, but thou delyuerest his
soule from hell. My sonne, yf ẏ herte receā-
ye wyßdome, myherte also shal reioyce: yee
myreynes shal be very glad, yf ẏ lyppes spea
Pro.24.a ke the thinge ẏ is right. Let not thine herte
and.c be gelous to folowe synners, but kepe ẏ still
in the feare of the LORDE all the daye lōge:
for the ende is not yet come, and thy pacient
abydinge shal not be in vayne. My sonne,
ue eare ⁊ be wyse, so shal thine hert prospere
in the waye. Kepe no company wt wyne beb
bers and ryotous eaters of flesh: for soch as
be dronckardes and ryotous, shal come to po Pro.21.c
uerte, ⁊ he that is geuen to moch slepe, shal
go wt a ragged cote. Geue eare vnto thy fa-
ther that begat the, and despyse not thy mo-
ther whan she is olde. Labō for to get ẏ
treuth: sell not awaye wyßdome, nourtō ⁊ vn
derstōdinge (for a righteous father is marue
lous glad of a wyse sonne, ⁊ delyteth in hi) so
shal thy father be glad, and thy mother that
C bare the, shal reioyse. My sonne, geue me
thyne herte, and let thine eyes haue pleasure Pro.23.b
in my wayes. For an whore is a depe graue,
and an harlot is a narow pytt. She lur-
keth like a thefe, and those that be not awar-
re she būgeth vnto her. Where is wo? whe
re is sorow? where is strife? where is braulyn-
ge? where are woundes without cause? whe-
re be reed eyes? Euen amonge those that be
euer at the wyne, and seke out where the best
is. Loke not thou vpon the wyne, how reed
it is, and what a colō it geueth in the glasse.
Ie goeth downe softly, but at the last it by

teth like a serpēt, and styngeth as an Adder.
So shal thine eyes loke vnto straunge women, & thine herte shal muse vpon frowarde thinges. Yee thou shalt be as though thou slepte, in ỳ myddest of ỳ see, or vpō ỳ toppe of the mast. They wounded me (shalt thou saie) but it hath not hurte me, they smote me, but I felt it not. Whē I am wel wakened, I wil go to ỳ drynke agayne.

The XXIIII. Chapter.

A Pro.23.b 24.c
BE not thou gelous ouer wicked mē, & desyre not thou to be amonge them.
For their herte ymagineth to do hurte, & their lippes talke of myschefe. Thorow wyßdome an house shalbe buylded, & wt vnderstondinge it shalbe set vp. Thorow discrecion shal ỳ chābers be fylled wt all costly & pleasaunt riches. A wyse mā is strōge, yee a mā of vnderstōdinge is better, thē he ỳ is mightie of strēgth. For with discrecion must warres be takē in honde, and where as are many ỳ can geue councell, there is ỳ victory. Wyßdome is an hie thinge, yee cuē to ỳ foole, for he darre not opē his mouth in ỳ gate. He ỳ ymagineth myschefe, maye wel be called an vngracious personne. The thoughte of ỳ fooliſh is synne, & ỳ scornefull is an abhominacion vnto mē. Yf thou be ouersene & necligēt in tyme of nede, thē is thy strēgth but small. Delyuer thē ỳ go vnto death, & are led awaie to be slaine, & be not necligēt therin. Yf thou wilt saye: I knewe not of it. Thynkest thou ỳ he which made ỳ hertes, doth not cōsidre it? & ỳ he which regardeth ỳ soule, seith it not? Shal not he recōpence euery man accordinge to his workes? My sonne, thou eatest hony & ỳ swete hony cōbe, because it is good & swete in thy mouth. Euen so shall ỳ knowlege of wyßdome be vnto ỳ soule, as soone as thou hast gottē it. And there is good hope, yee ỳ hope shal not be in vayne. Laye no pleuy wayte wickedly vpon ỳ house of ỳ righteous, & disquiete not his restinge place. For a iust mā falleth seuen tymes, & ryseth vp agayne, but ỳ vngodly fall in to wickednes. Reioyce not thou at ỳ fall of thine enemie, and let not thine herte be glad whan he stombleth.
Lest ỳ LORDE (when he seyth it) be angrie, & turne his wrath from him vnto the. Let not ỳ wrath & gelousy moue ỳ, to folowe ỳ wicked and vngodly. And why? ỳ wicked hath nothinge to hope for, & ỳ cādle of the vngodly shall be put out. My sonne, feare thou ỳ LRODE & ỳ kinge, & kepe no cōpany wt ỳ slaunderous: for their destruccion shal come sodenly, & who knoweth ỳ fall of thē both?

B Pro.23.b 24.a
C Pſal.33.c 36.d
Pro.17.a
Pro.23.b 24.a
Iob 21.b
Pro 13.a
Pro.20.a

These are also ỳ saiēges of ỳ wyse.

It is not good, to haue respecte of any personne in iudgmēt. He ỳ saieth to ỳ vngodly: thou art righteous, him shall the people curse, yee ỳ comōtie shal abhorre him. But they ỳ rebuke ỳ vngodly shalbe cōmended, & a riche blessinge shal come vpō thē. He maketh him self to be well loued, that geueth a good answere. First make vp ỳ worke ỳ is wt out, & loke well vnto ỳ which thou hast in ỳ felde, & thē buylde thine house. Be no false wytnesse agaynst ỳ neghbō, & hurte him not wt ỳ lyppes. Saye not: I wil hādle him, euē as he hath dealte wt me, & wil rewarde euery mā accordinge to his dedes. I went by ỳ felde of ỳ slouthfull, & by ỳ vynyarde of the fooliſh mā. And lo, it was all couered w nettels, & stode full of thistles, & ỳ stone wall was brokē downe. This I sawe, & cōsidered it wel: I loked vpō it, & toke it for a warnynge. Yee slepe on still a litle, slōbre a litle, folde thine hōdes together yet a litle: so shall powerte come vnto the as one ỳ trauayleth by ỳ waye, & necessitie like a wapened man.

D Pro 18.a
Pro.20.c
Pro.6.b

The XXV. Chapter.

THese also are Salomons prouerbes, which the men of Ezechias kinge of Juda gathered together. It is the honō of God to kepe a thinge secrete, but ỳ kinges honō is to search out a thinge. The heauen is hie, ỳ earth is depe, and ỳ kinges hert is vnsearcheable. Take ỳ drosse from ỳ syluer, & there shalbe a cleane vessell therof. Take awaye vngodlinesse frō ỳ kynge, & his seate shal be stablished w righteousnes.
Put not forth ỳ self in ỳ presence of ỳ kynge, & prease not in to ỳ place of greate men.

A Deut 17.d
Luc.14.b
B Eccli.3.a Matt.5.c

Better it is ỳ it be sayde vnto ỳ: come vp hither, then thou to be set downe in ỳ presence of ỳ prynce, whom thou seyst with thine eyes. Be not haistie to go to the lawe, lest happlie thou ordre ỳ self so at ỳ last, ỳ thy neghbō put ỳ to shame. Handle thy matter w ỳ neghbō himself, & discouer not another mans secrete: lest whan men heare therof, it turne to ỳ dishonō, & lest thine euell name do not ceasse. A worde spoken in due season, is like apples of golde in a syluer dyshe.
The correccion of the wyse is to an obedient eare, a golden cheyne and a Jewel of golde. Like as the wyntercoole in the haruest, so is a faithfull messaunger to him that sent him, & refreßsheth his masters mynde.
Who so maketh greate boastes & geueth nothinge, is like cloudes & wynde without rayne. With pacience maye a prynce be pacified, & w a soft tonge maye rigorousnes be brokē. Yf thou findest hony, eate so moch as is sufficiēt for ỳ: lest thou be ouer full, & perbreake it out againe. Withdrawe ỳ foote frō

C Pro.15.a Gene.33.a 1.Re.25.c

thy neghbours house, lest he be weery of the, and so abhorre the. Who so beareth false wytnesse agaynst his neghboure, he is a very speare, a swearde & a sharpe arowe. The hope of the vngodly in tyme of nede, is like a rotten toth and a slippery foote. Who so syngeth a songe to a wicked herte, clotheth hī with ragges in the colde, and poureth vyne ger vpon chalke. Yf thine enemie honger, fe de him: yf he thyrst, geue him drynke: for so shalt thou heape coales of fyre vpō his heade, and the LORDE shal rewarde the. The north wynde dryueth awaye the rayne, euen so doth an earnest sober countenaūce a backbyters tonge. It is better to syt in a corner vnder the rofe, then wt a braulynge woman in a wyde house. A good reporte out of a farre countre, is like colde water to a thyrstie soule. A righteous man fallynge downe before the vngodly, is like a troubled well and a sprynge yt is destroyed. Like as it is not good to eate to moch hony, euen so he that wyll search out hye thynges, it shal be to heuy for him. He that can not rule him self, is like a cite, which is broken downe, and hath no walles.

D Rom.12.c 1.Reg.10.b

Pro.21.b

Eccli.3.c

The XXVI. Chapter.

A LIke as snowe is not mete in sommer, ner rayne in harueste: euen so is worshipe vnsemely for a foole. Like as yt bryde and the swalowe take their flight and fle here and there, so the curse that is geuen in vayne, shal not light vpon a man. Vnto the horse belongeth a whyppe, to the Asse a brydle, and a rodde to the fooles backe. Geue not the foole an answere after his foolishnesse, lest thou become like vnto him: but make yt foole an answere to his foolishnesse, lest he be wyse in his owne cōceate. He is lame of his fete, yee droncken is he in vanite, that cōmitteth eny thinge to a foole. Like as it is an vnsemely thige to haue legges & yet to halte, euē so is a parable in yt fooles mouth.

Pſal.31.b

He yt setteth a foole in hye dignite, yt is euē as yf a man dyd cast a precious stone vpō yt galous. A parable in a fooles mouth, is like a thorne yt pricketh a droncken man in yt hande. A man of experience discerneth all thinges well, but who so hyreth a foole, hyreth soch one as wyl take no hede. Like as the dogg turneth agayne to his vomite, euen so a foole begynneth his foolishnesse agayne a fresh. Yf thou seyest a man yt is wyse in his owne conceate, there is more hope in a foole then in hī. The slouthfull sayeth: there is a leoparde in yt waye, and a lyon in yt myddest of the stretes. Like as the dore turneth aboute vpon the tresholde, euen so doth the slouthfull welter himself in his bedd. The slouthfull body thrusteth his hōde in to his bosome, and it greueth him to put it agayne to his mouth. The slogarde thinketh him self wyser, then vij. men that syt and teach.

B 2.Per.2.d

Pro.22.b

Who so goeth by and medleth with other mens strife, he is like one yt taketh a dogg by yt eares. Like as one shuteth deadly arowes and dartes out of a preuy place, euen so doth a dyssembler with his neghboure, And then sayeth he: I dyd it but in sporte. Where no wodd is, there the fyre goeth out: and where the backbyter is taken awaye, there the strife ceaseth. Coles kyndle heate, and wodd yt fyre: euen so doth a braulinge felowe stere vp variaunce. A slaunderers wordes are like flatery, but they pearse yt inwarde partes of yt body. Venymous lippes & a wicked herte, are like a potsherde couered wt sylver drosse. An enemie dyssembleth with his lippes, and in the meane seaſon he ymagineth myschefe: but whā he speaketh fayre, beleue him not, for there are seuen abhominaciōs in his herte. Who so kepeth euell will secretly to do hurte, his malyce shal be shewed before the whole congregacion. Who so dyggeth vp a pytt, shal fal therin: and he yt weltreth a stone, shal stomble vpon it hymselfe.

D Rom.12.c

C Pſal.10.a

Pro.19.d

Eccli.28.b

Eccls.10.b Eccli.27.e

A dyssemblynge tonge hateth one that reboketh him, and a flaterīge mouth worketh myschefe.

The XXVII. Chapter.

A MAke not thy booste of tomorow, for thou knowest not what maye happen todaye. Let another mā prayse the, & not thine owne mouth: yee other folkes lippes, and not thyne. The stone is heuy, and the sonde weightie: but a fooles wrath is heuyer then they both. Wrath is a cruell thīge, and furiousnesse is a very tempest: yee who is able to abyde envye? An open rebuke is better, then a secrete love. Faithfull are the woundes of a louer, but yt kysses of an enemie are disceatfull. He that is full, abhorreth an hony combe: but vnto him that is hōgrie, euery sower thinge is swete. He that ost tymes flytteth, is like a bryde yt forsaketh hir nest. The herte is glad of a swete oyntment and sauoure, but a stomacke that cā geue good councell, reioyseth a mans neghboure. Thyne owne frende and thy fathers frende se thou forsake not, but go not in to thy brothers house in tyme of thy trouble.

A Eze.28.a Luc.12.b Iaco.4.b

Eccli.22.c

Pſa.140.a Luc.22.d

B

Better is a frende at hõde, then a brother farre of. My sonne, be wyse, and thou shalt make me a glad herte: so that I shal make answere vnto my rebukers. A wyse man seynge the plage wyl hyde him self, as for fooles Pro.10.c they go on still, and suffer harme. Take his garment that is suertie for a straunger, & take a pledge of him for the vnknowne mans sake. He that is to hastie to praise his neighboure aboue measure, shalbe taken as one Pro.19.b geueth him an euell reporte. A brawlynge woman and the rose of the house droppynge in a raynie daye, maye well be compared together. He that restrayneth her, restrayneth the wynde, and holdeth oyle fast in his C hõde. Like as one yõ whetteth another, so doth one man comforte another. Who so kepeth his fyge tre, shal enioye the frutes therof: he that wayteth vpon his master, shal come to honoure. Like as in one water there apeare dyuerse faces, euẽ so dyuerse men haue dyuerse hertes. Like as hell & Pro.30.b Eccle.1.a destruccion are neuer full, euen so the eyes of Eccli.14.a Eccl.27.b mẽ can neuer be satisfied. Syluer is tryed in the moulde, & golde in the fornace, & so is a man, whan he is openly praysed to his face. Though thou shuldest bray a foole with a pestell in a morter like otemeell, yet wil not his foolishnesse go from him. Be ye diligẽt to know the nombre of thy catell thy self, and loke well to thy flockes. For riches abyde Ioh.10.a not allwaye, & the crowne endureth not for euer. The hay groweth, & grasse cõmeth vp, & herbes are gathered in the mountaines. The lambes shal clothe the, & for the goates thou shalt haue money to the hußbondry. Thou shalt haue goates mylck ynough to fede the, to vpholde thy husholde, & to sustayne thy maydens.

The XXVIII. Chapter.

A Leui.26.c The vngodly flyeth no man chasynge him, but the rightuous stondeth stiff as a lyon. Because of synne the lende doth oft chaunge hir prynce: but thorow men of vnderstondinge & wyßdome a realme endureth longe. One poore man oppressinge another by violence, is like a contynuall rayne that destroyeth the frute. They that forsake the lawe, prayse the vngodly: but soch as kepe the lawe, abhorre them. Wicked 1.Cor.2.b men discerne not the thinge that is right, but they that seke after the LORDE, discusse all Pro.19.a thinges. A poore man lednge a godly life, is better then the riche that goeth in frowarde wayes. Who so kepeth the lawe, is a childe of vnderstondinge: but he that fedeth B ryotous men, shameth his father. Who so increaseth his riches by vsurage & wynnynge, let him gather them to helpe the poore withall. He that turneth awaye his eare from hearinge the lawe, his prayer shalbe abhorred. Who so leadeth the rightuous in to an euell waye, shal fall in to his owne pytt, but the iust shal haue the good in possession. Pro.1.b

The riche man thynketh him self to be wyse, but the poore that hath vnderstondinge, cã perceaue him wel ynough. When rightuous men are in prosperite, thẽ doth honoure flourish: but when the vngodly come vp, the state of men chaungeth. He that hydeth his synnes, shall not prospere: but who so knowlegeth them and forsaketh them, shall haue mercy. Well is him that stõdeth all waye in awe: as for him that hardeneth his herte, he shal fall in to mischefe. Like as a roaringe lyon and an hongrie beer, euen so C is an vngodly prynce ouer the poore people. Eccli.10.a Pro.28.d Pro.29.a Pro.11.b Pro.13.b 1.Ioh.1.b Eccli.7.c

Where the prynce is without vnderstondinge, there is greate oppression & wronge: but yf he be soch one as hateth couetousnesse, he shal longe raigne. He that by violẽce sheddeth eny mans blonde, shal be a renagate vnto his graue, and no man shal be able to succo̅r him. Who so leadeth a godly and an innocẽt life, shalbe safe: but he that goeth frowarde wayes, shall once haue a fall. He that tylleth his londe, shal haue plentecusnesse of bred: but he that followeth ydilnesse, shal haue pouerte ynough. A faithfull man is greatly to be commẽded, but he that maketh to moch haist for to be riche, shal not be vngiltie. To haue respecte of personnes in iudgment is not good: And why? he will do wrenge, yee euen for a pece of bred. He that will be rich all to soone, D hath an euell eye, and considereth not, that pouerte shall come vpon him. He that rebuketh a man, shall fynde more fauoure at the last, thẽ he that flatreth him. Who so robbeth his father and mother, and sayeth it is no synne: the same is like vnto a morderer. Gen 4.b Pro.10.d Pro.12.b Eccli.20.d 1.Timo.6.b Pro.23.a Math.15.a

He that is of a proude stomacke, stereth vp strife: but he that putteth his trust in the LORDE, shalbe well fedd. He that trusteth in his owne hert, is a foole: but he that dealeth wisely, shalbe safe. He that geueth vnto the poore, shal not wante: but he that turneth awaye his eyes from soch as be in necessite, shall suffre greate pouerte him self. Iere.17.b. Psal.40.a 2.Cor.9.b Deut.15.a

Whan the vngodly are come vp, men are fayne to hyde them selues: but whẽ they perish, the rightuous increase. Pro.28.b and 29.a

The XXIX. Chapter.

A HE that is stiffnecked & wyll not be reformed, shal sodenly be destroyed wt out eny helpe. Where ỹ rightuous
Pro.28.b.d haue the ouer hande, ỹ people are in prosperite: but where the vngodly beareth rule, there ỹ people mourne. Who so loueth wyßdome, maketh his father a glad man: but he ỹ
Pro.5.a kepeth harlottes, spēdeth awaye ỹ he hath. With true iudgment ỹ kynge setteth vp the londe, but yf he be a man ỹ taketh gifres, he turneth it vpsyde downe. Who so flatreth his neghbō, layeth a nette for his fete. The synne of ỹ wicked is his owne snare, but ỹ righteous shal be glad and reioyse. The righteous considreth the cause of the poore, but the vngodly regardeth no vnderstondynge. Wicked people bringe a cite in to caye, but wyse men set it vp agayne. Yf a wyse man go to lawe with a foole (whether he deale with him frendly or roughly) he get
B teth no rest. The bloudethyrstie hate the rightuous, but the iust seke his soule. A foole poureth out his spirite alltogether, but a wyse man kepeth it in till afterwarde.

Yf a prynce delyte in lyes, all his seruauntes are vngodly. The poore and the lender mete together, the LORDE lighteneth
Pro.20.d both their eyes. The seate of the kinge ỹ faithfully iudgeth the poore, shal continue sure for euermore. The rodde and correccion mynistre wyßdome, but yf a childe be not loked vnto, he bryngeth his mother to shame. When the vngodly come vp, wickednesse increaseth: but the rightuous shall se their fall. Nurroure thy sonne with correccion, and he shal comforte the, yee he shal do the good at thine hert. Where no prophet is, there the people perisshe: but well is
C him that kepeth the lawe. A seruaūt wil not be the better for wordes, for though he vnderstonde, yet wil he not regarde them.

Yf thou seyst a man that is haistie to speake vnaduysed, thou mayest trust a foole more then him. He that delicately bryngeth vp his seruaunt from a childe, shal make him his master at length. An angrie man stereth vp strife, and he that beareth euell wyll in his mynde, doth moch euell. A-
Iob.22.c ter pryde commeth a fall, but a lowly spirite bryngeth greate worshipe. Who so kepeth company wt a thefe, hateth his owne soule: he heareth blasphemies, & telleth it not forth.

He that feareth men, shal haue a fall: but who so putteth his trust in the LORDE, shal come to honō. Many there be that seke ỹ princes fauoure, but euery mans iudgment commeth from the LORDE.

The rightuous abhorre the vngodly: but as for those that be in ỹ right waye, ỹ wicked hate them.

The XXX. Chapter.

The wordes of Agur the sonne of Jake.

THe prophecie of a true faithfull man, A
who God hath helped, whom God hath cōforted & norished. For though I am ỹ leest of all, & haue no mās vnderstōdinge (for I neuer lerned wißdome) yet haue I vnderstōdinge & am wel enformed in godly thinges. Who hath clymmed vpī to heauen? Who hath come downe from thence? Who hath holden ỹ wynde fast in his hāde? Who hath cōprehended ỹ waters in a garment? Who hath set all the endes of ỹ worlde? What is his name, or his sonnes name? Canst thou tell? All the wordes of Psal.17.c
God are pure & cleane, for he is a shylde vn- 18.b.118.c
to all them, that put their trust in him. Put Deut.4.a
thou nothinge therfore vnto his wordes, lest and 12.d
he reproue the, and thou be founde as a lyar.

Two thinges I requyre of the, that thou wilt not denye me before I dye. Remoue from me vanite and lyes: geue me nether pouerte ner riches, only graunte me a necessary lyuynge. Lest yf I be to full, I denye ỹ, & saye: Deut 8.c
what felowe is ỹ LORDE? And lest I beinge and 31.c
constrayned thorow pouerte, fall vnto steal- Exo 5.a
linge, and forsweare the name of my God. Iob 21.b
Eccli.27.a

Accuse not a seruaunt vnto his master, B
lest he speake euell of the also, and thou be hurte. He that bryngeth vp an euell report vpō the generacion of his father and mother, is not worthy to be commended.

The generacion that thynke them selues cleane, shal not be clensed from their fylthynesse. There are people ỹ haue a prowde loke, and cast vp their eye lyddes. This peoples tethe are swerdes, and with their chaft bones they consume and deuoure the symple of the earth, and the poore from amonge mē.

This generacion (which is like an horsleche) hath two doughters: ỹ one is called, fetch hither: the other, bringe hither.

There be thre thinges that are neuer satisfied, and the fourth saieth neuer hoo. The Pro.27.c
hell, a womans wombe, and the earth hath neuer water ynough. As for fyre, it saieth neuer: hoo. Who so laugheth his father to scorne, and setteth his mothers commaūdement at naught: the rauens pycke out his Exo.21.b
eyes in the valley, and deuoured be he of the Deu.27.c
yongle Aegles.

There be thre thinges to hye for me, and Sap.5.b
as for the fourth, it passeth my knowlege.

The waye of an Aegle in ỹ ayre, ỹ waye of a serpent ouer ỹ stone, ỹ waye of a shippe in ỹ see, & ỹ waye of a mā wt a yonge womā. Soch is the waye also of a wyfe ỹ breaketh wedlocke, which wypeth hir mouth like as whā she hath eatē, & sayeth: As for me, I haue done no harme. Thorow thre thinges the earth is disquieted, & the fourth maye it not beare: Thorow a seruaūt ỹ beareth rule, thorow a foole ỹ hath greate riches, thorow an ydle housewife, & thorow an handmayden ỹ is heyre to hir mastres. There be foure thinges in the earth, the which are very litle: but in wyßdome they exceade the wyse. The Pro. 6, a Emmettes are but a weake people, yet gather they their meate together in ỹ harueſt.

The conyes are but a feble folke, yet make they their couches amonge the rockes. The greshoppers haue not a gyde, yet go they forth together by heapes. The spyder laboureth wt hir hādes, & ỹ in ỹ kynges palace.

There be thre thinges ỹ go stifsly, but the goinge of the fourth is the goodlieſt of all. A Lyon which is kynge of beastes, & geueth place to no man: A cock ready to fight: A rāme: And a kynge ỹ goeth forth wt his people.

Yf thou be so foolish to magnifie ỹ self, or medlest wt eny soch thinge, thē laye thine hāde vpon ỹ mouth. Who so chyrneth mylck, maketh butter: he that rubbeth his nose, maketh it blede, and he that causeth wrath, bryngeth forth strife.

The XXXI. Chapter.

A THese are the wordes of Kynge Lamuel, & ỹ lesson ỹ his mother taught him. My sonne, thou sonne of my body: O my deare beloued sonne, geue not ouer thy substaunce & mynde vnto women, which are the destrucciō euē of kynges. O Lamuel, geue kinges no wyne, geue kynges & princes no stronge drynke: leſt they beinge dronken forget the lawe, & regarde not ỹ cause of the poore, & of all soch as be in aduersite. Geue stronge drynke vnto soch as are condempned to death, & wyne vnto those ỹ mourne: that they maye drynke it, & forget their misery & aduersite. Be thou an aduocate & stonde in iudgment thyself, to speake for all soch as be dōme & sucourles. With ỹ mouth defende ỹ thinge ỹ is lawfull and right, and ỹ cause of ỹ poore and helpleſse.

B Who so fyndeth an honeſt faithful womā, she is moch more worthy thē perles. The herte of hir husbande maye safely trust in her, so that he shal haue no nede of spoyles.

She wil do him good & not euel all ỹ dayes of hir life. She occupieth woll & flax, & laboureth gladly wt hir handes. She is lik̄e a marchauntes shippe, that bryngeth hir C vytayles from farre. She is vp in ỹ night season, to prouyde meate for hir housholde, & foode for hir maydens. She consideth lō de, & byeth it, and wt the frute of hir handes she planteth a vynyarde. She gyrdeth hir loynes with strength, and courageth hir armes. And yf she perceaue that hir housewifrie doth good, hir candle goeth not out by night. She layeth hir fyngers to the spyndle, & hir hande taketh holde of ỹ rocke.

She openeth hir hande to ỹ poore, yee she stretcheth forth hir hādes to soch as haue nede. She feareth not ỹ the colde of wynter shal hurte hir house, for all hir housholde folkes are duble clothed. She maketh hir self fayre ornamētes, hir clothinge is whyte sylke & purple. Hir huſbāde is moch set by in ỹ D gates, whē he sytteth amonge ỹ rulers of ỹ londe. She maketh cloth of sylke & selleth it, and delyuereth a gyrdle vnto ỹ marchaūt.

Strēgth and honoure is hir clothinge, & in the latter daye she shal reioyse. She openeth hir mouth with wyßdome, & in hir tō ge is the lawe of grace. She loketh wel to the wayes of hir housholde, & eateth not hir bred with ydilnes. Hir children arise & call hir blessed, & hir huſbande maketh moch of her. Many daughters there be ỹ gather riches together, but thou goest aboue thē all.

As for fauō, it is disceatfull, and beutie is a vayne thinge: but a woman that feareth the LORDE, she is worthy to be prayſed. Geue her of the frute of hir handes, and let hir owne workes prayse her in the gates.

The ende of the prouerbes of Salomon.

Ecclesiastes.

What this boke conteyneth.

Chap. I. All thinges (yf a mā wyl cōsidre them wel) are but vanite. Neuertheles amōge them all there is nothīge weaker and more vnstedfast, then man him self.

Chap. II. In this chapter (and in the other also) he maketh oft tymes mēsion of the wordes and cōuersacīō of the vngodly: that by this meanes he maye the better cause men to despyse all creatures, in respecte of the only euerlastinge God.

Chap. III. Euery thinge hath a tyme. There is no thīge, but God hath put redyousnesse and trauayle in it, to exercise men withall. What so euer a man enioyeth of his laboure, the same is a gift of God, geuen to the intent that men shulde feare hym.

Chap. IIII. A cōsideracion of diuerse thinges. There is nothinge so excellent and hye, but yf it do not the deuty and office where vnto it is ordened, it shalbe brought lowe.

Chap. V. Agaynst foolish and temerarious vowes. Let no man maruayle that so moch euell is done, for the wicked are many. Agaynst the riche and agaynst riches.

Chap. VI. Agaynst those riche mē that dare not enioye their riches: how mad and foolish they be.

Chap. VII. No man knoweth what is for to come. How worthy a thīge it is to haue a good name. The profit of wysdome.

Chap. VIII. Of the obediēce which men owe vnto God and to their heades. The lōge sufferaunce of God is not to be despised. It is not possible for eny mā, to cōprehende the workes that be in the worlde.

Chap. IX. Like thinges happen vnto all men: therfore with myrth and thankfulnesse shulde men enioye the giftes of God. Wysdome passeth all thinges.

Chap. X. XI In these two chapters are many wyse and profitable sentences, wel worthy to be considered of euery man.

Chap. XII. In this chapter the preacher sheweth his whole meanynge, as though he wolde saye: As for all the thinges that be vnder the Sonne (wher of I haue spoken) I haue cōsidered them, and proued them metely wel by experience. And this is the conclucion, that there is nothynge stedfast and durable but God himself, whō men ought to feare, and to haue his cōmaundementes before their eyes euen from their youth vp

The first Chapter.

These are the wordes of the Preacher, the sonne of Dauid, kynge of Jerusalem.

ALl is but vanite (saieth ẏ preacher) all is but playne vanite. A
Ec.iiij.b.
For what els hath a mā, of all the labō ẏ he taketh vnder the Sonne? One generacīō passeth awaye, another commeth, but the earth abydeth still. The Sōne aryseth, the Sonne goeth downe, & returneth to his place, ẏ he maye there ryse vp agayne. The wynde goeth towarde ẏ South, & setcheth his cōpase aboute vnto the North, & so turneth in to himself agayne. All floudes runne in to the see, & yet lob 14.b
the see is not fylled: for loke vnto what place the waters runne, thence they come agayne. All thinges are so harde, ẏ no mā can expresse them. The eye is not satisfied wt sight, the Pro.27.c
eare is not fylled wt hearinge. The thinge ẏ Eccli.14.a
hath bene, cōmeth to passe agayne: & ẏ thinge ẏ hath bene done, is done agayne, there is Eccls.3.b
no new thinge vnder the Sonne. Is there eny thinge, wherof it maye be sayde: lo, this is new? For it was lōge agoo in the tymes ẏ haue bene before vs. The thinge ẏ is past, is out of remēbraunce: Euē so the thīges that are for to come, shal no more be thought vpō amōge thē that come after. I myself ẏ Preacher, beynge kynge of Israel & Jerusalē, applyed my mynde to seke out & search for the knowlege of all thīges ẏ are done vnder heauē. Soch trauayle & labō hath God geuē vnto ẏ childrē of mē, to exercyse thē selues therī. B

Thus I haue considered all the thinges C
that come to passe vnder the Sōne, & lo, they are all but vanite & veracion of mynde. The croked can not be mayde straight, & the fautes cā not be nōbred. I cōmoned wt myne owne herte, sayēge: lo, I am come to a greate e- 2 Pet 1.b
state, and haue gottē more wysdome, thē all and 4.c
they ẏ haue bene before me in Jerusalem. Yee my hert had greate experiēce of wysdome & knowlege, for there vnto I applyed my mynde: ẏ I might knowe what were wysdome & vnderstōdinge, what were errō & sodlishnes. And I perceaued ẏ this also was but a veracion of mynde: for where moch wysdome is, there is also greate trauayle & disquietnes: & ẏ more knowlege a man hath, the more is his care.

The II. Chapter.

THē sayde I thus in my hert: Now go to, I wil take myne ease & haue good dayes. But lo, that was vanite also: in so moch that I sayde vnto laughter: thou art madd, and to myrth: what doest thou? A

So I thought in my herte, to withdrawe my flesh from wyne, to applye my mynde vnto wyßdome, and to comprehēde fooliſhnes vntill the tyme that (amonge all ỳ thinges which are vnder ỳ Sonne) I might ſe what were beſt for men to do, ſo longe as they lyue vnder heauen.

3.reg.3.4 3.6.7 I made gorgious fayre workes, I buyl ded me houſes, and planted vynyardes: I made me orchardes and gardens of pleaſure, and planted trees in them of all maner frutes. I made poles of water, to water ỳ grene and frutefull trees withall. I boughte ſeruauntes and maydēs, and had a greate houſ holde. As for catell and ſhepe, I had more ſubſtaunce of them, then all they ỳ were before me in Jeruſalem. I gathered ſyluer & golde together, euen a treaſure of kynges & londes. 3.reg.4.9 B

I prouided me ſyngers and wemē which coude playe of inſtrumentes, to make men myrth and paſtime. I gat me drynkynge cuppes alſo and glaſſes. (Shortly) I was greater & in more worſhipe, then all my predeceſſours in Jeruſalē. For wyßdome remayned with me: & loke what ſo euer myne eyes deſyred, I let them haue it: & wherin ſo euer my herte delyted or had eny pleaſure, I withheldе it not fro it. Thus my hert reioyſed in all ỳ I dyd, and this I toke for the porcion of all my trauayle, But whan I conſidered all the workes ỳ my handes had wrought, and all the labours that I had taken therin: lo, all was but vanite and veracion of mynde, & nothinge of eny value vnder ỳ Sonne Then turned I me to conſidre wyßdome, errour and fooliſhneſſe (for what is he amonge men, that might be compared to me ỳ kynge in ſoch workes?) and I ſawe, that wyßdome excelleth fooliſhneſſe, as farre as light doth darkneſſe. For a wyſe man beareth his eyes aboute in his heade, but the foole goeth in the darkneſſe. I perceaued alſo that they both had one ende. C

Then thought I in my mynde: Yf it happen vnto the foole as it doth vnto me, what nedeth me then to laboure eny more for wyßdome? So I confeſſed within my harte, that this alſo was but vanite. For the wyſe are euer as litle in remembraunce as the fooliſh, and all the dayes for to come ſhalbe forgotten, yee the wyſe man dyeth as well as ỳ foole. Thus begāne I to be weery of my life, in ſo moch that I coude awaye with nothinge that is done vnder the Sonne, for all was but vanite & veracion of mynde: Yee I was weery of all my laboure, which I had taken vnder the Sonne, becauſe I ſhulde be fayne to leaue them vnto another man, that cōmeth after me: for who knoweth, whether he ſhalbe a wyſe mā or a foole? And yet ſhal he be lorde of all my labours, which I with ſoch wyßdome haue taken vnder the Sonne. Is not this a vayne thinge? D

So I turned me to refrayne my mynde from all ſoch trauayle, as I toke vnder the Sonne: for ſo moch as a man ſhulde weery him ſelf with wyßdome, with vnderſtondinge and opportunite, and yet be fayne to leaue his labours vnto another, ỳ neuer ſwett for them. This is alſo a vayne thinge and a greate miſery. For what getteth a mā of all ỳ labō & trauayle of his mynde, ỳ he taketh vnder the Sonne, but heyneſſe, ſorowe & diſquyetnes all ỳ dayes of his life? In ſo moch that his herte can not reſt in the night. Is not this alſo a vayne thinge? Is it not better then for a mā to eate and drynke, and his ſoule to be mery in his laboure? Yee I ſawe that this alſo was a giſte of God: For who maye eate, drynke, or bringe eny thinge to paſſe without him? And why? he geueth vnto mā, what it pleaſeth him: whether it be wyßdome, vnderſtondinge, or gladneſſe. But vnto the ſynner he geueth weerynes and ſorow, that he maye gather and heape together ỳ thinge, ỳ afterwarde ſhalbe geuen vnto him whom it pleaſeth God. This is now a vayne thinge, yee a very diſquietneſſe and veracīō of mynde. 1.Timo.4.3

The III. Chapter.

A LEuerythinge hath a tyme, yee all that is vnder the heauen, hath is conuenient ſeaſon. There is a tyme to be borne, and a tyme to dye. There is a tyme to plāte, and a tyme to plucke vp the thinge, ỳ is planted: A tyme to ſlaye, and a tyme to make whole: A tyme to breake downe, and a tyme to buylde vp: A tyme to wepe, and a tyme to laugh: A tyme to mourne, and a tyme to daunſe: A tyme to caſt awaye ſtones, and a tyme to gather ſtones together: A tyme to enbrace, & a tyme to refrayne from enbracynge: A tyme to wynne, and a tyme to leſe: A tyme to ſpare, and a tyme to ſpende: A tyme to cutt in peces, and a tyme to ſowe together: A tyme to kepe ſylēce, and a tyme to ſpeake: A tyme to loue, & a tyme to hate: A tyme of warre, and a tyme of peace. Iob.14.2 A Eccli.20.8

What hath a mā els (that doth eny thinge) but weryneſſe and laboure? For as touchinge the trauayle and carefulneſſe which God hath geuen vnto mē, I ſe that he hath geuen it them, to be exerciſed in it. All this B

hath he ordened maruelous goodly, to euery thinge his due tyme. He hath plãted ignorãce also in the hertes of men, ẏ they shulde not fynde out ẏ grounde of his workes, which he doth from ẏ beginninge to ẏ ende. So I perceaued, ẏ in these thinges there is nothinge better for a man, thẽ to be mery ꝛ to do well so longe as he lyueth. For all ẏ a man eateth ꝛ drynketh, yee what so euer a mã enioyeth of all his labó, ẏ same is a gift of God. I cõsidered also ẏ what so euer God doth, it cõtinueth for euer, ꝛ ẏ no thinge can be put vnto it ner takẽ from it: ꝛ ẏ God doth it to ẏ intent, ẏ men shulde feare him. The thinge ẏ hath bene, is now: ꝛ the thinge ẏ is for to come, hath bene afore tyme, for God restoreth agayne the thinge that was past. Eccls.1.a

C Moreouer, I sawe vnder ẏ Sonne, vngodlynesse in the steade of iudgment, ꝛ iniquite in steade of rightuousnesse.

Then thoughte I in my mynde: God shal separate the rightuous from the vngodly, ꝛ then shal be the tyme ꝛ iudgmẽt of all councels ꝛ workes. I cõmoned wt myne owne herte also cõcernynge the childrẽ of men: how God hath chosen them, and yet letteth thẽ apeare, as though they were beastes: for it happeneth vnto men as it doth vnto beastes, ꝛ as the one dyeth, so dyeth ẏ other: yee they haue both one maner of breth, so ẏ (in this) a man hath no preemynence aboue a beest, but all are subdued vnto vanite. They go all vnto one place, for as they be all of dust, so shal they all turne vnto dust againe.

Eccli.12.b Sap.2.a Who knoweth the spirite of man ẏ goeth vpwarde, and the breth of the beest ẏ goeth downe in to the earth? Wherfore I perceaue, ẏ there is nothyinge better for a man, then to be ioyfull in his labour, for that is his porcion. But who wil brynge him to se the thinge, that shal come after him?

The IIII. Chapter.

A Abac.1.a Eccls.5.a SO I turned me, and considered all the violent wronge that is done vnder the Sonne: and beholde, the teares of soch as were oppressed, and there was no man to comforte them, or that wolde delyuer and defende them from the violence of their oppressours. Wherfore I iudged those that are deed, to be more happie then soch as be alyue: yee him that is yet vnborne to be better at ease thẽ they both, because he seith not the miserable workes that are done vnder the Sonne. Agayne, I sawe that all trauayle and diligence of laboure was hated of euery man. This is also a vaine thinge, and a vexacion of mynde. The foole foldeth his handes together, ꝛ eateth vp his owne flesh. One hand full (saieth he) is better wt rest, thẽ both ẏ handes full with labó and trauayle. Moreouer, I turned me, and B beholde yet another vanite vnder the Sonne. There is one man, no mo but himself alone, hauynge nether childe ner brother: yet is there no ende of his carefull trauayle, his eyes can not be satisfied with riches, (yet doth he not remembre himself, ꝛ saye:) For whom do I take soch trauayle? For whose pleasure do I thus consume awaye my lyfe? This is also a vayne and miserable thinge. Therfore two are better then one, for they maye well enioye the profit of their laboure. If one of them fall, his companyon helpeth him vp againe: But wo is him that is alone, for yf he fall, he hath not another to helpe him vp. Agayne, when two C slepe together, they are warme: but how can a body be warme alone? One maye be ouercome, but two maye make resistaũce: A thre folde cable is not lightly broken. A poore childe beynge wyse, is better then an olde kinge, that doteth, and can not bewarre in tyme to come. Some one commeth out of Gen.41.b prison, ꝛ is made a kynge: ꝛ another which 1.Re.16.c is borne in the kyngdome, commeth vnto po- 3.Re.12.c uerte. And I perceaued, ẏ all men lyuynge vnder the Sonne, go wt the seconde childe, that commeth vp in the steade of the other. As for the people that haue bene before him, and that come after him, they are innumerable: yet is not their ioye the greater thorow him. This is also a vayne thinge and a vexacion of mynde. Whan thou commest in to the house of God, kepe thy fote, and drawe nye, that thou mayest heare: that is better then the offeringes of fooles, 1.Reg.15.e for they knowe not what euell they do. 2.Par 33.c 4.Re.25.a

The V. Chapter.

BE not hastie with thy mouth, ꝛ let A not thine hert speake eny thige rashly before God. For God is in heauen, ꝛ thou vpon earth, therfore let thy wordes be fewe. For where mech carefulnesse is, there are many dreames: ꝛ where many wordes are, there men maye heare fooles. If Deu.23.d thou make a vowe vnto God, be not slacke Baruc.6.c to perfourme it. As for fooliſh vowes, he hath no pleasure in them. If thou promyse eny thinge, paye it: for better it is that thou make no vowe, then that thou shuldest promise, and not paye. Vse not thy mouth to cause ẏ flesh for to synne, ẏ thou saye not before the angell: my fooliſhnesse is in ẏ faute.

For thē God wil be angrie at thy voyce, and destroye all ỳ workes of thine handes.

And why? where as are many dreames & many wordes, there are also dyuerse vani-
Eccls.4.a ties: but loke ỳ thou feare God. Yf thou seyst the poore to be oppressed and wrongeously dealt withall, so ỳ equite & the right of the lawe is wraisted in the londe: marell not thou at soch iudgmēt, for one great man kepeth touch with another, and the mightie helpe thē selues together. The whole londe also with the feldes and all that is therin, is in subieccion and bondage vnto ỳ kinge.

B He that loueth money, wil neuer be satisfied with money: and who so delyteth in riches, shal haue no profit therof. Is not this also a vayne thinge? Where as many riches are, there are many also that spende them awaye. And what pleasure more hath he that possesseth them, sauynge that he maye loke vpon them with his eyes? A labouringe man slepeth swetely, whether it be lit-
Iob 20.c le or moch that he eateth: but the abundaunce of the riche wil not suffre him to slepe.

Yet is there a sore plage, which I haue sene vnder the Sonne (namely) riches kepte to the hurte of him ỳ hath them in possession.

Iob 1.c For oft times they perisshe with his great misery and trouble: and yf he haue a childe, it getteth nothinge. Like as he came naked out of his mothers wombe, so goeth he thither agayne, and carieth nothinge a-
C waye with him of all his laboure. This is a miserable plage, ỳ he shal go awaye euen as he came. What helpeth it him then, ỳ he hath labored in the wynde? All the daies of his life also must he eate in the darcke, with greate carefulnesse, sickneesse & sorow.

Eccls.2.d Therfore me thinke it a better and a fayrer thinge, a man to eate and drynke, and to be refreshed of all his laboure, ỳ he taketh vnder the Sonne all the dayes of his life which God geueth him, for this is his porcion. For vnto whom so euer God geueth riches, goodes and power, he geueth it him to enioye it, to take it for his porcion, and to be refreshed of his laboure: this is now the gifte of God. For he thinketh not moch how longe he shal lyue, for so moch as God fylleth his hert with gladnesse.

The VI. Chapter.

A There is yet a plage vnder ỳ Sonne, & it is a generall thinge amonge mē: when God geueth a man riches, goodes & honoure, so that he wanteth nothinge of all that his herte can desyre: and yet God geueth him not leue to enioye the same, but another man spēdeth them. This is a vayne thinge & a miserable plage. Yf a man begett an hundreth children, and lyue many yeares, so that his dayes are many in nombre, and yet can not enioye his good, nether be buried: as for him I saye, that an vntymely byrth is better then he. For he cōmeth to naught, & goeth his waye in to darcknes, and his name is forgotten. Moreouer, he seyth not the Sonne, and knoweth of no rest nether here ner there: Nee though he lyued two thousande yeares, yet hath he no good life. Come not all to one place? B All the laboure that a man taketh, is for himself, and yet his desyre is neuer fylled after his mynde. For what hath the wyse more then the foole? What helpeth it the poore, that he knoweth to walke before the lyuynge? The sight of the eyes is better, then that the soule shulde so departe awaye. Howbeit this is also a vayne thinge and a disquietnesse of mynde. What is more excellent then man? yet can he not in the lawe get the victory of him that is mightier thē he: A vayne thinge is it to cast out many wordes, but what hath a man els?

The VII. Chapter.

A For who knoweth what is good for man lyuynge, in ỳ dayes of his vayne life, which is but a shadowe? Or, who wil tell a man, what shal happen after him vnder the Sonne? A good name is more worth then a precious oyntment, and the
Pro.22.a Cant.1.a daye of death is better thē ỳ daye of byrth.

It is better to go in to an house of mournynge, then in to a bancket house. For there is the ende of all men, and he that is lyuinge, taketh it to herte. It is better to be sory then to laugh, for whē the countenaunce is heuy, the herte is ioyfull. The herte of ỳ wyse is in the mournynge house, but the hert of the foolish is in the house of myrth. It is better to geue eare to the chastenynge of
Pro.27.b a wyse man, then to heare the songe of fooles. For the laughinge of fooles is like ỳ crackynge of thornes vnder a pott. And ỳ is but a vayne thinge.

Who so doeth wronge, maketh a wyse B man to go out of his witt, and destroyeth a gentle hert. The ende of a thinge is better then the begynnynge. The pacient of spiete is better then the hie mynded- Be not haistely angrie in ỳ mynde, for wrath resteth in the bosome of a foole. Saye not thou: What is the cause that ỳ dayes of ỳ olde tyme were better, then they ỳ be now? for that were no wyse question. Wysdome

is better then riches, yee moch more worth then the eye sight. For wyßdome defendeth as well as moneye, and the excellent knowlege and wyßdome geueth life vnto him that hath it in possession. Considre the worke of God, how that no man can make the thinge straight, which he maketh croked. Vse well the tyme of prosperite, and remembre the tyme of myssortune: for God maketh the one by the other, so that a man can fynde nothinge els.

C These .ij. thinges also haue I cõsidred in ỹ tyme of vanite: ỹ the iust man perisheth for his rightuousnes sake, & the vngodly liueth in his wickednesse. Therfore bethou nether
Rom.11.c to rightuous ner ouer wyse, ỹ thou perish not: be nether to vnrightuous also ner to foolish, lest thou die before thy tyme. It is good for the to take holde of this, & not to let ỹ go out of thy hande. For he ỹ feareth God shal escape them all.

2.Re.20.c Eccli.7.a 2.Par.6.f Luc.17.a Wyßdome geueth more corage vnto the wyse, then ten mightie men of the citie: for there is not one iust vpõ earth, ỹ doth good, & sinneth not. Take not hede vnto euery worde ỹ is spoken, lest thou heare thy seruaunt curse the: for thine owne hert knoweth, that thou thy self also hast oft tymes spokẽ euell by other men. All these thinges haue I proIob 28.b ued because of wyßdome: for I thought to be wyse, but she wente farther fro me then she was before, yee & so depe that I might
D not reach vnto her. I applied my mynde also vnto knowlege, and to seke out sciẽce, wisdome and vnderstondinge: to knowe the foolishnesse of the vngodly, and the errour of
Pro.7.c dotinge fooles. And I founde, that a woman is bytterer then death: for she is a very angle, hir hert is a nett, and hir handes are cheynes. Who so pleaseth God shal escape from her, but the synner will be taken wt her.

Beholde (sayeth ỹ preacher) this haue I diligently searched out & proued, ỹ I might come by knowlege: which as yet I seke, and fynde it not. Amonge a thousande men I haue founde one, but not one woman amonge
Gen.1.d all. Lo, this onely haue I founde, that God made man iust & right, but they seke dyuerse sotylties, where as no man hath wyßdome & vnderstõdinge, to geue answere there vnto.

The VIII. Chapter.

A Pro.17.d WYßdome maketh a mãs face to shyne, but malice putteth it out of fauoure. Kepe the kynges commaunDemẽt (I warne the) & the ooth ỹ thou hast made vnto God. Be not haistie to go out of his sight, & se thou cõtynue in no euell thinge: for what so euer it pleaseth him, ỹ doeth he. Like as when a kynge geueth a charge, his commaundement is mightie: Euen so who maye saye vnto him: what doest thou? Iob 9.b Who so kepeth the commaundement, shall Leui.18.a fele no harme: but a wyse mans herte discerneth tyme and maner: For euery thinge wil haue opportunite and iudgment, and this is the thinge that maketh men full of carefulnes & sorowe. And why? a man knoweth not what is for to come, for who wyll tell him? Nether is there eny mã ỹ hath power ouer ỹ spriete, to kepe stil ỹ spriete, ner to haue eny power in the tyme of death: It is not he also that can make an ende of the batayll, ne ther maye vngodlynes delyuer him ỹ medleth withall.

All these thinges haue I considered, and B applied my mynde vnto euery worke that is vnder the Sonne: how one man hath lordshipe vpon another to his owne harme. For I haue oft sene ỹ vngodly brought to their Psal.36.c graues, and fallen downe from the hye and glorious place: in so moch ỹ they were forgotten in the cite, where they were had in so hye & greate reputacion. This is also a vayne thinge. Because now that euell workes are not haistely punyshed, the hert of man geneth him self ouer vnto wickednesse: But though an euell personne offende an hundreth tymes, and haue a longe life: yet am I sure, that it shal go well with thẽ that feare God, because they haue him before their eyes. Agayne, as for the vngodly, it shall not be well with him, nether shal he prolõge his dayes: but euen as a shadowe, so shall he be that feareth not God.

Yet is there a vanite vpon earth: There C be iust men, vnto whom it happeneth, as though they had the workes of the vngodly: Agayne, there be vngodly, with whom it goeth as though they had the workes of ỹ rightuous. This me thinke also a vaine thinge. Therfore I commende gladnesse, because a man hath no better thinge vnder the Sonne, then to eate and drynke, and to be mery: for that shal he haue of his labour all the daies of his life, which God geueth him vnder the Sonne. When I applied my mynde to lerne wyßdome, and to knowe the trauayle that is in the worlde (and that of soch a fashion, ỹ I suffred not myne eyes to slepe nether daye ner nyght) I vnderstode of all ỹ workes of God, that it is not possible for a man, to attayne vnto ỹ workes that are done vnder ỹ Sonne: and though he bestowe his labour to seke them out, yet can he not

reach vnto thē: yee though a wyse man wolde vndertake to knowe them, yet might he not fynde them.

The IX. Chapter.

A FOr all these thinges purposed I in my mynde to seke out. The righteous and wyse yee and their workes also are in the hande of God: and there is no man that knoweth ether the loue or hate of the thinge that he hath before him. It happeneth vnto one as vnto another: It goeth with the righteous as with the vngodly: Iob 9.c with the good & cleane as with the vncleane: with him that offereth as with him that offereth not: like as it goeth with the vertuous, so goeth it also with the synner: As it happeneth vnto the periured, so happeneth it also vnto him that is afrayed to be man sworne. Amonge all thinges ẏ come to passe vnder the Sonne, this is a misery, that it happeneth vnto all alyke. This is the cause also that the hertes of men are full of wickednesse, & madd foolishnesse is in their hertes as longe as they lyue, vntill they dye.

B And why? As longe as a man lyueth, he is careles: for a quyck dogg (saye they) is better thē a deed lion: for they that be lyuynge, knowe ẏ they shall dye: but they ẏ be deed, knowe nothinge, nether deserue they eny more. For their memoriall is forgottē, so ẏ they be nether loued, hated ner envyed: nether haue they eny more parte in ẏ worlde, in all ẏ is done vnder the Sonne. Go thou ẏ waye then, eate thy bred with ioye, & drynke ẏ wyne wt̄ gladnesse, for thy workes please God. Let thy garmētes be all waye whyte, & let ẏ Matt.6.b heade want no oyntmēt. Vse thy self to lyue Pro.5.c ioyfully wt̄ thy wife whom thou louest, all ẏ daies of thy life (which is but vayne) ẏ God C hath geuē the vnder the Sonne, all ẏ dayes of thy vanite: for ẏ is thy porcion in this life, of all thy labo' & trauayle ẏ thou takest vnder the Sonne. What so euer thou takest in hande to do, that do with all thy power: for amōge the deed (where as thou goest vnto) there is nether worke, councell, knowlege ner wyssdome.

So I turned me vnto other thinges vnder ẏ Sonne, and I sawe, that in runnynge, it helpeth not to be swift: in batayll, it helpeth not to be stronge: to fedynge, it helpeth not to be wyse: to riches, it helpeth not to be sutyll: to be had in fauoure, it helpeth not to be connynge: but that all lyeth in tyme & fortune. Luc.21.d For a man knoweth not his tyme, but like as the fysshe are takē with the angle, and as the byrdes are catched wt̄ the snare: Euē so are men taken in the perilous tyme, when it commeth sodenly vpon them.

This wissdome haue I sene also vnder ẏ D Sōne, & me thought it a greate thinge. There was a litle cite, & a few mē within it: so there came a greate kynge & besieged it, & made greate bulworkes agaynst it. And in the cite there was founde a poore man (but he was wyse) which wt̄ his wyssdome delyuered the cite: yet was there no body, ẏ had eny respecte vnto soch a symple man. Then sayde I: wyssdome is better then strength. Neuerthe- Sap.6.a les, a symple mans wyssdome is despysed, & 3.Re.22.c his wordes are not herde. A wise mans councell that is folowed in sylence, is farre aboue the crienge of a captaine amōge fooles. For wyssdome is better then harnesse: but one vn- 1.Re.17.c thrifte alone destroyeth moch good.

The X. Chapter.

DEed flyes ẏ corruppe swete oyntment & make it to stynck, are somthinge more worth then the wyssdome & hono' of a foole. A wyse mans hert is A vpon the right hande, but a fooles hert is vpon the left. A dotinge foole thinketh, ẏ euery mā doth as foolishly as himself. If a prin- cipall spirite be geuē the to beare rule, be not Rom.12.b negligēt thē in thine office: for so shal greate wickednesse be put downe, as it were wt̄ a medecyne. Another plage is there, which I haue sene vnder the Sonne: namely, ẏ ignoraunce ẏ is comonly amonge princes: in ẏ a foole sytteth in greate dignite, & the rich are sett downe beneth: I se seruauntes ryde vpon horses, & princes goinge vpon their fete as it were seruauntes. But he ẏ dygge- Pro.26.c th vp a pytt, shall fall therin himself: & who so Eccli.27.c breaketh downe the hedge, a serpent shal byte him. Who so remoueth stones, shall haue trauayle withall: and he that heweth wod, shalbe hurt therwith.

When an yron is blont, and ẏ poynt not B sharpened, it must be whett againe, and that with might: Euen so doth wissdome folowe diligence. A babler of his tonge is no better, then a serpent that stynged without hyssynge. The wordes out of a wyse mans mouth are gracious, but the lippes of a foole wil destroye himself. The begynnynge of his talkynge is foolishnes, and the laste worde of his mouth is greate madnesse. A foole is so full of wordes, that a man can not tell what ende he wyll make: who wil then warne him to make a conclucion? The labeure of ẏ foolish is greuous vnto thē, while they knowe not how to go in to the cite.

C Wo be vnto the (O thou realme and lon-
de) whoſe kynge is but a childe, and whoſe
princes are early at their banckettes. But
well is the (O thou realme and londe) whoſe
kinge is come of nobles, and whoſe princes
eate in due ſeaſon, for ſtrength and not for
luſt. Thorow ſlouthfulneſſe the balkes fall
downe, and thorow ydle hādes it rayneth in
at the houſe. Meate maketh men to laugh,
Pſal.103.b and wyne maketh them mery: but vnto mo-
ney are all thinges obedient. Wyſh the kyn-
ge no euell in ỳ thought, and ſpeake no hurt
of ỳ ryche in thy preuy chambre: for a byrde
of the ayre ſhal betraye thy voyce, and ẅ
hir fethers ſhal ſhe bewraye thy wordes.

The XI. Chapter.

A Sende thy vytayles ouer the waters,
and ſo ſhalt thou fynde thē after ma-
ny yeares. Geue it awaye amonge ſe-
uen or eight, for thou knoweſt not what miſe-
ry ſhal come vpō earth. Whē the cloudes are
full, they poure out rayne vpon the earth.
And whē ỳ tre falleth, (whether it be towar-
de the ſouth or north) in what place ſo euer it
fall, there it lyeth. He that regardeth ỳ wyn
de, ſhal not ſowe: and he that hath reſpecte
vnto the cloudes, ſhal not reape. Now like
as thou knoweſt not the waye of the wyn-
de, ner how ỳ bones are fylled in a mothers
wombe: Euen ſo thou knoweſt not the wor-
kes of God, which is the workemaſter of all.

B Ceaſe not thou therfore with thy han-
des to ſowe thy ſede, whether it be in ỳ mor-
nynge or in the euenynge: for thou knoweſt
not whether this or that ſhall proſpere, & yf
they both take, it is the better. The light is
ſwete, & a pleaſaunt thinge is it for the eyes
to loke vpon the Sonne. Yf a man lyue ma-
ny yeares, and be glad in them all, let him re
membre the dayes of darckneſſe, which ſhal
be many: & when they come, all thinges ſhal
be but vanite. Be glad then (O thou yonge
man) in thy youth, and lat thine hert be me-
ry in thy yonge dayes: folowe the wayes of
thine owne hert, and the luſt of thine eyes:
but be thou ſure, that God ſhal bringe the in
to iudgment for all theſe thinges.

The XII. Chapter.

A Put awaye diſpleaſure out of ỳ hert,
& remoue euell from thy body: for chil
dehode and youth is but vanite. Re-
membre thy maker in thy youth, or euer the
dayes of aduerſite come, and or the yeares
drawe nye, when thou ſhalt ſaye: I haue no
pleaſure in them: before the Sonne, ỳ light,
ỳ Moone and the ſtarres be darckened, and
or the cloudes turne agayne after the rayne:
when the kepers of the houſe ſhall tremble,
and when the ſtronge men ſhal bowe them
ſelues: when the Myllers ſtonde ſtill becau-
ſe they be ſo fewe, and when the ſight of the
wyndowes ſhal waxe dymme: whan the do-
res in the ſtretes ſhal be ſhutt, and whan ỳ
voyce of the Myller ſhall be layed downe:
whan men ſhall ryſe vp at the voyce of the
byrde, and whan all ỳ doughters of muſyck
ſhalbe brought lowe: whan men ſhal feare B
in hye places, and be afrayed in the ſtretes:
whan the Almonde tre ſhalbe deſpyſed, the
greſhopper borne out, and whan greate
pouerte ſhall breake in: when man goeth to
his longe home, and the mourners go abou
te the ſtretes. Or euer the ſyluer lace be ta-
ken awaye, and or the golden bende be bro-
ken: Or the pott be broken at the well, & the
whele vpon the Ciſterne: Or duſt be turned Eccle.3.e
againe vnto earth from whence it came, and
or the ſpriete returne vnto God, which gaue
it. All is but vanite (ſayeth the preacher) all is Eccle.1.a
but playne vanite.

The ſame preacher was not wyſe alone,
but taught the people knowlege alſo: he ga
ue good hede, ſought out the grounde and ſet
forth many parables. His diligence was to C
fynde out acceptable wordes, right ſcriptu-
re, and the wordes of trueth. For the wordes Heb.4.c
of ỳ wyſe are like prickes and nales that go
thorow, wherwith men are kepte together:
for they are geuen of one ſhepherde onely.
Therfore bewarre (my ſonne) that aboue the
ſe thou make the not many & innumerable bo
kes, nor take dyuerſe doctrynes in hande, to
weery thy body withall.

Lat vs heare the concluſion of all thin-
ges: Feare God, and kepe his comaundemen
tes, for that toucheth all men: For God
ſhall iudge all workes and ſecre
te thinges, whether they
be good or euell.

The ende of Eccleſiaſtes,
called the Preacher.

Salomons Balettes, called Cantica Canticorum.

The first Chapter.

A O That thy mouth wolde geue me a kysse, for ỹ brestes are more pleasaunt then wyne, & that because of the good and pleasaunt sauoure. Thy name is a swete smellynge oyntment, therfore do the maydens loue the: yee that same moueth me also to renne after the.

Eccle.7.a

The kynge hath brought me into his preuy chambre. We wil be glad & reioyce in the, we thynke more of thy brestes then of wyne: well is them that loue the.

B I am black (o ye doughters of Jerusalē) like as the tentes of the Cedarenes, and as the hanginges of Salomon: but yet am I faire & welfauoured withal. Marueil not at me ỹ I am so black, & why: ỹ Sonne hath shyned vpō me. For whan my mothers childrē had euell wil at me, they made me ỹ keper of the vnyarde. Thus was I fayne to kepe a vnyarde, which was not myne owne.

Gen.25.b
2.Par.3.c

Tell me (o thou whom my soule loueth) where thou fedest, where thou restest at the noone daye: lest I go wronge, and come vnto the flockes of thy companyons.

If thou knowe not ỹ self (o thou fayrest amōge women) thā go ỹ waye forth after ỹ foresteppes of the shepe, as though thou woldest fede ỹ goates beside ỹ shepherdes tentes. There wil I tary for the (my loue) wt myne hoost & with my charettes, which shal be no fewer then Pharaos.

Exo.14.b

C Then shal thy chekes & thy neck be made fayre, & hanged wt spāges & goodly iewels: a neck bande of golde wil we make ỹ wt syluer bottons. When the kynge sytteth at the table, he shal smell my Nardus: for a bōdell of Myrre (o my beloued) lyeth betwixte my brestes. A cluster of grapes of Cypers, or of the vnyardes of Engaddi, art thou vnto me, O my beloued.

Cant.4.a

O how fayre art thou (my loue) how fayre art thou: thou hast doues eyes. O how fayre art thou (my beloued) how well fauored art thou: Oure bed is decte with floures, ỹ sylinges of oure house are of Cedre tre, & oure balkes of Cypresse.

The ij. Chap.

The II. Chapter.

I Am the floure of the felde, and lylie of the valleys: as the rose amonge the thornes, so is my loue amonge the daughters. A

Like as the aple tre amonge the trees of the wodd, so is my beloued amonge the sonnes. My delite is to sitt vnder his shadowe, for his frute is swete vnto my throte. He bryngeth me in to his wyne seller, and loueth me specially well. Refresh me wt grapes, cōforte me with apples, for I am sick of loue. His left hāde lyeth vnder my heade, & his right hande enbraceth me. Cant.8.a

I charge you (o ye doughters of Jerusalem) by the Roes & hyndes of the felde, ỹ ye wake not vp my loue ner touch her, till she be content herself. B

Me thynke I heare the voyce of my beloued: lo, there commeth he hoppinge vpon ỹ mountaynes, and leapinge ouer the litle hilles. My beloued is like a Roo or a yonge hart. Beholde, he stondeth behynde o' wall, he loketh in at the wyndowe, & pepeth thorow the grate.

My beloued answered & sayde vnto me: O stōde vp my loue, my doue, my beutyfull, & come: for lo, the wynter is now past, the rayne is awaie & gone. The floures are come vp in the felde, the twystinge tyme is come, the voyce of the turtle doue is herde in oure londe. The fygetre bryngeth forth hir syges, the vynes beare blossems, and haue a good smell.

O stōde vp my loue, my beutyfull, and come (my doue) out of the caues of the rockes, out of the holes of the wall: O let me se thy countenaunce and heare thy voyce, for swete is thy voyce and fayre is thy face. Gett vs the foxes, yee the litle foxes that hurte ỹ vynes, for oure vynes beare blossoms. C

My loue is myne, and I am his, (which fedeth amōge the lylies) vntill the daye breake, and till the shadowes be gone. Come agayne preuely (o my beloued) like as a Roo or a yonge harte vnto the mountaynes. Cant.6.a

The III. Chapter.

BY night in my bedd, I sought him, whom my soule loueth: yee diligently sought I him, but I founde him not. I wil get vp (thought I) and go aboute the cite: vpon the market and in all ỹ stretes will I seke him whom my soule loueth, but whan I sought him, I founde him not. The watchmen that go aboute ỹ cite, founde me. Sawe ye not him, whom my soule loueth? A

So whan I was a litle past them, I foũde him whom my soule loueth. I haue gotten holde vpon him, and wyl not let him go, vntill I bringe him into my mothers house, and in to hir chambre that bare me.

I charge you (o ye doughters of Jerusalẽ)
Cant. 2. b by the Roes and hyndes of the felde, that ye wake not vp my louer nor touch her, till she be
B content herself.

Who is this, that commeth out of ỹ wylderneſſe like pilers of smoke, as it were a smell of Myrre, frankencense and all maner spyces of the Apotecary?

Beholde, aboute Salomõs bedsteade there stonde LX. valeaunt men of the mightie in Israel. They holde swerdes euery one, & are experte in warre. Euery man hath his swerde vpõ his thee, because of feare in the night.

Kynge Salomon hath made himself a bedsteade of the wodd of Libanus, the pilers are of syluer, the coueringe of golde, ỹ seate of purple, ỹ grounde pleasauntly paued for the doughters of Jerusalem.

Go forth (o ye doughters of Sion) and beholde kynge Salomon in the crowne, wher with his mother crowned him in the daye of his mariage, and in the daye of the gladnesse of his hert.

The III. Chapter.

A
Cant. 4. c
O how fayre art thou (my loue) how fayre art thou? thou hast dones eyes beside that which lyeth hid within.
Cant. 6. a
Thy hayrie lockes are like a flocke of shepe that be clypped, which go first vp from the washinge place: where euery one beareth two twyns, and not one vnfrutefull amõge them. Thy lippes are like a rose coloured rybende, thy wordes are louely: thy chekes are like a pece of a pomgranate, besydes that which lyed hyd within. Thy neck is like the tower of Dauid buylded with bulwarkes, wher vpon there hãge a thousande sheldes, yee all the weapẽs of the giaũtes. Thy two
Cant. 7. a
brestes are like two twyns of yonge roes, which fede amõge the lilies. O that I might go to the mountayne of Myrre, and to the hyll of frankynsense: till the daye breake, and till the shadowes be past away. Thou art
B all fayre (o my loue) & no spott is there in the.

Come to me from Libanus (o my spouse) come to me from Libanus: come soone the next waye from the toppe of Amana, from the toppe of Sanir and Hermon, from the Lyons dennes and from the mountaynes of ỹ leopardes. Thou hast woũded my hert (o my sister, my spouse) thou hast wounded my hert, with one of thine eyes, and with one cheyne of thy neck. O how fayre and louely are thy brestes, my sister, my spouse: Thy brestes are more pleasaunt then wyne, and the smell of thy oyntmentes passeth all spices. Thy lippes (o my spouse) droppe as the hony combe, yee mylck and hony is vnder thy tonge, and the smell of thy garmentes is like the smell of frankynsense. C

Thou art a well kepte garden (o my sister, my spouse) thou art a well kepte water spryngе, a sealed well. The frutes that sprioute in the, are like a very paradyse of põgranates wt swete frutes: as Cypresse, Nardus, Saffron, Calmus, and all the trees of Libanus: Myrre, Aloes, and all the best spyces. Thou art a well of gardens, a well of lyuynge waters, which renne downe from Libanus. Vp thou northwynde, come thou southwynde, and blowe vpõ my gardẽ, that the smell ther of maye be carled on euery syde: Yee that my beloued maye come in to my garden, & eate
A of the frutes and apples that growe therin.

The V. Chapter.

COme in to my garden o my sister, my spouse: I haue gathered my Myrre wt my spyce. I wil eate my hony and my hony cõbe, I wil drynke my wyne & my mylk (Eate o (ye frendes) drynke and be merry, o ye beloued.

As I was a slepe, & my hert wakynge, I herde the voyce of my beloued, whã he knocked. Open to me (sayde he) o my sister, my loue, my doue, my derlinge: for my heade is full of dew, and ỹ lockes of my hayre are full of the night droppes.

I haue put off my cote, how cã I do it on
B agayne? I haue washed my fete, how shal I fyle them agayne? But whan my loue put in his hande at the hole, my hert was moued to warde him: so that I stode vp to open vnto my beloued. My hãdes dropped wt Myrre, & the Myrre ranne downe my fyngers vpon ỹ lock. Neuertheleſſe whã I had opened vnto my beloued, he was departed, and gone his waye.

Now like as afore tyme whan he spake, my hert coude no longer refrayne: Euen so now I soughte hi, but I coude not fynde him:
C I cried vpon him, neuertheleſſe he gaue me no answere. So the watchmen that wente aboute the cite, foũde me, smote me, and wounded me: Yee they that kepte the walles, toke awaye my garmẽt fro me. I charge you therfore (o ye doughters of Jerusalem) yf ye fynde my beloued, that ye tell him, how that I am sick for loue.

Who is thy loue aboue other louers, O thou

fayreſt amonge wemen? Or, what can thy loue do, more then other louers, that thou chargeſt vs ſo straitly?

As for my loue, he is whyte and reade coloured, a ſynguler perſonne amonge many thousandes: his heade is the moſt fyne golde, the lockes of his hayre are bußhed, browne as the cuenynge: His eyes are as the eyes of doues by the water brokes, waſhen with
D mylck, and remaynynge in a plenteous place: His chekes are like a garden bedd, where in the Apotecaryes plāte all maner of ſwete thinges: His lippes droppe as the floures of the moſt prycipall Myrre, his hādes are full of golde rynges and precious ſtones. His bo-
Eccl..26.c dy is as the pure yuery, decte ouer with Saphyres: His legges are as the pilers of Marbell, ſett vpon ſokettes of golde: His face is as Libanus, and as the beawty of the Cedre trees: His throte is ſwete, yee he is alltogether louely. Soch one is my loue (o ye doughters of Jeruſalem) ſoch one is my loue.

Whither is thy loue gone thē (o thou fayreſt amonge wemē) whither is thy loue departed, that we maye ſeke him with the?

The VI. Chapter.

A MY loue is gone downe in to his garden, vnto ỹ ſwete ſmellinge beddes, that he maye refreſh himſelf in the garden, and gather floures. My loue is myne, and I am his, which fedeth amonge the lilies.

Thou art pleaſaunt (o my loue) euen as louelyneſſe itſelf, thou art fayre as Jeruſalem, glorious as an armye of men with their bāners (Turne awaye thine eyes fro me, for
Canti.4.a they make me to proude) Thy hayre lockes are like a flocke of goates vpon ỹ mount of Galaad. Thy teth are like a flock of ſhepe ỹ be clypped, which go out of the waſhinge place: where euery one beareth two twyns, & not one vnfrutefull amōge them. Thy chekes are like a pece of a pomgranate, beſydes ỹ which lyeth hid within. There are thre ſcore
3.Re.11.a quenes, foure ſcore concubynes, and yonge wemē without nombre. But one is my doue,
B my derlynge. She is the onely beloued of hir mother, & deare vnto her that bare her. Whā the daughters ſawe her, they ſayde ſhe was bleſſed: Yee the quenes and concubines prayſed her. What is ſhe this, that pepeth out as the morynge? fayre as the Moone, excellent as the Sonne, glorious as an armye of men with their banners?

I wente downe in to the nutt garden, to ſe what grew by the brokes, to loke yf the vynyarde floriſhed, and yf the pomgranates were ſhot forth. Then the charettes of the prynce of my people made me ſodenly afrayed. Turne againe, turne againe (O thou Sulamite) turne agayne, turne agayne, that we maye loke vpon the.

The VII. Chapter.

WHat pleaſure haue ye more in ỹ Su A
lamite, than when ſhe daunſeth amonge the men of warre? O how pleaſaunt are thy treadinges with thy ſhues, thou prynces daughter? Thy thees are like a fayre iewell, which is wrought by a connynge workmaſter: Thy nauell is like a rounde goblett, which is neuer without drynke: Thy wombe is like an heape of wheate, ſett aboute with lilies: Thy two breſtes are like two twyns of yongerees: Thy neck is as it were a tower of yuery: Thyne eyes are like ỹ water poles in Heſebon, beſyde the porte of Bathrabbim: Thy noſe is like the tower of Libanus, which loketh towarde Damaſcus: That heade that ſtondeth vpon the is like Carmel: The hayre of thy heade is like the kynges purple folden vp in plates.

O how fayre and louely art thou (my der- B
lynge) in pleaſures? Thy ſtature is like a datetre, and thy breſtes like the grapes. I ſayde: I wil clymme vp in to the datetre, and take holde of his braunches. Thy breſtes alſo ſhalbe as the vyne grapes, the ſmell of thy noſtrels like the ſmell of apples, and thy throte like the beſt wyne.

This ſhalbe pure & cleare for my loue, his lippes and teth ſhal haue their pleaſure. There wil I turne me vnto my loue, and he ſhal turne him vnto me. O come on my loue, let vs go forth in to the felde, and take oure lodginge in the vyllages. In the mornynge wil we ryſe by tymes, and go ſe the vynyarde: yf it be ſpronge forth, yf the grapes be growne, & yf the pomgranates be ſhott out. There wil I geue the my breſtes: There ſhal the Mandragoras geue their ſmell beſyde oure dores: There (o my loue) haue I kepte vnto the all maner of frutes, both new and olde.

The VIII. Chapter.

O That I might fynde the without & A
kyſſe ỹ, whom I loue as my brother which ſuckte my mothers breſtes: & that thou woldeſt not be offended, yf I toke the and brought the in to my mothers houſe: that thou mighteſt teach me, and that I might geue the drynke of ſpyced wyne and of the ſwete ſappe of my pomgranates. His Cant.2.ā
left hande lyeth vnder my heade, & his right hande embraceth me.

I charge you (o ye daughters of Jerusalē) that ye wake not vp my loue ner touch her, tyll she be content herself. What is she this, that cōmeth vp from the wildernes, and leaneth vpon hir loue? I am the same that waked the vp amonge the aple trees, where thy mother beare ẏ, where ẏ mother brought the in to the worlde.

B

O set me as a seale vpō thine hert, and as a seale vpon thine arme: for loue is mightie as the death, & gelousy as the hell. Hir coales are of fyre, and a very flamme of the LORDE: so ẏ many waters are not able to quench loue, nether maye ẏ streames drowne it. Yee yf a man wolde geue all the good of his house for loue, he shulde counte it nothinge.

When oure loue is tolde oure yonge sister, whose brestes are not yet growne, what shal we do vnto her? Yf she be a wall, we shal buylde a syluer bollworke there vpon: Yf she be a tower, we shal festen her with bordes of Cedre tre.

C Yf I be a wall, & my brestes like towres, then am I as one that hath founde fauoure in his sight.

Salomon had a vynyarde at Baal Hamon, this vynyarde delyuered he vnto the kepers: ẏ euery one for the frute therof shulde geue him a thousande peces of syluer. But my vynyarde (o Salomon) geueth the a thousande, and two hundreth to ẏ kepers of the frute.

Thou that dwellest in the gardens, O let me heare thy voyce, that my companyons maye herken to the same. O get the awaye (my loue) as a roo or a yonge hert vnto the swete smellinge mountaynes.

The ende of Salomons Balettes, called Cantica Canticorum.

Fautes escaped in the pryntinge of this parte.

Vpon the seconde leaf, the seconde syde, in the syxte Chapter of Job, the letter A, Within the yoke an egg, rede, Within the yoke of an egg.

In the psalter.

Vpon the cxxv. leaf, the seconde syde, in the cxxxvi. psalme, the seconde verse Vpon the trees, rede, Vpon the wyllye trees.